

# SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

---

APRIL, 1855.

---

ART. I.—THIRTY YEARS' VIEW; or a *History of the working of the American Government for thirty years, from 1820 to 1850, by a Senator of thirty years. In two volumes. Vol. I. D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1854.*

It was known some years prior to the appearance of this volume, that Thomas H. Benton, for a long time a Senator from the State of Missouri, was engaged in its preparation. The expectation of the public was greatly excited, both by the character and past history of the author, and by the historical importance of the period of which he professed to treat. The work is now partially completed, and it becomes our duty, as faithful servants of the public, to see how far the author has discharged his trust, which he assumed, when he undertook to become the historian of our political affairs from the year 1820 to 1850.

In his preface he ascribes a proper motive for his undertaking. There can be no task more grateful to a just man than to pay sufficient tribute to the wise statesmen, within whose charge the public interest remained during this eventful period. And, although we cannot agree with the author, that what Macaulay said of Fox and MacIntosh is fully applicable to himself; yet we can believe that he has been so far connected with the affairs of this nation as to make

his narrative eminently deserving of attention. Moreover, he avers that his ambition has been only to present "a veracious work, reliable in its statements, candid in its conclusions, just in its views, and which contemporaries and posterity may read without fear of being misled." We cannot fail to be content with such a plea; for, if it has succeeded, his work has attained a merit denied to every other record of human action, of which we have any knowledge.

The preliminary view of the history states, with brevity, those new points of departure, which were created by the war of 1812, and by which the course of the Government was afterwards largely influenced. The embarrassed condition of the public finances, and the failures of the local banks, were accepted as sufficient reasons for the establishment of a national bank. The manufactures which had grown up during the non-importation period, and during the war with Great Britain, were endangered by the peace; and this circumstance created a party in favor of imposing duties for their protection against competition from abroad. The opportunity afforded for the examination of the internal resources of the country, and the claims of the Western States, drew attention to those plans for internal improvements which have since occupied so largely the notice of Congress. The boundaries between the treaty-making and legislative departments of the Government, became also a fruitful source of difference; and the slavery agitation, for the first time, assumed that importance, which has since invested it with such interest to the whole country, and has caused such imminent peril to the union of the States.

Upon this last topic the author makes some comments, which we cannot suffer to pass without notice. He says, truly, that the agitation of this question, began in the attempt of Northern members of Congress to engraft upon the bill for the admission of the State of Missouri a prohibition of slavery—this was quieted by admitting Missouri without such restriction, but imposing it on the remainder of the Louisiana territory north and west of that State, and above the parallel of



thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes. This compromise, as Senator Benton affirms, was clear gain to the anti-slavery party, although it was the work of Southern statesmen. He says that it abolished slavery over an immense territory, where it might before have existed legally, and opened no new territory to its existence.

The reader of the paragraph in which this doctrine is contained, will have no difficulty in perceiving the drift of the few observations which Col. Benton has made upon the Missouri Compromise, and his whole subsequent course upon this question is in conformity with the tenor of these remarks. We shall, therefore, make no apology for a brief comment upon their substance, before we pass to the further examination of his work. The compromise was made, as he affirms, "under the lead of the united slave States' vote in the Senate, the majority of that vote in the House of Representatives, and the undivided sanction of a Southern administration." What is the purpose of this paragraph? If the author is right in asserting that the compromise was a clear gain to the North, it is a direct insinuation that the Southern statesmen of that day were so infatuated as to be unable to understand the interests of their country, and so weak as to betray them. But his position is still more marked. For, if he is right, the Southern men betrayed their interests in supporting the compromise, and the majority of the Northern votes were unwittingly cast against it. The North did not understand that the bill was a gain to it, and the South did not comprehend its loss.

This position does not obtain much credit from its mere statement. We do not think that its claim to our adoption greatly improves when it is examined further. We think it well to recur to the real history of the times, in order that we may see the fallacy of a doctrine taught in those pages, which are designed to indicate the plan of the work. Alabama was authorized, in 1819, to frame a State Constitution, without any attempt on the part of Congress to impose a condition with regard to slavery. But when a like bill was

introduced with regard to the Missouri Territory, Tallmadge, of New York, then in the House of Representatives, moved, on February 13th, 1819, to insert in the act a clause prohibiting any further introduction of slaves, and granting freedom to the children of those slaves who were already within the territorial limits, on their attaining the age of twenty-five years. This amendment was adopted after three days' debate, by a vote of eighty-seven to seventy-six. The proposition and its support came from the North. We do not intend to review any portion of the discussion which then took place, but the reader will see that the amendment contained the germ of all that doctrine, which has since been made the staple of agitation. It impliedly asserted the right and the expediency of legislation by Congress over the introduction of persons into a new State as property, even while it recognized the existence of a right of property in those who were then within the limits of the State. It asserted, also, the right of Congress to control, by a fundamental condition attached to the existence of a State in the Union, the future legislation of the people of that State. It denied, in terms, the right of the people of the territory to present such a form of republican constitution as they might adopt, to the consideration of Congress, without it contained such provisions for internal government as were acceptable to the national legislature. It affirmed that the erection of a territory into a State was a matter of grace with Congress, and not of right. And, if it meant any thing, it went practically to the extent of asserting that Congress could prescribe, as a condition for the admission of a new State, every provision of its domestic law, and, if it saw proper, the very form of its constitution.

Nor was this movement an unconsidered, or single effort. In the bill to organize the Arkansas territory, introduced a few days afterwards a Northern man moved to insert the same restriction. It was carried in part only. The House was nearly divided. The very next day, so much as had been adopted was rejected, and another provision was offered by



Taylor, which proposed that slavery should not thereafter be introduced into any part of the territories of the United States, north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes, which was the proposed northern boundary of the State of Arkansas. This compromise line, which was that afterwards adopted, was the suggestion of a Northern man, but it was then so little in favor, that it was rejected by the large body both of Northern and Southern members. Both sections avowed themselves as opposed to any compromise on this question. The result was, that Taylor withdrew his amendment and the Arkansas bill passed without any restriction.

This proposed compromise, so far from being the work of the South, in its inception, as Benton has implied, met with the most decided opposition from Southern members, and obtained its full support chiefly from the North. There was no disposition, on the part of the Northern leaders, to show any consideration to the Southern view of the question. Tallmadge denounced slavery in language as bitter and insulting as is recorded any where in the compromise debates for the years 1850-51. He invoked civil war, in preference to the extension of slavery; and declared, in memorable language, that if the Western country could not be settled without slaves, he would gladly "prevent its settlement, until time should be no more."

The compromise originated, at the time of this discussion, in the counsels of more moderate northern men than Tallmadge. It was fortunate for the country that there were then such men in Congress.

The northern members were not idle, when the Arkansas bill reached the Senate. Roberts, of Pennsylvania, moved to insert a prohibition of slavery. It failed. The bill then passed. When the Missouri bill came up, the Senate was equally conservative. The proviso against the future introduction of slaves, engrafted in the House, was stricken out, after another and exciting debate. The House refused to concur in the Senate's action, and the bill for the admission of Missouri was lost for that session.

These discussions, however, had created a deep feeling throughout the Northern States. Meetings were held in all the large cities. There was every promise that the ensuing Congress would decide the Missouri question adverse to the views of the South. Nor do we think that this result would have failed to occur, except for the fact that the new State of Maine also presented itself to the sixteenth Congress as a candidate for admission into the Union. An effort was made in the House to delay action on this bill, until the Missouri bill came but it failed, and the Maine bill was passed. When it reached the Senate, a clause for the admission of Missouri was added to it. The whole subject was discussed on this amendment. It prevailed by a vote of 23 to 21. Thomas, of Illinois, then proposed what was afterwards known as the compromise clause. The majority, both of Northern and Southern senators, supported this amendment. The bill then passed, 24 to 20; the slave-holding States, with Delaware and Illinois, voting for it, and all the remaining free States against it.

When this bill was returned to the House, the amendments of the Senate were disagreed to. Thomas's compromise was defeated by a vote of 159 to 18. Of these eighteen, ten were from the North and eight from the South. A committee of conference was agreed to; and Clay, then speaker, appointed a majority in favor of a compromise. In the meantime, the House passed the Missouri-bill, with the prohibition clause attached. The Senate sent this bill back, with the prohibition clause stricken out, and Thomas's proviso inserted. The movement for a compromise was on foot. The amendment of the Senate, striking out the prohibition in the Missouri bill, was concurred in by a vote of 90 to 87; and the Thomas proviso was agreed to be inserted, by a vote of 134 to 42; thirty-five *Southern* members voting in the negative, on the ground that the proviso was not in the power of Congress. The Senate receded from its amendment to the Maine bill,—which provided for the admission of Missouri, and the bills were sent to the President. It is known that they became laws.



How, we ask, can it be said by any one as familiar as Mr. Benton undoubtedly is with the history of our National Legislation, that the Missouri Compromise was the work of the South, and that it divided the territory more favorably to the North than the ordinance of 1787? It can only mean that it is a Southern measure in the sense that it spared something of the rights of the South. There might be great force in the argument that the South should preserve it intact, if the statement that it was a Southern measure were historically true. For, if the South could have bound itself to divide the territory belonging to the confederacy, in such manner that slavery could be legalized in one portion, and had proposed such an arrangement, it might have deserved the covert censure of the author's view. But when the South was obliged to give up, on the part of its citizens, the right which before existed in them, to take their slave property into all the territories of the United States, in order that a people holding slaves, who were entitled to enter into the Union as a separate community, might enjoy their plain right to hold their private property undisturbed by law; it is saying much to call the sacrifices which they were constrained to make, a measure of their own. Nor are we hindered in our free criticisms upon the author's opinions, by the statements made more at large in the second chapter relating to Monroe's administration. The names of the supporters of the Missouri Compromise cannot be quoted to uphold its "constitutionality *and* binding force," as he has phrased it. Whether constitutional or not, it was, as shown by Mr. Cass in his able speech in the Senate, on January 21st and 22d, 1850, to be a method of legislation highly inexpedient; and it possessed no other binding force, than any provision made by Congress for the government of the territories of the United States.

We pass, without comment, over many of the succeeding chapters relating to Monroe's administration. The reader will derive much instruction from the greater number. The chapters upon the "Oregon Territory," "the Florida Treaty,

and cession of Texas," are very interesting; and the notices of the public services and death of Lowndes and William Pinckney, of Maryland, are graceful and deserved tributes to the memories of two great men. The chapter on Internal Improvements is principally an analysis of the argument of President Monroe, upon the bill for the preservation and repair of the Cumberland road; which is fitly characterized by the author as one of the greatest state papers ever prepared by a President. The visit of Lafayette to the United States is agreeably related; and the substance of the argument upon the revision of the tariff in the session of 1823-4, is given. The A. B. plat is resuscitated from the oblivion into which it might very properly have been suffered to pass; and the chapter terminates with what is, we think, a needless implication. After stating that William H. Crawford, the Secretary of the Treasury, had been fully acquitted of the charges made against him by Ninian Edwards, formerly Senator from Illinois, Mr. Benton says that *Mr. Calhoun* was seriously injured by the transaction, because the newspaper in which these charges appeared, was edited by a war-office clerk "in the interest" of Mr. Calhoun. There is a covert imputation in this closing paragraph, which no statement made by the author even is found to justify, and which, we think, his respect for his contemporary might have caused him to omit.

Many parts of the history of the administration of John Quincy Adams are interesting. The account of the once famous Panama mission; the personal details of the duel between Clay and Randolph; the sketch of John Gaillard, of South Carolina, so long President of the Senate, in consequence of the death, of Clinton and Gerry and the protracted absence of Tompkins, will all well repay perusal. The chapter containing the political history of the revision of the tariff, in 1828, is also instructive. The 38th chapter presents a curious instance of the bent of the author's mind, showing something of that Quixotic disposition to obtain an adversary, of which he has been repeatedly charged. After reciting the



election of General Jackson to the Presidency, he finds it to be his duty to combat an erroneous theory, set up by De Tocqueville, as to the reason of the success of that great leader. We do not think that the casual opinions of De Tocqueville, upon a question which he was in no position to estimate properly, required the elaborate condemnation which the author has bestowed upon them. The chapter succeeding is devoted to a duty far more agreeable to the general reader : a notice of the life of Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, a man of such purity and elevation of character, that history is ennobled by the record of his life.

In 1829, General Jackson entered upon the Presidential office. The details of his administration passed more immediately under the view of the author, and were considered with a riper experience and judgment. Indeed, to our mind, it is from this point that a deeper interest in his narrative commences. The curtain is raised upon some of those arcana into which the public rarely penetrates. The alleged effort of Duff Green to defeat the re-election of General Jackson, and his attempt to obtain the assistance of Mr. Duncanson, constitute an extraordinary chapter. We, certainly, do not undertake to clear Duff Green's skirts of the contrivance which the author would attach to them, but we must doubt that General Jackson sent for Francis P. Blair, with any anticipation of the rupture likely to occur between himself and the friends of Mr. Calhoun. It is a sufficient reason, to our mind, that Duff Green had ceased to possess his full friendship; and that he preferred to obtain, for his administration, the assistance of some other person, who could act as occasion required, in the conduct of a leading political journal. Indeed, we are obliged to say that many sentences, in this part of Benton's work, indicate a deep-seated hostility towards Mr. Calhoun, the impression of which is not erased by an occasional compliment to his great intellectual qualities. In the forty-sixth chapter, Mr. Calhoun is even made responsible for the abandonment of the celebration, at Washington, of Jefferson's birth-day. The reader will be at a loss, after

reading the account of the dinner, from which this neglect dated, to understand Calhoun's connection with the result. It was in 1830 that the nullification troubles were coming to a head. General Jackson, when called on for a toast, gave one, which has become historical,—“Our federal Union: it must be preserved.” Mr. Calhoun gave the next toast: “The Union, next to our liberty, the most dear; may we all remember that it can only be preserved by respecting the rights of the States, and distributing equally the benefit and burthen of the Union.” Now it is certainly true that these several toasts represented, on the one part, the opinions and strong purpose of General Jackson, and, on the other, the views and political sentiments of Mr. Calhoun. We can see no objection to the one, or to the other; nor does either interfere with a just admiration of the beauty of the “proud peroration of Mr. Webster,” which had deservedly excited the admiration of all listeners to his recent speech in the Senate of the United States. Mr. Webster could not and would not have disputed the valid inferences to be derived from the sentiments Mr. Calhoun had expressed. It may be, that the times gave peculiar significance to the words of General Jackson, and to the qualifications imposed upon his views by the remarks of Calhoun; but it would cost some effort, we think, to find in either sentiment a proper cause for charging upon Mr. Calhoun the responsibility of terminating the annual festivities in commemoration of the birth-day of Jefferson.

This indisposition, if we may call it by no other name, towards Mr. Calhoun, appears more plainly in the fifty-third chapter. This relates to the former quarrel between Jackson and Calhoun, with regard to the alleged course of the latter towards the former during the Seminole war. It is known to the reader that Calhoun, in 1831, issued a pamphlet, explaining the cause of this difference. The candid reader will not discover, in this address, any thing that impugns the honor of General Jackson. Mr. Calhoun attributed the rupture to the intrigues of others, and in this opinion the world



has sustained him. His views, as a member of the Monroe Cabinet, as to the military conduct of General Jackson, do not seem to us to be in any way inconsistent with the friendship which he afterwards exhibited to the President. It is true that the knowledge of such opinion upon the part of a cabinet, under which he had acted, was calculated to irritate Jackson. But the circumstances were fomented into a serious quarrel, by agencies directly interested in bringing about the result. Nor does the prejudice, which then controlled Van Buren and his friends, seem to have died away. The text of Benton shows that it has survived in his mind. We would frankly inquire whether any one, not embittered against Mr. Calhoun, would have made Kendall's wish that Calhoun "should furnish any further information on the subject" treated of in the "exposition" of Jackson, appear to be the language of Calhoun himself, declining "to furnish any further information." For in Benton's own work it seems that Calhoun, when Kendall addressed him a letter, stating that he was in possession of the evidence upon which General Jackson based his imputations against Calhoun, for his conduct in Monroe's cabinet towards him during the Florida war, was entirely at a loss to know what Kendall meant. Dixon H. Lewis was requested to inquire of Kendall. No copy of this exposition was ever given to Calhoun. We are obliged to suppose that Kendall did not design, in 1853, to afford Mr. Calhoun an opportunity of examining the statement of General Jackson. This request that Calhoun should furnish further information was a bait only, held out to induce him to give some narrative that might vary from that left by Jackson. Calhoun very properly determined to let a difference, which had ceased to exert any influence upon public affairs, remain as it was, without proposing to disturb his own surviving days by the renewal of an angry controversy. He did not decline to furnish further information, for he never, we believe, saw the exposition; and could, therefore, neither add to nor take from the credit of its statements. He simply concluded to let the matter rest; and

we are of opinion that Kendall and Benton would have done better if they had imitated his example. It was proper to publish Jackson's exposition,—but we can see no reason for that allusion to the notice given to Calhoun of its existence, which, in his life-time, conveyed to him no information of its real character, and after his death remains upon Benton's pages as a partial imputation upon the candor of Calhoun.

We have carefully considered the exposition of General Jackson, and firmly believe that if he had lived, he would never have sanctioned its publication by Colonel Benton. It is clear, from its contents, that he had at least an implied warrant in the silence of Monroe, to occupy St. Marks, Pensacola, and Barrancas. This promptitude outran, however, the decision of the government. The question in the cabinet seems to have arisen in the apprehension that Jackson had acted without *definite* orders, in the decided steps he had taken. It was necessary, either that the government should fully adopt his course, or place the responsibility of his action upon himself. It is not pretended that its acquiescence was directly conveyed to him; and it was at liberty, therefore, to recede from Jackson's projects if it saw proper. It could not so recede, if it had not given express authority to Jackson, without some censure expressed or implied. All that Calhoun seems to have done, was to give some form to the action of the Cabinet; by moving an inquiry into the circumstances of Jackson's conduct. That he proposed to punish Jackson, in any way, is an assertion resting upon testimony, which will scarcely bear a critical examination. The proceedings of Monroe's cabinet were exhumed at a time when it was material to astute men that a difference should be created between Jackson and Calhoun. They conducted the task with the cunning of him who "spoke not of proof," but filled the ear of the noble man with hints and insinuations. The end was gained; the mistrust ripened to a quarrel; and Van Buren became the reputed favorite of General Jackson, for the succession to the Presidency. It is to be regretted that Kendall did not feel it his duty to give Mr. Calhoun a copy of



the "Exposition" left by General Jackson among his papers. This would have been the fairer and wiser course, if it was intended posterity should arbitrate the differences of these distinguished men. It is apparent from the "Exposition" that Jackson drew his inferences from many slight circumstances, entirely consistent with other explanations than such as he assigned; and it is still more evident that he does not permit himself, in this formal paper, to describe the persons by whom he was chiefly wrought upon. Having determined to credit the stories set on foot by Calhoun's enemies, and plausibly supported by their recollections, he generously assumed all the responsibility of their opinions, and came to an open personal rupture with Calhoun. We shall, probably, never know the person who invented the machinery which brought about this result. General Jackson has exonerated Van Buren personally; but who, that considers the drift of the quarrel, shall exonerate his friends?

We shall not review the chapter upon the rejection of Van Buren, as minister to England. We do not think that the reasons assigned by those who prominently opposed his confirmation were sufficient; and we agree with Benton, that to this event his subsequent election to the Vice Presidency and Presidency of the United States was fairly and directly attributable. Jackson never deserted a friend, except for some real or supposed cause. He believed that Van Buren had incurred martyrdom unjustly, and he made him ample atonement by the countenance and favor he bestowed upon him.

From the sixtieth to the sixty-ninth chapter, with one exception, there is a narration of the contest about the United States Bank. It is not necessary to examine the account of this controversy in our pages. We pass rapidly on to the consideration of the history of the second term of General Jackson.

The Presidential election of 1832 was, to our judgment, the most interesting the country has ever known. The questions which it involved were direct and practical. No mere partisan cries were involved in its progress. It did not turn

upon any hypothesis of government. What was then known as the American system, was staked on the issue by the friends of Clay; and the friends of Jackson presented those principles upon which, with little modification, the Democratic party of the country has stood since that time. It was in this election that the State of South Carolina refused to cast its vote with one party or the other, but remained aloof, waiting the issue of the controversy which had long impended. It is unnecessary to review so much of Benton's work, as relates to the ordinance of South Carolina and to the proclamation of General Jackson. The author has contented himself with the simple statement of the facts and documents of this controversy, and we shall imitate his silence.

The eighty-first chapter of his work is very interesting. The history of Verplanck's bill is well told, and the surprise of members of the House when Letcher, of Kentucky, proposed to strike out all in it after the enacting clause, and to insert a bill offered by Clay in the Senate, is graphically related. It took the House by surprise, on Monday afternoon, February 25th, 1833. The revenue collection bill was under debate. The House had refused to postpone it until the following Wednesday, but had agreed to make it the special order for the next day. It then took up Verplanck's tariff bill. It was at that moment Letcher arose and moved his amendment. The majority seem to have here regarded it as a God-send. Verplanck's bill was forthwith sent to the committee of the whole, with instructions to report it as amended. The House went into committee and agreed to the amendment of the bill. The committee rose and reported it to the House. All this was done in an hour. Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, could not contain his surprise. The members had been actually pulling on their coats, after having stayed out another day of the eight weeks' discussion upon the bill before the House, when they were arrested by this sudden proposition. Three or four only spoke against it, and Letcher alone spoke in its favor; and before the House adjourned it passed to a third reading, by a

vote of 105 to 71. On the 26th of February, the bill passed. The debate was brief and earnest, but uninteresting except for the bitter sarcasm of Burgess, of Rhode Island, who was not in the House when the bill passed to a third reading, but who anointed it with gall upon its final passage.

It is quite evident from Benton's comments on the passage of this bill, that it found no favor in his eyes as it was presented to the House. We shall not argue the legitimacy of Letcher's bill, as an amendment. It is sufficient that it did pass. We believe that it was wisely passed by Congress. It averted the danger of a great calamity, which might else have overwhelmed this confederacy. For whether South Carolina had stood fast, or had fallen, the evil of the contest would have remained.

The eighty-fifth chapter of Benton's work is curious. It demonstrates to our mind that he has not that qualification for writing history, which consists of a power to estimate impartially the conduct of political adversaries. We might, for the proof, refer to his record in the opening of the chapter, of the indecorous language, which had passed between Clay and Calhoun. Certainly, it was unnecessary to embalm recriminations, which both Statesmen must have regretted as soon as they were uttered. There was still less reason for attributing weakness to Mr. Calhoun, when he agreed at last to accord with the judgment of his friends, and to accept the "Home valuation principle" of the compromise bill. It may be that Benton has not considered that a concession is sometimes demanded by patriotism, and that the statesman who is able to make it, has a higher claim upon the respect of the country. Calhoun made such sacrifice of his private opinions, and he has received larger honor for his conduct. Of one thing, however, we are certain, and that is, that no history can be written of that exciting period, which will avail to give the credit of the compromise to John M. Clayton, of Delaware. Benton may seek to place the laurel there, but the country has assigned it to the brows of Clay and Calhoun. Nor will the fair fame of Calhoun suffer from the insinua-



tions with which this chapter is loaded. The country will not consider the record of the retirement of what Benton has called "the Calhoun wing," for consultation to the colonnade, behind the chair of the Vice President, in the Senate chamber, as approaching even to that dignity of history, of which Benton proposed to himself noble examples, in the persons of Sir James MacIntosh and Charles James Fox. We should search in vain for such an exhibition of personal feelings, in any records of political history which those truly great statesmen have left for the study of posterity.

At this point we may remark, however, that the history of Benton, however faulty in its introduction of these suspicions and surmises, carries with it a proper antidote. There are many now living, who know that the course of Mr. Calhoun was not characterized by any such traits as are hinted at by his brother Senator. But, if no witness survived, the remembrance entertained by all who knew him, of his pure and unselfish private character, and the evidence afforded by the dignity and elevation of his Senatorial labors, performed in the view of the whole country, and recorded by his intellect in imperishable monuments, would amply suffice for his vindication. In truth, we believe that if Jackson yet remained alive, his noble and frank nature would prompt him to redeem by the clearest expression of his confidence and good will, the memory of that statesman, for whom, in earlier years, he entertained so well-grounded an esteem. But now that the grave has closed over one and the other, we confess that our reprobation is strongly excited by the attempt to keep alive, between the memories of those distinguished statesmen, the embers of the fierce fires which time and nature had alike extinguished in their breasts, while they yet walked upon the earth.

The eighty-sixth chapter is devoted to a bitter denunciation of the compromise of 1833. We do not know that it was ever pretended that the legislation of that year would be binding upon posterity. It was a measure passed in a season of high excitement, and was designed as a practical ex-

periment upon the economical system of the country. It proposed to abandon gradually the extreme of the protective system, and to pass onward to the mark indicated by the advocates of free trade. The object of its framers was, undoubtedly, that the country might, in this slow transition, have the opportunity of discerning what rate, or system of revenue, was best adapted to the welfare of the people of the United States. When Clay invoked the good faith of the country for its recognition, it was to this wise end alone. He, and they who acted with him, understood, as well as the Senator from Missouri, that they were gifted with no legislative power higher than that confided by the law to each succeeding Congress. But they sought to be an example of moderation to those who should follow in their room. They were able to set on foot an experiment, which was alone capable of determining the relative merits of the views taken by the friends and opponents of the protective system. Nor was this wise purpose opposite in any sense to the views of Jackson. He welcomed, we believe, as gladly as any the return of tranquillity to the people of the States. He had no desire to see the Union rent in fragments. And whatever may have been the strength of his purpose to enforce existing laws, in case the public necessities should have demanded such proceedings, his approval of the compromise act shows that he regarded it as within the fit exercise of Congressional powers.

We confess that we cannot see how the compromise act was "a breach of all the rules and principles of legislation." It was received and adopted in the ordinary manner, and as a hundred important and unimportant bills have since been treated. Nor do we know what is meant by the assertion, that it was "concocted out of doors." It had been presented by Clay in the Senate, and was under debate when Verplanck's bill was introduced. There was no secret in its inception; nor is there one word of foundation for the charge that it was "managed by politicians, dominated by an outside interest." It originated with politicians, we grant. What measure does not? But what were the outside interests?

Clay's bill dragged its slow length along in the Senate, because, as a revenue bill, its origin in that body was of doubtful propriety. It was applied to service in the House, because the pendency of Verplanck's bill afforded an immediate opportunity. If it was kept a secret, it was because there was no reason for its introduction, until debate had fully shown that the House was prepared for compromise. But does it not appear to Benton that he makes a strong argument in favor of the bill, when he shows that, notwithstanding the quiet which marked its introduction and the absence of arrangement to procure it friends, it obtained, on its appearance, a majority of the House for a resolution of instruction to the committee of the whole in its favor? Does it impair the just claim of the bill to favor, that its friends agreed to abandon their minor differences, in order that its adversaries might not defeat it? Has legislation in any land ever reached such simplicity of proceeding, that a common understanding of the advocates of any proposed law is to be decried as unworthy?

But Benton supplies the answer to his own strange criticism. It originated, he says, in "the conjunction of rival politicians, who had lately and long been in the most violent state of legislative as well as political antagonism." To Benton's eye the demerit of the bill was the harmony between Clay and Calhoun. One would have supposed that he, or any true friend to the country, would have rejoiced to have seen these great men acting in harmony and concert. For that both were great, no man can deny. What the private history may be of Benton's own signal opposition, we cannot tell. It is certain that the conduct of Clay in the Senate, when the bill known as the Compromise bill, was brought there by the Clerk of the House, on Feb. 26, 1833, indicated no spirit of indecent haste to consummate the measure. He did not press its second reading even on that day. On the following day the Senate went into Committee of the whole, and he then moved that it should be reported to the Senate. The necessity for its passage at once, if it was



to pass, was publicly recognized by Mr. Webster, who had most earnestly opposed the same bill, as it had been presented by Clay to the Senate. Yet he did not allege "that it comprised every title necessary to stamp a vicious and reprehensible act," as Benton has, so many years after its passage. Nay, in this brief debate, when Dickerson moved to amend the bill, Benton was silent, although he was in the Senate on that day. The next day, (Thursday,) passed without any effort, on the part of the friends of the bill, to renew the discussion. On Friday, March 1st, 1833, the opponents of the bill opened their attacks. Robbins, Dallas, and Webster opposed it clearly, fully, and openly. Why was Benton silent? No word of his was heard in opposition to the bill in the new shape which it had assumed. He must have seen from his place, the signs of the unnatural coalition of which he has written. He could observe the movements of the "Calhoun wing." If it was "bad in the matter,—foul in the manner,—full of abuse; carried through upon the terrors of some, the interests of others, the political calculations of many, and the dupery of more;" why was not his logic and experience brought to bear against the evil? Webster, its ablest opponent, resisted it for no such reasons. Forsythe, to whose judgment it did not wholly commend itself, sustained it for reasons wholly opposite. He gave it his adhesion as an honorable effort to procure peace and harmony. So acted, also, Silas Wright, who was as incapable of supporting any measure deserving the character given to the Compromise bill by Benton, as any man in the nation. He stated that the bill was insufficient, in his judgement; but he did not dream then, as Benton did not then, of stamping the measure with opprobrious epithets. But, in all the scene, Benton himself brought no such charges against it, and the bill passed by a vote of 29 to 16. Nay, more. From Feb. 12, 1833, when Clay asked leave to introduce this same bill into the Senate, Benton manifested no disposition towards this bill which could be taken as an index to the views in his history. On the 13th February, he made some very brief remarks

against the bill, as presenting the same features with the bill of 1832. So, on Feb. 22d, in his objections to the "home valuation" feature of the act, he based his whole argument upon the inexpediency and insufficiency of such a bill. So, on Feb. 20th, in his speech upon the second section of the Senate bill, he debated it simply upon economical grounds, and he adhered to the same method of argumentation in his proposal to amend the bill by the addition of a new section relating to drawbacks. In the debate between Clay and Webster, on Monday, Feb. 25th, he took no part. The 26th day of February was occupied by the debate upon the resolutions offered by Calhoun, as to the powers of the Government; and on the 27th, as we have said, the House bill came to the Senate.

The history of Benton, in so far as the eighty-fifth chapter is concerned, leaves upon the mind of the casual reader the impression that Calhoun yielded to the views of Clay when the *House* bill was before the Senate, and, by his unexpected assent, aided in its passage. Whereas the truth is, that Mr. Calhoun conceded the point of the home valuation in the *Senate* bill, for the sake of peace, before any bill upon the subject had been introduced into the House of Representatives. It may have been, when Clay discovered that Calhoun was willing to make so large a sacrifice of his private opinions to the peace of the country, that he resolved to obviate the objection made to the originating of such a bill in the Senate as he proposed, by having it presented to the House. Mr. Calhoun's assent made its passage certain in the Senate, and his public declaration of his assent, doubtless, influenced those holding similar opinions in the House. But we think the reader will agree with us in declaring that no language could be more unwarrantable than that employed by Benton, in characterizing the passage of a bill so fully debated while in the Senate, and so authentically known to every member of the House, before Letcher introduced it.

In truth, although Benton speaks of the retirement of the "Calhoun wing" to consult, when Clayton, on Thursday, Feb. 21st, moved to lay Clay's bill on the table, in despair of any

satisfactory settlement, we think it very doubtful if he had any personal knowledge that such a step was taken by them. He does not seem to have been in the Senate on that day. He certainly did not speak, nor did he vote upon the motion for an adjournment, which was moved by Holmes. Certainly, if this adjournment was moved, as he pretends, by one friendly alike to Clay and Calhoun, it is very extraordinary that a large number of those opposed to the bill, including Webster, should have voted for the adjournment, and that Clay and Calhoun, for whose convenience it was had, should have voted against it. In truth, when we compare the vote for the adjournment with the vote for the bill, it is apparent that no such concealed motive influenced the conclusion. It was half past four o'clock, and the Senate adjourned.

But Benton opens in this chapter the personal motive of his attack upon this compromise more fully even than we have indicated. He says that "he could not see, without insurmountable repugnance, two citizens set themselves up for a power in the State, and undertake to regulate by their private agreements, (to be invested with the forms of law,) the public affairs for years to come. I admit no man to stand for a *power* in our country, and to assume to be able to save the Union." Here we have the secret of the whole complaint. General Jackson felt, as Benton admits, "a positive relief in being spared the necessity of enforcing the laws by the sword, and by criminal prosecutions," but Benton could not tolerate the idea that this mode of relief should be pointed out by the concurrent opinions of Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun. Fortunately, the country was then content and has since remained satisfied with the work which their patriotism accomplished.

By this we do not mean to say that the well judging people of this country absolutely committed themselves to this Compromise bill, in all its details, when it became the law of the land. It is true that the bill professed to *settle* the question at issue, but there was no idea entertained any where that this adjustment was beyond the control of any succeeding



Congress, within the time specified. The desire of those friendly to the measure was, that the country should be placed under the influence of legislation, which should, year by year, by the changes which it provided for, definitely ascertain what its true economical interests might be. The only obligation imposed upon any succeeding Congress, was that it should not lightly interfere with the course of this national experiment. The Bill was thus understood by most of those who gave it countenance. Mr. Webster himself, though representing an interest materially affected by its passage, did not take the narrow and contracted view now given by Benton. Although at that time the great rival of Clay in the estimation of the Whig party for federal honors, he did not dream of charging him with any design to forestall, by the exercise of his personal power, the legitimate authority of Congress in succeeding years. In his speech on Monday, February 25th, 1833, when Clay's bill was under debate in the Senate, he recognized the purity of its author's motive, and complimented the services of Calhoun. He did not object to the prospective reductions, made by the bill up to 1841, even while he opposed those clauses which seemed to restrict the future legislation of Congress. Indeed, even at that time of heated controversy, we search in vain for any evidences of such feeling towards the authors and supporters of this measure, as Benton has at this late day exhibited. Nor do we believe that any other man in the country could place such an interpretation upon the history of legislation on this subject since that time, as he has done. He speaks with the pride of a prophet, when he says that he saw it "sink into neglect and oblivion,—die without the solace of pity or sorrow,—and go into the grave without mourners or witnesses, or a stone to mark the place of its interment." And yet we have seen that this prophet was silent, when the crisis impended, and we know that his opinions as to the result do not meet with the public sympathy. The act of 1833 did not pass into oblivion, as he has stated. It performed its part. And, although, in 1842, the party then in power restored to exist-

ence much of the ancient policy of the protective system, yet the experience which the country had derived from the act of 1833, served to hasten the enactment of the law of 1846, upon which our system has since been mainly founded. If the compromise did die, it did not sink into the grave without having obtained credit in its life, or without leaving offspring to attest its manhood. It lives in history full of honor, a marked instance of fraternal relation subsisting between the members of this confederacy. And we may be permitted to say that it will so live, when the views of the author have long ceased to influence the opinions of posterity.

The eighty-seventh, eighty-eighth and eighty-ninth chapters of the book treat of the Virginia resolutions of 1798, and of their true exposition. We do not propose to discuss this subject. We might say that the author's commentary upon so much of the famous resolution, as recognizes the right of a State "to interfere," does not increase our appreciation of the right of the side which he advocates. The argument of Webster was far more cogent and plausible. But, inasmuch as the crisis which induced the State of South Carolina to pass the famous ordinance has long passed, and inasmuch as we do not see in the political sky, as yet, that cloud of the bigness of a man's hand, which warns us of danger directly impending, we will forbear to follow the author in his argumentation.

The one hundred and first chapter commences the history of the twenty-third Congress, called, as the author says, the "Panic Session." The collectors of the Revenue, under an order from Roger B. Taney, who had succeeded to the Treasury Department, in the place of William J. Duane, had ceased to deposit the Government moneys in the Bank of the United States. We shall not review the history given of the consequences of this measure. The proceedings with relation to the Bank constitute an important part of our political and financial history, but they possess no present interest to the general reader. Our purpose has been, in the review of this work, to confine ourselves to such topics as were of more moment to the country. But we cannot forbear, although

we do not extract the passages, to call attention to the comments made by Benton, in the one hundred and second chapter, on the Bank memorials daily presented, in duplicates, to the House and Senate. There is grim humor in his narrative, which is very entertaining.

The Senate resolutions condemning Jackson's conduct; his protest,—the action of the Senate, when it was read,—the notice given by Benton of the expunging resolutions, are topics familiar to the country. They are well treated of in the one hundred and third chapter. The chapter succeeding contains only an abstract of the author's speech on the gold currency. Succeeding chapters are, also, wholly occupied by Benton's speech on Taney's report on the finances, and by his opinions as to the cause of the revival of the Gold Currency in 1834. The one hundred and twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth chapters relate to the deaths of John Randolph, of Roanoke, William Wirt, of Maryland, and of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Md. We may here repeat that these individual sketches are, to our view, the redeeming traits of Benton's work. They, for the most part, exhibit kind feelings, and are expressed with eloquence and grace.

The one hundred and seventeenth, one hundred and eighteenth, one hundred and nineteenth, and one hundred and twentieth chapters relate to the case presented by claimants for French spoliations prior to 1800. These chapters give the substance of the arguments of Silas Wright and Benton against the payment of these claims by the United States, and of Webster in favor of that course. The late action of Congress and the veto of President Pierce, have revived public interest on this subject, and we refer those who are anxious to gain some information upon this protracted controversy, to the chapters alluded to.

The one hundred and twenty-second, one hundred and twenty-third, and one hundred and twenty-fourth chapters relate to the effort made by the friends of Jackson, in 1835, to procure the passage of what was known at that time to the country as the "Expunging resolutions." These proceedings excited great interest at the time, and the account given of



them by the author, who was a principal actor, is deserving of attention. In the one hundred and thirtieth, and one hundred and thirty-first chapters, the renewal of the agitation of the slavery question in the Twenty-Fourth Congress is related. The movement was made both by the North and the South. The movement of the former tended to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and that of the latter to the prohibition of the circulation of anti-slavery and incendiary publications in the mails. The one hundred and thirty-fourth chapter is an instructive summary of the foreign policy of President Jackson. It presents his administration in a most favorable point of view in this particular. The one hundred and thirty-fifth chapter is upon the general subject of slavery agitation. Its only object, apparently, is to show that Calhoun was to blame in the general course which he pursued upon this question. As the Southern country can alone determine whether his relations to this question, or those of Benton, were most acceptable to their judgment, we will forbear criticism upon Benton's narrative. The remembrance of Calhoun's services to that section of the country in which he so long lived, will suffice, without one word of ours, as a reply to all that Benton can state upon this subject.

The one hundred and thirty-seventh chapter contains Benton's account of his own effort to alter the Missouri Compromise, by changing one of the lines of the State of Missouri. It is true that this change accomplished no very considerable alteration in the relation of slave to free territory. But, nevertheless, it was a movement towards a change in that Missouri Compromise, which Benton has since regarded as binding upon his judgment. The one hundred and thirty-eighth chapter gives the history of the admission of Arkansas and Michigan into the Union. The one hundred and forty-fourth chapter relates to the questions arising out of the independence of Texas. Mr. Calhoun, in the debate occurring on the reference of those memorials which prayed the recognition of the independence of Texas, indicated his own desire that the new republic should be added to our

Union. This wish, so early expressed, has since been fully realized. Benton, however, saw in the openly expressed desire of Calhoun, the shadowings of some hidden policy. Clay's resolution in the Senate was confined to a recognition of the independence of Texas, when it should appear that it possessed an organized government. On this resolution Benton spoke. This speech was, he says, "the most full and carefully historical of any one delivered,"—a criticism which happily dispenses with any notice from the reader or from ourselves.

The one hundred and forty-eighth, forty-ninth, fiftieth, and fifty-first chapters, are devoted to the notice of the lives, services, and deaths of the Ex-Presidents Madison and Monroe, of Chief Justice Marshall, of Aaron Burr, and of William B. Giles, of Virginia. We pass rapidly over the remaining portions of the book, staying only to call the reader's attention to the chapters relating to the further history and final success of the "Expunging resolution." They are very interesting. The one hundred and sixty-fifth chapter closes the published volume. It relates to the retirement and death of Andrew Jackson. Although we have differed considerably from Mr. Benton, in his estimate of men and measures, yet we are willing to concede that his devotion to the memory of Andrew Jackson is a pleasant feature in his character. We like the earnestness of his rugged affection for that great man. In truth, Benton's regard is as intense as his hate. But, while we are well pleased to see the former feeling manifested in his history, we must say that such a record does not afford any fit place for the indulgence of the latter feeling.

We take our leave of the author, and await the publication of his second volume. What he may write will always command attention. He is not a man of genius; he is not a statesman, in any large sense of that word; but he is an acute, active thinker—a man of laborious industry, great research, and extensive information. He is not upon the same level in intellect with Fox and MacIntosh; but if he is less than an historian, he is more than an annalist.

## ART. II.—LOUIS THE XIV.

IN presenting the remarkable reign of Louis XIV, one of the longest in the annals of nations, extending over nearly three quarters of a century, and marked by great events, characters, and passions; all of which drew the attention of mankind to France, and to the grand monarch who sat upon the throne; it is impossible, in the narrow limits to which we are confined in this article, to do more than merely allude to the most remarkable features which made this reign an era. Nor do we intend to give in detail the history of the various wars, of religious persecutions, of schemes of aggrandizement, of court scandals, of royal pomp and extravagance, of generals, poets and philosophers, of prevalent popular ideas, of the suppression of liberty and the development of absolute power unknown in Europe since the fall of the Roman empire. It is even difficult to generalize, within our limited space, the leading points of interest in chronological order. All we can do, and all we aspire to do, is to give a true impression of the ideas and material greatness of a man, who, in pride, may be likened to Nebuchadnezzar of old, and in ambition, to the late emperor of Russia.

He was born in 1639, and died in 1715. These seventy-six years may be divided into three periods: the first during his minority, when the country was nominally governed by his mother, Ann of Austria, as regent, but, in reality, by Cardinal Mazarin, her prime minister, who followed out the policy and principles of Cardinal Richelieu.

The second period pertains to the ministry of Colbert, whom Mazarin, when dying, recommended to his youthful master; a period of great prosperity, glory and excitement, when Louis realized all that Richelieu had aimed to secure, and when the French Bourbon monarchy reached its culminating height of power and renown.

The third period is memorable for the great reaction to national prosperity, which embittered and saddened the lat-



ter years of the monarch, when unfortunate wars, originally waged for glory or conquest, ended in discomfiture and humiliation; when palaces and court expenses deranged the finances, and when a state was prepared for those discontents which ultimately resulted in overturning the throne and in the triumph of revolutionary principles. A complete view of this reign should present these three periods. But we are compelled wholly to omit the first—the minority of the king, when Mazarin contended against cabals and conspiracies, when civil war distracted the whole realm, and when the power which Richelieu bequeathed was in great danger of being utterly subverted. The eighteen years which marked the regency of Ann, of Austria, and the administration of Cardinal Mazarin, were times of great civil commotion, disgraced by the ascendancy of unworthy favorites, by the rebellion of nobles, the intrigues of courtiers, the contentions of the Parliaments, and the disorders of society. Twice was the cardinal compelled to flee from the kingdom which he governed; twice did the queen regent quit her capital from fear of her subjects; and repeatedly were both of them forced to make alliances with the Parliaments which resisted their decrees, with the nobles whom they had imprisoned, and the people whom they despised. In the labyrinth of cabals, we see bishops, nobles, judges, ladies, and people mixed up together, and in the complexity of affairs, we see wars without an object, struggles without dignity, and discussions without principles. The treasons of the Princes Condi and Conti, the intrigues of the Duchess de Langueville, and of Cardinal de Retz, the Archbishop of Paris, the protests of the Parliamentary judges, the war of the Fronde, and the final ascendancy of Mazarin, who enjoyed, at last, as much power as Richelieu, though he did not exercise it with as much severity,—these are the main facts which marked the minority of the king.

The most interesting, though most mournful event of the times, was the resistance of the Parliament of Paris to the arbitrary power of the crown,—interesting, because then

was a glorious opportunity for the establishment of constitutional freedom; mournful, because that opportunity was lost, for the reason that the Parliament did not understand its mission, and wrangled about trifles and forms, like pedantic lawyers, instead of nobly asserting the great principles of the constitution, and calling upon the people to assist in defending them. The Parliament opposed the government when it infringed upon its own privileges, not when it invaded the rights of the people; and hence, though it made an honorable stand in defence of its own dignity, it was neither sufficiently enlightened nor patriotic to fight the battles of the nation, and thus failed to perpetuate any valuable popular rights, or even to secure for itself the powers which it coveted. It was never truly in earnest, and contented itself with remonstrances rather than defiance, and threats rather than actions. It may have detested despotism, but it did not appreciate liberty; nor was it prepared to make great sacrifices, without which, or the spirit of which, conquests can never be secured. The people lost all confidence in a body which thought only of itself, and deserted it in the hour of need. Despised by the people, insulted by the nobles, and threatened by the crown, without an army or money, or principles, the Parliament of Paris, which, at one time held the destinies of France in its hand, submitted, after a weak resistance, to the deprivation of its political powers, and became a subservient and time-serving court of judges.

After the restoration of public tranquillity and prosperity, Mazarin lived long enough to enjoy the adulation of all his enemies, and accumulated the largest fortune which any subject was ever known to possess,—200 million of livres, it is said,—and then died, in the fullness of power and fame, leaving his royal master an absolute throne, vast riches, and the most prosperous kingdom in Europe. When Mazarin died, Louis was twenty-two years of age, in the pride of strength, in the fullness of all the means of enjoyment, and in the sanguine anticipation of honor and fame. He was

beautiful, in perfect health, the idol of the court, the pride of the nation, glowing with romantic ardor, chivalrous, manly, ambitious, proud, eager for glory, yet fond of pleasure and pomp, a hero in his own eyes, a mighty monarch in the eyes of the world. His education had been purposely neglected by his mother, and he had betrayed an inordinate love of self-indulgence. But the moment he was released from the restraints which the genius and experience of Mazarin imposed, he resolved to be his own prime minister, and to attend to all the details of business with the same assiduity which he had before bestowed upon his pleasures.

The minister of finance under Mazarin—Fouquet—had made the public accounts as complicated as possible, in order to be retained in power; but Louis mastered all the secrets of his bureau with singular success, turned out the able but unfaithful servant, and substituted Colbert in his place,—unquestionably the most remarkable financial genius which France has produced, and a plebeian, too, by birth, and even a Protestant,—severe, cold, reserved, awkward in manners, abrupt in speech, but of inflexible integrity and manly self-respect.

That a young, gay, haughty, pleasure-loving monarch, surrounded with cynical nobles, should have perceived the merits and retained the services of the most austere and unpopular person in the realm, against all the customs and notions of those aristocratic times, is a strong proof of his sagacity and independence. So long as Colbert lived, Louis prospered. He could not have made a wiser choice of a minister, had he ransacked the whole world. But Colbert was not the King of France;—he was not the virtual ruler of the nation in the sense that Richelieu was. Had he been so, the fortunes of his country would have been far different, and more glorious. Colbert was an economist and financier—was the exponent of all industrial pursuits—the representative of industry and thrift—the impersonation of a new civilization—a sort of Cobden, but with broader views and fewer prejudices, who aimed to develop the material wealth and



resources of the nation. But he had not free scope and power to accomplish his intentions, although the king favored many of his schemes. The king did not care so much for the prosperity of the people, as the gratification of his own pride. He sought glory and praise—desired new palaces—and plunged recklessly into wars. He had a powerful will, and resolved to make the welfare of the realm subserve his own ambition. He saw the talents of Colbert, and made use of them—not to enrich France, so much as to secure the means of conquest, and gratify his extravagance and pomp. Colbert deplored this passion of the king, but was obliged to succumb to it; he was a servant, not a master. And, considering how imperative, and obstinate, and self-willed this master was, and how bent he was on the most expensive wars, luxuries, and follies, it is astonishing that his minister was enabled to effect as much as he did for his bleeding and suffering country. Without having democratic sympathies, or popular enthusiasm, Colbert still labored for the ultimate good of the class from which he sprung, and especially for the prosperity of the nation at large. In the employment of subordinates he sought talent and industry, rather than aristocratic connections and influence; he made labor honorable; and he directed the attention of the middle classes to the accumulation of capital, to improvements in agriculture, to commercial and manufacturing enterprise. He repaired roads, built bridges, dug canals, and instituted a navy; and he sought to raise the public revenue, not by the privations of the people, but by the increase of commercial wealth. He took the most comprehensive views,—recognized the connection between works of industry and the development of genius; saw the influence of science in the production of riches, of taste and industry, of the fine arts or manual labor. He instituted the academy of sciences, of inscriptions, of belles lettres, of painting, of sculpture and of architecture, and founded the school of Oriental languages, the observatory, and the school of law. He gave pensions to scientific and literary men of merit, rewarded artists, and invited

scholars to France. There was scarcely any great object of industry or learning which he did not patronize. He is the father of industrial enterprise in France, and the creator of the system of political economy.

But, after all, he was only the minister of royalty; he was not able to follow out, as he could have wished, his full intentions. His chief duty was to provide money for Louis XIV to spend; and he was an obedient servant—a strong advocate of royal power,—a minister so obsequious, even, that he did not expostulate against the whims or follies of his master, or interfere with any of his pleasures, or curb any of his expenses. He thus only indirectly developed the resources of the nation, and influenced his master only through his vanity, by making him believe that all economical plans emanated alone from the royal brain. By such management he continued, for 22 years, the good genius of France.

Louis XIV was extremely eager for individual sovereignty, and it was his vanity and weakness, through life, to believe that he himself originated every great enterprise, and even every great idea of his reign. Moreover, he looked upon the kingdom pretty much as a rich man looks upon his farms, as his personal property, which he had a right to dispose of as he pleased. To his credit it must be said that he endeavored to manage this great inheritance in the best way he knew how; he was indefatigable in business,—he looked after every thing himself, and even condescended, like Charlemagne, to mean details; still, when he said "*le etat c'est moi*," he spoke the inmost sentiment of his soul, and revealed the leading principle which characterized his policy and his character. He could not comprehend how the interests of the people were disconnected with his selfish love of personal aggrandizement; he viewed them more as slaves than subjects, to be subservient to his pleasures and glory. He had not even the humane and enlightened desire of being the father of his people, in the sense which was understood by Henry IV. In his eyes, the State and his own exaltation, as Sir James Stephens well remarks, "were but

convertible terms." He could conceive of no interests which ought to interfere with his enjoyments. He was naturally proud and selfish, and the first lessons which he learned were exaggerated notions of royal power. By nature, by education, and by circumstances, he was an egotist; felt himself to be the incarnation of all wisdom; could tolerate no opposition to his will, or dissent from his opinions; demanded and expected from all classes and powers—political, religious, and even literary—the most unreserved submission, and the most servile attention. This natural pride and selfishness was nursed and fostered by perpetual flattery, and the most absurd exaggeration; and the possession of unlimited powers and resources seemingly inexhaustible, served to render his delusions fatal to all self-knowledge, and his prejudices destructive to all intellectual expansion. He became a man of passions, of resentments, of caprices, and of undisguised selfishness. In all the pictures of him scorn is marked upon his lips, and pride upon his brow.

If we could forget this egotism, which pervaded and disgraced his whole private and public life; this devouring passion of self-aggrandizement at the expense of all human interests; this abiding sentiment that he and the State were one, or, rather, that the State was his—made for him, given to him by God Almighty as an inheritance to be used for his personal pleasure—we might see many interesting qualities and some claims to greatness in Louis XIV. He had warm and ardent feelings; was capable of affection and friendship; was generous and magnanimous when the impulse moved him; had no groveling instincts; was gentlemanly and courteous in his manners; regarded his promises as sacred obligations; respected religious institutions, and would bear rebuke from those whom he regarded as the ministers of divine omnipotence. Had great natural sagacity as to character; could perceive and reward merit; could appreciate literary excellence; possessed a severe taste, and loved to surround himself with men of genius. He was not indif-



ferent to public opinion, although he set himself above it; and, while he lived in an atmosphere of constant flattery, and loved it too, still learned to distrust human praises and professions, and was careful to conceal his own designs and mask his real sentiments. He was susceptible to female charms, but never allowed himself to be enslaved by them; and continued to the end to be master of himself as well as of his subjects—whether they were nobles, ministers, priests, or favorites.

Hence, as a monarch and as a man, he had some great qualities, and we cannot despise him, even while we detest the egotism which, in various ways, was the main-spring of his existence.

To the developments of this spirit of pride, self-love, vanity, and self-aggrandizement, we must direct our attention, both in those things which he did to gratify it, and in those influences which he opposed as interfering with it. This was the main-spring of his wars, of his courtly extravagances, of his religious persecutions, and even of those vast sacrifices to which he submitted in his latter days.

Let us consider his acts under these four heads; for it is the best generalization we can make of his long reign; of a government sustained by his individual will alone, and marked by the various vicissitudes of human life, youth, manhood, and old age. It is the triumphing of manhood with its proud step, its onward march, and its vigorous strength which first impress us. Such signalized the administration of Colbert; it was the wars of Louis XIV to extend his power and gratify his passions, which were the first leading features of his reign. But even on this point we cannot enlarge, since we cannot do justice to so great and complicated a theme in this connection. How can we discuss the campaigns, the battles, the sieges, the victories of thirty years of almost uninterrupted war! How can we delineate the character, and merits, and military principles of so many famous generals—the Condes, the Turennes, the Luxembourgs, the Vaubans, whose exploits shed glory upon the French name?

How can we describe the antagonists of these generals, and the principles which animated them, and the general alarm and indignation of Europe in reference to the man who disturbed its peace and prostrated its liberties! The young French monarch, burning with a romantic love of military glory, and wishing to be a second Alexander, first turns his eyes upon Flanders; to the inheritance of which he presented a foolish claim, a claim sure to be rejected by the Spanish government, to whom this country belonged, which led to a wicked invasion of the Flemish territories, and their rapid conquest by overwhelming forces. This had the effect of stimulating still more the warlike passions of the French king, and to which he again resigned himself by making war on Holland, because this mercantile State wished to protect its neighbors and its interests. Louis XIV was stimulated by lust of conquest, revenge, and the phantom of glory, and all the resources of his kingdom were employed in their pursuit. The United Provinces, impelled by despair and heroism, and under the leadership of William, Prince of Orange, made desperate exertions, and fortunately averted their expected destruction, and became the centre of a grand league. Then followed most bloody campaigns, in which the most unparalleled miseries were endured, and atrocities inflicted; especially on the banks of the Rhine, which Louis designed to be the eastern boundary of his kingdom. At length a peace was made, when all the contending parties were exhausted, by which Louis obtained great increase of territory, although he had failed against all his expectations to conquer Holland. The self-sacrifice of the inhabitants, the heroic energies of the Prince of Orange, and the assistance of the neighboring German States, who witnessed with jealousy, the encroachments of Louis, gave a check to his unscrupulous designs and prevented the aggrandizement on which he had calculated with so much confidence. As, however, he still meditated conquest, he gave himself grand airs, and insulted in turn, most of the powers of Europe, robbed them of their possessions, and sought to extinguish their liberties;

and, as he persecuted his Protestant subjects, and openly arrogated the most unbounded authority, even over the minds of men, he became an object of hatred and fear among all the States of Europe. A confederation was then formed against him, to keep him in his place, such as afterwards was arrayed against Napoleon, and in our times is meditated against the emperor of Russia. The principle which arrayed the different nations of Europe against Louis XIV., was called the balance of power—to preserve which, has been the aim of patriotic kings and statesmen for two hundred years, and without the preservation of which, the liberties of Europe would be endangered.

To preserve the balance of power, or, in other words, to prevent the undue and indefinite expansion of the French monarchy, and perhaps to revenge the injuries and wrongs which the French king had recklessly and inhumanly, and without provocation, inflicted; the nations and kings of Europe aroused themselves, and the most bloody contest ensued which christendom has seen in the interval between the wars of religion, which grew out of the Reformation, and the wars of Napoleon. At the head of this league was William of Orange, then king of England, who hated Louis with the most deadly animosity, as an enemy to all constitutional freedom, as a bigoted Catholic persecutor, and as a vain and shameless perpetrator of innumerable calamities, especially on his native country, whose national existence had only been preserved by unparalleled sacrifices and heroism. He was resolved to show no mercy, and make no terms, until the power of France was completely crippled and Louis XIV. effectually humiliated, and perhaps ruined. And he succeeded in inspiring his allies with much of the bitterness of his spirit. Though this combination was a natural result of the ambition of Louis XIV., and this grievous war was a natural retribution, yet it would be difficult to prove that its necessity was imperative.

The resources of the French monarchy were nearly exhausted, and the king eagerly desired the continuance of



peace, which, however, was understood to mean the enjoyment of his power, which his enemies were determined to break. So the families of Europe were again doomed to bitter mourning; and a succession of calamities, for many successive years, impoverished and afflicted the fairest sections of the continent, and the fame of warriors was wafted to the ends of the earth with imprecations and curses. The real hero of this war was, perhaps, the king of France himself. Obligated to act on the defensive, and to resist more powerful armies than his own; one after another of his generals died; he was compelled to melt up his plate, in consequence of his financial embarrassments; he lost his best counselors; his overtures of peace were indignantly rejected; and he was forced to make an appeal to the patriotism of his subjects, to prevent a disgraceful overthrow. Still he preserved his dignity, and his dominions, and his honor, and was enabled, at last, to secure peace without the humiliation which he perhaps deserved. And yet he was so impolitic as to provoke Europe to another contest, scarcely less bloody and disastrous than the last, when every principle of patriotism demanded public tranquillity. He allowed his grandson to receive the dangerous bequest of the king of Spain; and a Bourbon prince became the inheritor of the whole Spanish monarchy, with all of its vast possessions, which again alarmed Europe and led to another league and new calamities.

The war of the Spanish succession, in which Marlborough won his immortal laurels as the conqueror at Blenheim, failed to dispossess Louis XIV of his dominions, but crippled the resources of his country, and caused the accumulation of a national debt which was the Pandora box of subsequent misfortunes—perhaps, the most efficient of the secondary causes of the revolution which hurled the Bourbons from the throne of France.

Now, these various wars extended over a period of more than half a century, and were the great external events of the reign of Louis XIV. His name is, therefore, associated

with the great events of the 17th century, to maintain the balance of power. As they originated in his ambition and vanity, so they ended in his humiliation. The enormous energies which he displayed in his misfortunes, prevented his ruin and rescued his name from general execration. But his early mistakes—if we may not call them by any harsher terms—nearly destroyed his flourishing kingdom, and rendered null the noble efforts of his patriotic ministers. He had the mortification of seeing his subjects impoverished and discontented, his early conquests torn from him, and the halo of glory which surrounded his throne entirely dissipated. He awoke from the dreams which had deluded him, to feel the sting of having inflicted inconceivable calamities on the civilized world, and to suffer the consciousness of bequeathing burdens to his successors which they would be unable to bear, and evils to the nation at large which would cry to heaven for vengeance. Such were the chief results of the wars of Louis XIV.

The same vanity which originally induced Louis XIV to make war on his neighbors for the sake of fame, led him also to build palaces, unrivaled in magnificence since the times of the Cæsars, and institute a court at the head of which he might reign as an Olympian deity. This extravagance, this display of wealth and grandeur, with all the accompanying ceremonies and pomp, was a great feature of the reign, and was the parent of evils which, in after times, were not insignificant sources of discontent and rebellion. No man ever loved parade and grandeur more than this monarch, which infirmity gave a vulgarity to his aims, and detracted from the dignity of his character. Ostentation, except on rare and great occasions, certain and habitual devotion to the observance of imposing forms, wearisome etiquette, and pompous display, indicate either a great contempt for the reason and affections of mankind, or an extremely low state of civilization, almost an Oriental inequality, servitude, and degradation. Very great men, and even men conscious of very great power, have generally disdained these empty and silly

exhibitions, as only fit to impose on savages and slaves, as an unnecessary proof of their influence, and a most irksome chain upon themselves. Julius Cæsar, Theodocius, Charlemagne, Charles V, Peter the Great, Frederic II, and Napoleon Bonaparte dispensed with these trappings of their power, except on rare occasions and necessary state ceremonies. They loved to retreat from the notice of the public, bury themselves in gardens and libraries, and relax from their toils in the genial flow of the festive board. But Louis XIV. could never forget, for a day, even in the presence of his favorites and friends, that he was the monarch, a sort of god, and enshrouded himself perpetually with every emblem and every formality, which could remind even courtiers of the immeasurable distance between him and them. Some men, like Cromwell and Pitt, are content with the possession of power, without any desire to display it. They would rather veil it from the eyes of the people, like Augustus, to disarm their jealousies and fears. But Louis XIV wished to show more than he really had, in order to secure an external homage, like an Oriental satrap or a Greek emperor, in the degenerate period which witnessed the incursions of the barbarians into unprotected provinces. On coming to his estate, he soon perceived that the numerous palaces which contented his fathers were insufficient for his wants, and unfavorable to the suitable display of his magnificence and wealth. He had drawn the nobles of his realm to his court, as lesser stars around a great central luminary, to reflect the refulgence of his glory, to extol his wisdom and taste, and impress the nation with the majesty of his name.

To gratify his passion for magnificence, and to provide for the wants of his idolaters, he, therefore, concluded to build the famous palace of Versailles, the most extensive, sumptuous, and perhaps expensive royal residence ever erected since the palace of the Cæsars; but inconvenient, in bad taste, and deficient in those aids to beauty which are derived from a good site, and natural loveliness of surrounding country. By additions to Fontainebleau, St. Germain, or Meudon, he



might have made a much more beautiful abode, at comparatively little expense; but nothing would satisfy him but a palace, which would, at least, cost vast sums of money, and be identified with his name—and his wish was realized. Versailles, which cost forty millions of pounds sterling, is associated with the grandeur of his court, and with the glory and shame of all the successive Bourbon kings. It was never inhabited by royalty after the execution of Louis XVI., and is now only a show-place of curiosities—a vast gallery of poor pictures; a marble monument of departed glories; a memento of follies which can never be repeated with impunity. It is a gloomy place in spite of its costly marbles, its painted ceilings, its gilded pillars, and gorgeous ornaments; its rich furniture, its vases, mirrors, Mosaic tables, and antique tapestries; its cases of gems, its gold and silver vessels, its statues and busts, and portraits, and all the various collections of art and taste to remind us of its former attraction, and the state of unparalleled grandeur in which the monarch lived and died. This was the Olympus, where Louis XIV. sought to play the god, and where he surrounded himself with princes, nobles, ambassadors, ministers, courtiers, women of rank and beauty, geniuses of all professions—scholars, poets, artists, generals; yea, even philosophers and theologians; from all of whom he expected the most complete outward homage, and received the most intoxicating flattery which depraved man ever yielded to arrogance and tyranny. It is true, he sometimes condescended to mingle in the amusements of his gay and giddy worshipers, and even to indulge in such infirmities as pagan mythology has ascribed to Jupiter of old, when the charms of mortal women were too potent even for his divine omnipotence to resist. But those weaknesses which betrayed humanity, were only the occasional humors of his caprice and outbreaks of his passion, not the settled habit and tenor of his life. He was too watchful of his dignity to unbend habitually before the smile of beauty or the sallies of wit, the claims of natural affection, or the incense of idolatry. It must be allowed that he was polite and gracious;

treated the humblest menial with urbanity, and never allowed himself to indulge in language unbecoming a gentleman; but with the view of exacting, the more vigorously, that reverence and attention which were due to his exalted rank.

If, in the abandonment of an unusual happy mood, he sported with Amaryllis in the shade, or, if, in the occasional affectation of sylvan enjoyments, he became a gentle swain amid the disguised duchesses of his court, the aristocratic nymphs soon after atoned for their short pleasures by long, exhausting and humiliating public ceremonies; and were fortunate, indeed, if they could get the slightest recognition from the proud monarch who had returned to himself. He made it difficult to get access to his person; he instituted a thousand degrading offices for his greatest nobles. In his household and his bed-chamber he continued the old customs, which feudalism and chivalry had invented, in their minutest forms, and to the most ridiculous extent. It took several great nobles to undress him when he went to bed, and as many more to dress him when he got up in the morning: one handed him his shirt, another put on his stockings, a third brought his embroidered coat, a fourth his hat and sword. No plebeian assisted in the royal bed-chamber, but only a noble of ancient rank, even to hand him a towel when he washed his hands, or a brush when he cleaned his teeth. When he sat down, nobles stood behind his chair; when he examined dispatches, they waited in his ante-chamber; they surrounded his chariot when he took a drive; they waited at his table when he drank his wine. Delicate ladies of rank and wealth were doomed to the most fatiguing duties in the attendance on his wife and children, and felt it to be an honor to take the part of servants.

The vast palace was crammed to the very attics with the aristocratic servitors of the crown; and the grand edifices which composed the new town of courtiers, were but so many dependencies on the royal abode. Levees, banquets, fetes, balls, illuminations, reviews and gorgeous ceremonies, were the business and amusements of the court,—the unceas-

ing routine of royal life—even in the times of public calamities and miseries. The plebeian people could only witness the splendor, or imagine the festivities of this dazzling court, but at an impassable distance, on the borders of a gulf which removed them from the favored attendants on royalty, as broad as that which separates liberty from slavery.

It was in the perpetual enjoyment of this state and dignity that Louis XIV. delighted to live and reign—the observed of all observers, the grand fountain of favor and honor, the object of constant panegyric, the idol of boundless worshipers; but, also, it must be said, the victim of illusions which no genius could dissipate—the slave of his own caprices, deceived and plundered by all his servants, without a friend to point out the shoals and quicksands over which the royal bark was tossed; without true affection to sympathize in the afflictions with which Providence visited him from time to time, and exposed at all times to the treacherous, secret things of those wits who bent the knee and cringed in fear.

The court of Louis XIV. will ever form one of the most interesting and instructive, but humiliating, pictures of royalty in any age, and every body loves to read of those grand seigneurs, those noble dames, and those unfortunate mistresses, whose matchless memoirs compose the truest history of the times. When were ever sorrows veiled with a brighter gaiety? When did ever pomp attempt to conceal more empty vanities? When did ever the tinsel of life fail to produce more real happiness? When were there ever greater pretensions and fewer claims; deeper heart-burnings, with a face of smiles; a more artificial well of politeness and kindness, without corresponding sentiments in the heart, a more refined system of selfishness, envy, hypocrisy, hatred and malice?

In this court of gay deceivers, boastful fools, empty fops, conceited pedants, rendered, however, tolerable by their aristocratic manners, and certainly of some importance from their high offices and enormous wealth, women played no ordinary part. Refined, gay, voluptuous, and intriguing, she made the court at once fascinating and demoralizing; di-



vided it with cabals and jealousies, and envenomed it with scandals and detractions.

The mysteries of the toilet were their study; cards, dice, novels and love-making their business; the ball-room and the banqueting-table were their pleasures. They made visits only to repeat mischievous gossip; they read books only to inflame their imaginations; they sought solitude only to hide their chagrin; they professed friendship only to steal secrets and annoy their enemies. The men with whom they danced at night, in the morning were alternately the subjects of their ridicule and the objects of their flattery. Sincerity, truthfulness, constancy, and elevation of sentiment were virtues which existed only in books, except among a few antiquated ladies, who were marks of irony and ridicule for the rest. What a nursery for mothers! What a school for inexperienced girls! What a home for husbands and fathers! But this was the envied, exclusive, favored abode of the great and honored in France, where the young drank moral poison as a beverage, and the old exulted in its effects.

The goddess of this court, at the period of its greatest splendor, was not the queen of France—the virtuous, discreet, dignified daughter of Philip IV, in whom were centred the pride and hopes of the Austrian dynasty—but a passionate and imperious beauty, who owed her ascendancy to her physical charms, her attractive manners, and her ready wit.

The Marchioness de Montespan was one of the most extravagant, luxurious and exacting women who ever triumphed over royal weakness, or insulted the dignity of a great nation. Through *her*, royal favor flowed, and she became the dispenser of honors and power. Philosophers, generals, nobles, and ambassadors all condescended to burn before her their perpetual incense. She accompanied the king on his military expeditions; and was the director of his fetes and balls. Her children were legitimatized, and declared princes of the blood; and, through one of them, even Louis Philippe was proud to acknowledge his descent from Louis XIV. She in-

cited the king to his most prodigal expenditures, she nursed his most inflated self-exaggerations, flattered his caprices, and stimulated his resentments. She showed the most contemptuous indifference to the fate and fall of the Duchess de la Valliere—that erring but lovely woman, who, disconsolate, broken-hearted, repentant, expiated, in the most rigorous severities of a Carmelite convent, for thirty-six dreary years, the folly of having trusted to the honor of a king.

But Madame de Montespan herself was not capable of retaining the empire she had won. Nothing short of exalted virtues, and high intellectual attainments, prudence, consistency, and good sense, can permanently secure ascendancy over the mind of a man indifferent to the opinions of society, and the laws of conjugal fidelity.

Though still brilliant and fascinating, she was, in her turn, banished from the palace she had scandalized, though on a pension of fifteen millions of livres a year; and she lived eighteen years after her retirement, in the greatest splendor, hoping to regain the favor she had lost, without exhibiting any proof of repentance or shame. Her place was usurped by the governess of her children,—not, however, as mistress, but as wife; for Madame de Maintenon, the widow of the poet Scarron, was—though artful, ambitious, and intolerant—a woman of self-respect, who refused the most tempting solicitations, and who rejected any position, and any relations, which were not sanctioned by the ceremonies of the church, and guaranteed by the authority of conscience as well as the laws of society. The severest scrutiny of her foes has never been able to detect in her life a single offence inconsistent with her honor; and the breath of scandal, even in that wicked court, never for a moment tainted her reputation.

But her influence begun when the passions of the king had already cooled,—when the vanities of which Solomon had wearied were confirmed by his own experience—when he was satiated with flattery and pomp—when misfortune began to follow in the train of his wicked wars, and when religious fears and the pangs of remorse called his attention to the

responsibilities of his position, and the terrors of a judgment to come.

At the age of forty-four, Louis was *ennuied* of the splendid railleries of Montespan, and was disgusted with her unparalleled exactions; he was deprived, by death, of the services of the ablest minister who ever consecrated his talent to the cause of royalty—the great and incorruptible Colbert. Turenne had fallen in battle, and Conde had retired to his estates; the nations of Europe were leaguings and combining against France; his wife had died; his court was distracted by cabals, and he felt the need of some private counselor whom he could trust, to whom he might, without shame, reveal his perplexities, and from whose suggestions he might learn wisdom. No more fitting person could be found than Madame de Maintenon; no more worthy person than she ever shared the cares and honors of an exalted station. Her only fault was the narrowness of her religious prejudices, with which she filled the mind of the king, and by which she incited him to those persecutions which disgraced his reign.

She was modest, prudent, conciliatory, amiable and benevolent; the friend of struggling genius, the patroness of scholars, the founder of innumerable charities; beloved by prelates and poets, and honored by all classes of people. She never gave her opinion until it was asked; and then it was so judicious and wise, even on complicated political questions, that it was generally followed. Unlike her husband, she sought to disguise her power, contented with its possession. She never made pretensions to genius, and yet she controlled all who came within her influence. She laid no claim to extensive erudition, but she was familiar with the literature of her country, and all that was most esteemed in the learning of her church; yet she rarely made brilliant remarks, and was particularly careful not to tire her royal husband by disquisitions, or pedantic allusions, or learned arguments—but sought to rest and soothe him, rather than excite him, amid the vexations and labors which oppressed his days. Thus, by her virtues and tact, rather than by great powers,

she retained her influence to the last, and his affections and confidence, likewise, which no personal charms, and no brilliant wit could have secured, under her circumstances, even had the monarch been more like other men.

With Madame de Maintenon, however, who became the wife of Louis XIV soon after the death of Colbert—about the year 1683—are associated some of the most disgraceful and impolitic religious persecutions of the 17th century, as well as the political calamities which saddened the latter days of her husband.

The same inflated egotism which led Louis XIV into ruinous wars, and scarcely less ruinous expenses at Versailles, also made him a religious persecutor, and a foe to all who sought intellectual independence. He could not bear any dissent from the opinions he expressed, or even from those which he endorsed. He disliked the Jansenists as cordially as he did the Huguenots; and he favored those only in the State and in the Church, in the realm of letters, and in the world of politics, who were willing to prostitute all their talents to flatter his opinions and swell his praises. Hence, the really great men who surrounded him, were too often merely the instruments of his pleasure, and did very little, considering their genius, towards the elevation of France. They have made his reign memorable for the light which they shed upon the throne, not for the impulse which they should have given to civilization. Turenne and Conde, who commanded his armies—Colbert and Louvois, who shared his councils—Bossuet and Flechier, who taught his children—Bourdaloue and Massillon, who reminded him of his duties—Lacharte and Le Tellier, who directed his conscience,—Racine and Moliere, Corneille and Boileau, who enlightened his mind—Moli and D'Aguessau, who presided in his courts—Vauban, who fortified his citadels,—Riquet, who dug his canals—Mansard, who constructed his palaces—Poussin, who decorated his chambers—and Le Notre, who laid out his gardens—these, and other illustrious names which could be cited—marshals, statesmen, judges, poets and artists—



lived but to emblazon his fame, or centralize his power. It was the glory of the monarch, not the welfare of the country, which stimulated their labors; and all those who thought of elevating France more than its throne, or who sought to break the shackles which bound the human soul, were banished from his presence, subjected to grievous persecutions, or driven out of the realm. The Jansenists, those illustrious Catholics with Protestant sympathies, whom Pascal, Le Maitre and De Lacy had taught in the vale of Port Royal the most expansive principles of Christian love; the Huguenots, who claimed in obscure retreats the liberty of worshipping God according to their consciences; and even the Quietists, of whom Madame Guyon was the representative and Fenelon the patron, were all doomed to experience the persecuting malice of a man who would suffer in his realm no dissentients from himself, even in those matters which were beyond the range of any human authority; and hence this long reign, though fruitful in great men, was nearly barren of all popular influences, and was less marked by writings which had an agitating or emancipating character than any period in the modern history of France. Neither Pascal, with his intense hostility to spiritual despotism; nor Racine, with his appreciation of the glorious freedom of mind which marked the classic and heroic ages of Athens and Rome; nor Fenelon, with his patriotic enthusiasm and clear perception of the moral strength of empires, dared to give scope to their sentiments, or produce any thing, in a political point of view, worthy of their genius and aspirations. The cold, remorseless, selfish despotism of Louis XIV was fatal to all such men—to all men who were not willing to be martyrs, except those who were ready to be slaves.

The first persecutions which occurred were directed against the Jansenists, the most fervent pietists and greatest scholars of their times. It would take more space than we can well spare, properly to delineate their principles, labors, and sufferings. They furnish the materials for the most interesting chapter in the Ecclesiastical History of France. The

severe morality, the austere doctrines, and lofty spiritual independence of the Jansenists, especially those who, in the vale of Port Royal, sought to explain and diffuse the sacred Scriptures, were odious to the Jesuits, and also to the king, who was under their influence. In consequence, the Pope was induced to condemn five propositions, which the Jesuits pretended to extract from the writings of Jansen, a professor of theology at Louvain, but long since dead. His followers did not deny the authority of the Pope in matters of doctrine, but only in matters of fact; and declared that the five propositions were not to be found in the writings in question. Here they quibbled, instead of taking lofty ground, and following out the logical consequences to which their principles led. Those critical spies of freedom, the Jesuits, would not have been jealous about a few scholastic words. They had sufficient penetration to detect the spirit of the Jansenists; and, with their uniform consistency in persecution and hatred of evangelical light, they were resolved upon their ruin. The Jansenists should have taken bold ground, as Luther once did, and the people might have rallied around them. But they were not prepared to defend their doctrine in all its applications, and resorted to scholastic ingenuity to defend their position,—even to those weapons of reason which, in their grand speculations on human liberty and Divine providence, they had partially professed to renounce.

Pascal was now dead, but Arnauld D'Antilly, brother of the first Mere Angelique and father of the second, and all the members of his brilliant family, were no mean defenders of their cause. Bossuet, the ablest and most eloquent controversialist which the French Church ever produced, entered the lists, and took sides with the Jesuits. The scholars of Port Royal were threatened with the terrors of excommunication, and the anger of the King. Still they were immovable. At last, by royal command, a body of soldiers entered their venerable retreat, sacred by the prayers and studies of so many saints, and the seventy-one persons who composed the inmates were turned out of doors, the sacraments were re-

fused to them, and their abbey was leveled with the ground. A great blow was thus struck at the spirit of reform in the Roman Catholic Church.

Soon after, the Quietists—a small body of religious enthusiasts, of pure lives but ardent imaginations, seeking consolation in rhapsodies and ecstasies, at the head of whom was Madame Guyon—were imprisoned and subjected to a persecution which ended in the disgrace of Fenelon himself.

But a more important and systematic crusade against heretics demands our attention. This was the renewed persecution of the Huguenots. As early as 1666, the attention of the king was directed to them, and a decree passed which forbade them to raise money for the support of their ministers. Another followed, which denied them the right to challenge suspected judges, and prohibited them from dwelling in foreign countries. Successive edicts decreed the demolition of their chapels, and forbade the preaching of their ministers. Protestants were forbidden to meet in assemblies or parties, larger than twelve persons; as well, also, masters of schools to teach (1670) Protestant children anything except to read, and write, and cipher. The colleges of the Protestants were gradually closed, and all means of high intellectual improvement interdicted; and systematic measures were introduced to degrade them in their social rank, and take away all their social and civil privileges. If they held places at court, they were required to sell them; if they were advocates, they were forbidden to plead; if they were physicians, they were prevented from visiting patients. They were excluded from appointments in the army, and from the various civil offices of the crown. Nothing remained for them but commerce and manufactures; and even in these avocations they could not hold Catholics in dependence, nor enter themselves as servants in Catholic houses. If a Protestant went to law, he could obtain no redress; if he were ill, he was molested by Catholic priests; if he had children, they were entrapped from his protection; and these legal iniquities were aggravated by the hostility of soldiers and private foes,

who were sure to be protected in any insults they chose to inflict. They were, in short, subjected to humiliations and injuries greater than those which were inflicted on the Jews, in the Middle Ages, or upon Christians in Turkey, one hundred years ago.

In order to force them to abandon their religion, more direct and cruel means were at length resorted to. Large bodies of troops were quartered upon them, taxes were multiplied, and their houses were pillaged. If, in their despair, they sought to fly from their homes and country, as the Puritans did, they found that even voluntary exile was prohibited, and punished with the utmost severity as a treasonable crime. They found no defenders, no mercy, and no redress. They framed petition after petition, but these were entirely disregarded. New regiments of dragoons were sent among them, and these *dragonades*, as they were called, inflicted every variety of cruelty and injustice. The soldiers took the goods of those among whom they were quartered—even made use of pieces of linen for horse-beds, and bales of wool for litters. Many, seeing their houses about to be invaded by these warlike mercenaries, fled, leaving their property behind them; but every body was forbidden to give them shelter. They filled the prisons, and the scaffolds were dyed with their blood. Finally, the Edict of Nantz itself was repealed (1685)—that charter which Henry IV. had granted—and all remnants of liberty and equal rights were taken away.

To this last act of treachery and injustice the king was prompted by the Jesuits and the bigots around him, as well as by his own intolerant soul. The chancellor, Le Tellier, at the age of eighty-three, perceiving that death was approaching, besought his master for the privilege of signing, before he died, the edict which should outlaw the best people in the realm; and, having obtained his request, he died, exclaiming, in the words of Simeon: "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for now mine eyes have seen thy salvation." "God reserved," said Bossuet in his funeral oration, "for Le Tellier to accomplish this great work of re-



ligion, and after sealing the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, he did not care any longer to live." Flechier, and Madame de Maintenon, and the Jesuits, and all the enemies of freedom said, Amen.

The revocation of this edict, ordained the demolition of all the churches of the Protestants which remained; prohibited, under the severest penalties, the exercise of their religion; exiled all their ministers, who would not abjure their faith; shut up all their schools, caused their children to be baptized in the Catholic faith, confiscated the property of refugees, and punished all attempts to flee the country with the galleys.

But no act of persecution was ever more impolitic, to say nothing of its wickedness. In accordance with the same laws of retribution which visited the kingdom with untold calamities, from the wars of Louis XIV. and the vices and extravagances of his court, this persecution decimated the land of his most faithful subjects, sowed the seeds of intense hostility to royal despotism, and served to enrich foreign nations with the manufactures of which they stood in need. A great number of Protestant gentlemen passed into the service of his enemies, and formed entire regiments of his most efficient and bitter foes; a great number of sailors entered the navies of England and Holland; many fled to America, to build on that continent an empire fatal to French ascendancy. As many as 400,000 contrived to escape from France, though not until an equal number had fallen in battle, or perished in prisons, in the galleys, on scaffolds, and in the forests to which they had fled. One million, however, remained, hostile to the faith they had been compelled to embrace, and to that regime which they waited for an occasion to destroy. The most unscrupulous of the destroyers of the French monarchy, in a subsequent age, were the descendants of these persecuted Huguenots.

Thus, it would appear that all the chief enterprises, principles, and aims of Louis XIV. resulted directly in the impoverishment of his country, and, ultimately, in those dis-

contents which overturned his throne. Never did a monarch enter upon life with more magnificent prospects, more ample means of doing good, more splendid opportunities of becoming a benefactor of his kingdom and of mankind. His throne had been established for him by the energy and power of Richelieu, his treasury had been filled by the prudent management of Mazarin. External enemies had been subdued, and all private opposition had been destroyed. Discontented and factious feudal nobles had become subservient courtiers, and Huguenotic rebels had submitted to the ascendancy of an established religion. Great and patriotic statesmen suggested the means of public prosperity, while universal loyalty urged a united nation to universal obedience. When, in the history of nations, has a monarch been more favored than Louis XIV. when he began to reign?

Yet these splendid opportunities of truly elevating his nation he threw away, and did all that man could do to undermine its greatness, even while he enjoyed the most dazzling glories, and was the object of universal panegyric.

In all his acts and measures, too, we see a retribution. He invaded the rights of Holland, and that nation gave him no rest until he was completely humbled; he destroyed the cities of the Palatinate, and the Rhine provinces became a wall of fire against his armies; he bombarded Geneva and Tripoli, to make an experiment of his power, and thus taught the English the new arts of destroying his own maritime cities. He sent the greatest generals of former wars to prostrate unoffending nations, and their opponents, like Marlborough and Eugene, stole their secrets and turned against them their own weapons of victory. He conspired against liberty in England, and it was from England that he experienced the most fatal opposition. He humiliated the Pope by his arrogant demands, and the Pope sided with his enemies. His wars, from which he expected glory, resulted only in the curtailment of his power. His palaces became monuments of shame, and his persecutions the seed of discontents. Even the very virtues which seemed to grace his early days, were of a kind to ex-

tinguish genius and enthusiasm. He sought to concentrate around his court all the talents of the realm; but grants and pensions had only the effect of destroying every thing like independence and vigor; so, that at the close of the seventeenth century, all the great lights which had arisen from the troubles of the league in the Fronde, had disappeared and the absence of men of genius marked his latter days. That intense and absorbing egotism, which led him to withhold from princes of the blood great offices in the court and camp, which kept out of his cabinet great prelates and nobles, which made him envious of Conde and Luxembourg, fearful of the talents of Louvois and Colbert, or suspicious of the virtues of Pomponni and Fenelon, also, induced him to degrade his nobility by the paltry offices and contemptible ceremonies which he instituted in his palace; so that it was impossible great statesmen could arise, or great generals be formed. Every movement which he made was to cut the sinews of the national strength, and poison those sources of renovation which Providence still provided.

And, when he came, at last, seriously to reflect on all these things, and meditate on the responsibilities which he had abused, to see all the dread effects of his follies on the condition of his subjects; especially, when afflicted by domestic trials, deprived of his children and heirs, and conscious of the hatred which he had every where provoked; can we wonder that his latter days were miserable! History records no more humiliating reverses, no more bitter pangs, no more heart-rending sorrows than this proud monarch was compelled to suffer. He was obliged to melt up the ornaments of his palace to pay the expenses of his wars; he lost the provinces which he had seized; he was forced to supplicate for peace on any terms. He saw the successive defeat of all his marshals, and the annihilation of his noblest armies; he was deprived of his children and grand-children by the most dreadful malady known to that generation; a feeble infant was the heir to his dominions—liable to be poisoned or destroyed by conspirators. All his delusions were dispelled.

He had survived his fame, his family, and his friends; the infirmities of age oppressed his weary body, and the agonies of remorse troubled his soul, for he must have anticipated the verdict of civilization respecting his deeds; he must have seen the perils in which he should leave the throne; and he must have known the account which he soon would be called to render at the bar of God.

At last, worn out with chagrin, infirmities, and cares, a mortal malady assailed him, and he died August 31st, 1715, wanting but a few days of being 77 years of age; having reigned, in all, seventy-two years, leaving Louis XV. the occupant of the throne, and his nephew, the Duke of Orleans, the regent of his kingdom.

Such is the brief outline of the character of Louis XIV., whom his flattering age and court denominated the great, but whom we are allowed to estimate only by the influence of his deeds on the welfare of his country and in the cause of civilization in its noblest sense. We would not stigmatize him by reproachful epithets, especially, since he had his virtues, but can only say that no great sovereign ever made such grand mistakes; nor has it ever been the misfortune of royal heirs to reap so mournful a retribution as the Bourbons; nor, of any country, to suffer such great calamities as his egotistic ambition inflicted upon France, even for successive generations.



ART. III.—SKETCHES OF THE LIVES AND JUDICIAL SERVICES OF THE CHIEF JUSTICES OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES. *By George Van Santvoord. New York, Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau street, 1854.*

"THE Lives of the Chief Justices" is an attractive title to any who have read the fascinating pages of Lord Campbell, in his admirable biography of men who have presided on the bench of the "*Aula Regis*" of England. Recollections of past pleasure, derived both from that work and the still more interesting and able one, "The Lives of the Lord Chancellors," by the same author, crowd upon the mind, and while they prompt to a perusal of similar volumes, perhaps, render the reader less liable to do justice to what is far less comprehensive in its scope and widely different in its aim. It is but doing justice, then, to the author of the work which heads this article, to give his design by himself in the preface to the volume: "The plan of these memoirs," he says, "which are now submitted to the public with unaffected diffidence, is such as necessarily to restrict that part of them which may properly be called biographical, within very narrow limits. They do not pretend to the minuteness of the full and complete biography, and I have not, therefore, assumed to dignify them with a higher title than simply that of sketches. My object has been rather to trace the judicial history and follow the professional career of these illustrious jurists, than to write what may properly be called their biographies. Still I have endeavored not to neglect the essential requisites of biography, but have attempted, so far as the limits prescribed will permit, to present an accurate and connected view of the public and *official life of each of them before coming to the bench.*" While a full history of all the events in a man's life, is unquestionably necessary to his biography, there are other "essential requisites" of such a work, which do not enter into the composition of the one under review. A biography is not merely a history of the events of a life, but a picture of the man, living, breathing, existing; as he moved

among those with whom he was brought in contact during that life. The pleasure derived from reading Boswell's Johnson, is mainly due to this very minuteness of detail, and the same may be said of Lord Campbell's works. However, such a biography has not been his design, as he tells us before-hand, and we have no right to complain that he has not attempted more; we shall, therefore, examine what he has actually done. In Mr. Van Santvoord's work, the reader will find some account of the public events in which the Chief Justices of the United States were actors, presented in such a manner as very properly to show their particular connection with those events, also, a statement of their birth and parentage, with other facts in their existence, given not too much in detail, but sufficiently so for all purposes of information. The great merit of the work, however, is in the ability of its history of the Supreme Court, and the great constitutional questions which have been decided by the eminent subjects of these biographical sketches. There are but three of the men embraced in the "Lives of the Chief Justices of the United States," on whom it is our purpose to dwell, viz., John Rutledge, of South Carolina; John Marshall, of Virginia; and Roger B. Taney, of Maryland. John Rutledge, the second Chief Justice of the United States, was the son of an Irish gentleman, who immigrated to South Carolina in 1735, where the subject of this sketch was born in 1739. Among the few items of information, as to his early life, we are told that he was left by the death of his father, to the care of an accomplished and vigorous-minded mother; and, according to the then prevailing custom, young Rutledge, after a careful classical education as a school boy, completed his studies in an English University, and being entered at the Temple as a student of law, devoted himself to the study of Coke, near the spot where that great Chief Justice had sat in judgment. Near the precincts of Westminster, the young student, from the distant shores of America, was to imbibe the principles of that great Anglo-Saxon law, which, extended and deep-rooted in the soil of the old world, he was destined to expound in the supreme tribunals of a portion of the new, to another branch of the Anglo Saxon family. He commenced the practice of law in Charleston,

in 1761, having then completed his twenty-second year. His first effort in public was in an action for a breach of promise of marriage ; a masterly plea and a brilliant and forcible argument, gave him at once a position in the profession, and stamped him as a lawyer and an orator of no common order. The successful issue of this suit, immediately gave him a large and lucrative practice. His ardent love of legal study, even of the deep researches of the real property law, and the refinements of pleading, added to a glowing imagination, an impressive delivery, and a logical mind, eminently fitted him for an active lawyer. But the times were stirring, and men like Rutledge were not permitted to confine themselves to the range of any private employment. At the age of twenty-six, he was chosen one of the delegates to represent the colony in the first Congress. The stamp act had just been passed, and Massachusetts called upon the other colonies to unite with her in an organized resistance.

A strong feeling in favor of the crown existed in the minds of many of the people of South Carolina ; but the vigorous exertions and the great influence of Christopher Gadsden, and other men of note, among whom the young Rutledge was prominent, brought the province to the side of Massachusetts. The earnest eloquence of Rutledge stirred the hearts of the multitude, and the representatives of South Carolina were the first appointed south of New England ; and, with the exception of Maryland and Delaware, the only representatives of a southern colony. Rutledge thus stands among the first of those who impelled onward the ball of the revolution. Neither John Adams, nor Lee, nor Patrick Henry, nor Jay, nor Jefferson, were in this Congress. Jefferson was not in public life. Hamilton was a child, and Jay a student of law. In this Congress, the young Carolinian was appointed on the committee to prepare an address to the House of Lords ; and this address, it is believed, was from his pen. Our readers must bear in mind that Mr. Rutledge was a member from a distant province, from which, as it appears, the northern members did not expect much ; and it was, therefore, with unfeigned astonishment and delight that he was heard for the first time in debate ; the eloquence of the youthful orator was

the theme of universal admiration, and produced a profound sensation. Dr. Ramsay, a contemporary, thus remarks upon his style and manner: "His ideas were clear and strong; his utterance rapid, but distinct; his voice, action and energetic manner, forcibly impressed all who heard him. At reply he was quick, and instantly comprehending the force of an objection, saw at once the best mode of weakening or repelling it. He successfully used both argument and wit, for invalidating the observations of his adversary. Many were the triumphs of his eloquence at the bar and in the Legislature—and, in the former case, probably more than impartial justice would sanction; for judges, jury, counsel and evidence hung upon his accents." The Stamp Act repealed, Rutledge resumed once more the duties of his profession, in the laborious practice of which, we are told that he amassed some wealth, and this ends the story of his early professional life. We next see him a member of the ever memorable Congress, of 1774. An irregular convention of the citizens of the colony of South Carolina, had sent him as one of five delegates to take part in the deliberations of that body. Here Rutledge met George Washington and Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia; Thomas Johnson and Samuel Chase, of Maryland; Jay, of New York; John and Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts, and Roger Sherman, of Connecticut. It was after his return from this Congress that Henry made his celebrated answer to the question, who was its greatest man? "If you speak of eloquence," said that keen judge of human nature, "John Rutledge, of South Carolina, is the greatest orator; but if you speak of information and judgment, Col. Washington is the greatest man on the floor." We find Rutledge active in the process by which the province of South Carolina threw off the vestiges of the old royal government. Imperceptibly the real authority had become centered in the provincial Congress, and soon all the forms of dependence were cast away and an independent constitution adopted. The desire for reconciliation still felt, prompted the qualification that the Government should exist only until the mother country was reconciled. Rutledge was chosen President of the first General Assembly of South Carolina, and in this position were first revealed those qualities



which stamp him unquestionably as a great man and worthy of admiration. We have seen him as an eloquent advocate—a successful lawyer—an influential member of legislative bodies. We are now to see him as an able and efficient military commander, possessing great energy and discretion, and displaying an unusual share of fortitude under the most trying circumstances. His name is connected with one of the brightest scenes in the history of South Carolina—the defence of the Palmetto fort. Lee, sent by Congress to assist in the protection of Charleston, advised the abandonment of the rude structure, which would have had the effect of delivering the city to the enemy. *He* looked with the eye of military science, and thought the chances desperate for such a work offering a successful resistance. But the enthusiastic Rutledge could only see danger in *abandoning* the fort. His hopeful spirit never doubted of success in the resistance.

When the declaration of independence was received in Charleston, it was welcomed with many joyful expressions; and in answer to the President's speech, the Assembly expressed their hearty approval. Of the sanguinary contest which raged in South Carolina, we shall say but little. Charleston had fallen into the hands of the enemy and universal gloom and despondency prevailed. Rutledge, elected to the Governorship, as the executive office was then called, exerted all his power with unabated activity.

Driven by the troops of Tarleton out of the State, he solicited men from the Governors of Virginia and North Carolina. An army was once more raised, and General Gates, with a force of three thousand five hundred men, stood on the fatal field of Camden. Rutledge met the retreating commander at Hillsborough, and the news of Sumpter's defeat came as an additional weight of misfortune. But the Governor of the prostrate colony never quailed. He exerted his energies to raise a new army. Greene was sent to supersede Gates. Rutledge selected Sumpter, Pickens and Marion, as brigadier generals, and obtained from Congress a like commission for the celebrated Morgan. The admirable selection of these men was one of the main constituents in the success which followed. The victory of the Cowpens atoned in some degree for the defeat at Camden.

Greene taking the command, and writing of the distressed condition of the Carolinas, speaks thus of his estimation of Rutledge. "We are obliged," he says, "to subsist by our own industry, aided by the influence of Governor Rutledge, who is one of the first characters I ever met with." Cornwallis driven into Virginia, and the tories in the State subdued by the exertions of the partisan leaders, Rutledge was now actively occupied in extending the jurisdiction of the civil authority, and restoring law and order among the people. The difficult labors which engaged his attention as Governor of a State, in such a condition as South Carolina, exhibits him possessing the highest executive ability. He was engaged in the battle of Eutaw, which ended the war in Carolina. His term of service expiring, he was again elected a delegate to Congress. That body alarmed at the backwardness of the States since the surrender of Cornwallis, in making preparations to renew the conflict, sent Mr. Rutledge and George Clymer, of Pennsylvania, to represent the danger of the country to the legislatures of the Southern States. Rutledge addressed the Representatives of Virginia in one of his earnest appeals. The impression made by that speech was remarkable, and the Virginians "began to doubt whether their Patrick Henry or South Carolina's Rutledge was the most accomplished speaker." The committee returned to Congress during that session, when a bankrupt government and a mutinous army met the gaze of a bewildered legislature, when even the genius of Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, shrank back aghast at the gloomy prospect. Rutledge, however, took a prominent part in the measures proposed to relieve the treasury, and to him is due the suggestion of the plan for relief which was finally adopted. When the commissioners who regulated the treaty with Great Britain returned, and were vehemently attacked on account of alleged disobedience to their instructions, and, in addition, for having concealed a part of the treaty from the French Minister, Rutledge energetically defended them. He proclaimed with great vehemence a sentiment which few perhaps of his State brethren would hold orthodox now: "that instructions ought only to be regarded when the public good requires it, as for himself, he would never be bound by them when he thought them improper."

Mr. Rutledge was a most prominent member of this Congress, from which he retired in 1783. Under the new organization of the courts in South Carolina, he was elected Judge of the Court of Chancery, which held its first term in Charleston, June, 1784. We have little or no record of the proceedings of this court, except merely about eighty pages of the first volume of De Sausures' "South Carolina Chancery;" but the principles which regulated their proceedings were, of course, those handed down by the English chancellors.

The courts of the State were re-organized in 1791, and Rutledge was elected Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature, succeeding to the able and learned Chief Justice Drayton, the first native-born judge of the colony. For four years Rutledge continued his position on the bench, from which he listened to the arguments of the many able men who then graced the South Carolina bar.

But a period of greater importance had arrived, and the eminent citizen of South Carolina was called to represent her in a more important sphere of public duty. That memorable body which framed the Constitution of the United States, organized on the 25th of May, 1787. The evils of the Confederation had drawn men to the devising of some plan for relief; but wide differences prevailed. The idea of one party was to abolish the State Governments, except as subdivisions for the more convenient exercise of administrative power. They were the National consolidated party. Another party looked to the States as the great guardians of liberty, as the true representatives of the rights of the people; and while they were forced to admit the necessity of some great power in a central government, they were anxious to restrain that power within the narrowest possible limits. They were the States' Rights confederation party. The views of neither were fully carried out. More power was given to the General Government, than the latter wished; while the Government thus formed did not favor the centralizing ideas of the former.

It is singular, though well known now, that the great questions which divided the members of the Constitutional convention have long since ceased to agitate the minds of men. Difficulties have

since arisen in the working of the federal system, of which its framers never contemplated the possibility, while the adjustments and balances, which occupied their attention, have, in many instances, never been regarded as of practical importance in the movements of the great machine. Accordingly we see all the eloquence and reason of the leading members of the convention employed in an earnest contest, where the small and large States were the opposing parties. The small States insisted upon an equal representation in both branches of the legislature, while the larger States were equally urgent in pressing the claims of their superior wealth and population to be estimated in the composition of both the first and the second Houses. Indeed, it was actually carried by a vote of six States to five, that such should be the representation in both Houses of the Legislative body. New York, then considered a small State, voted with Connecticut, Delaware and New Jersey, against the proposition, while both the Carolinas and Georgia voted with Virginia, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, in its favor.

Time has since shown that the contest between States as small and great has never arisen. Small and large have banded together in promoting interests which the citizens of each, or both, or all, had in particular questions of public policy. The manufacturing, the commercial, and the agricultural interests have successively combated each other. New England, at one time commercial solely, resisted other portions of the country in protecting manufactures. And, in turn, the South, once protectionists against New England, afterwards solely agricultural and trading, resisted New England in the support of manufactures, when she, in turn, had become mechanical rather than commercial.

Lately, another great question of self-interest has divided the States into slave holding and non-slave holding. This, as it has drawn the larger States much together, because they happened to be non-slave holding, gives place for the practical operation of the equal representation in the Senate, in protecting the numerically weaker part of the Confederacy, although that equality was introduced for an entirely different reason.



If the wishes of the South, at the time of the formation of the Constitution, had been carried out, they would now be deprived of that barrier of defence against which the waves of fanaticism, folly and violence have so long beat in vain. The victory of the large States drove the small ones to resistance against the will of the majority, and one of their ardent representatives exclaimed: "Sooner than be ruined, there are foreign powers who will take us by the hand." The House, alarmed at the prospect of dissolution, was shaken in its resolve; and when the question came again to be taken on the adoption of the basis of representation, which had been carried in committee of the whole by a vote of six to five, the result was five States against five, and Georgia divided.

In the midst of great confusion, and against the votes of the extreme on both sides, a committee of one from each State was chosen, and Rutledge represented South Carolina. By this body the compromise was effected, which has since proved wise in its design, by the blessings of its results. Rutledge was made chairman of the committee of five, to draft a constitution; that draft was finally submitted, but again referred to a committee for revision, as to style and arrangement into articles, and principally at the hands of the accomplished Gouverneur Morris, it received its easy grace and elegant chasteness. Of Rutledge's particular views, we may say that he favored the election of the President by the Senate, or at least by both branches of the Legislature. He was much opposed to giving to the President the sole power of appointments, and one leading idea of his was, what now would be considered eminently un-democratic, namely, that property was the principal object of society, and, therefore, the most correct basis of representation.

Mr. Rutledge's position on the Federal Constitution was eminently wise, moderate, and patriotic. While earnestly contending for a proper share of power in the general Government, and advocating warmly the adoption of the constitution, he resisted all attempts to destroy the State governments and carry out the idea of consolidation. When it was proposed to give the National Legislature the power to declare void any law of a State,

which in their judgment was in conflict with the general interests of the Union, Rutledge warmly exclaimed, "This alone, if nothing else, *will* damn, and *ought* to damn the constitution."

In the South Carolina convention, among the brilliant intellects which adorned the State, Rutledge, proudly pre-eminent with his impassioned eloquence, urged the adoption of the constitution, and all opposition being defeated, his efforts were crowned with success by a decided majority of seventy-six. South Carolina adopted the sentiments of Rutledge, when he exclaimed, "So far from thinking that the sun of this country was obscured by the new constitution, he did not doubt but that when it was adopted, the sun of this State, united with twelve other suns, would exhibit a meridian radiance astonishing to the world." May a merciful Providence grant that not one ray of light from that noon-day splendor may ever be dimmed or darkened.

At the first election, Rutledge received the votes of his State for Vice President, and on the organization of the Supreme Court, was appointed as an associate justice, next in order to the chief: Cushing, Harrison, Wilson and Blair, following in order. A warm advocate of the administration of Washington, Rutledge divided from his party on the Jay treaty. His impassioned and proudly patriotic spirit could not approve of the provisions of a treaty, which, whatever may have been the necessity, or the excuse for its rejection, reflected no light on the honor or the dignity of the nation. The noble spirit of Washington resisted all the endeavors of the ultra Federalists, to cast odium on Rutledge on account of his views. No mean design to force men to the adoption of all his own ideas, or punish them as refractory when they exercised independence, found a resting-place in the bosom of the Father of his country. On Mr. Jay's resignation, the President instantly tendered the chief justiceship to Rutledge. The judicial career of the subject of this sketch on the supreme bench, was brief. He presided in August term of 1795, of which there are only two reported cases. Of his demeanor on the judgment seat, it is remarked, in the volume under review, "The dignified bearing of Chief Justice Rutledge on the bench, has been spoken of on the authority of traditional accounts, in the highest terms

of praise; it was graceful and courtly, though tinged, it is said, by that haughtiness which in late years had marked him."

His judicial career was brought to a close by the action of the Senate, which, on political grounds, rejected his nomination by a small majority. But the mandate of Omnipotence had closed his intellectual existence, almost as soon as the decree of the Senate cut short his judicial labors. The dark cloud of insanity settled over the blazing sun of this great genius, before it went down into the darkness of death. After about five years spent in a condition of mental imbecility, the great South Carolinian, or, in other words, "the great American," (to borrow the language of Daniel Webster,) died in the summer of the year eighteen hundred. As a conclusion to this brief review of his life and character, we append the following extract from Mr. Van Santvoord's able and interesting work.

"There are many traits in the character of Judge Rutledge calculated to attract the popular admiration. He was bold, open, frank and ardent in temper and disposition, and was gifted with captivating conversational powers, which rarely failed to find their way to the sympathies and hearts of his fellows. But, independent of this, he possessed many of those higher and more sterling qualities which stamp the man of real superiority of mind. I am doing no injustice to others, in claiming for Rutledge a place among the very ablest and greatest of the revolutionary soldiers. He exhibited abilities of the most striking character, in every condition in which he was placed. He was eminent, not merely as an orator, in the eloquence of language and action, but as a statesman, a legislator, and a jurist. His administrative talents were of the very first order. He was a man of action, of energy, of resources; a man of powerful grasp of intellect, of liberal views, and of original impressions. He possessed the qualities of decision and firmness, in a remarkable degree and in their best sense; and he was endowed with an indomitable will which adversity could not shake, nor misfortune crush. The courage of Rutledge was of the highest character,—he exhibited every degree of it from the courage of the grenadier to that of the statesman; from mere physical composure and intrepidity in the midst of danger, to that of the more exalted species of courage, which shrinks not to evade a responsibility, or boldly own an unpopular principle in the face of the world. His public career is full of instances of courageous action and fearless independence. No public man of

the times acted under less restraint from the shackles of party. He seemed alike always willing to concede an opinion and to abandon a principle, no matter at what cost to himself, or what personal sacrifice.

"If to these superior qualities were added some which may be supposed to detract in any measure from his greatness, it merely proves the general imperfection of all excellence. If it be true, that he was proud and haughty—imperious in manner and hasty and obstinate in temper; if it be true, even, as his enemies insinuate, that he was not entirely exempt from frailties, which social custom in his day tolerated if it did not encourage,—it affords but another evidence of the fact, which all history demonstrates and experience confirms, that mankind furnish few, if any, examples of perfect character. But there was in Rutledge so much of real superiority and genuine greatness, that these imperfections, though they ought not to be entirely overlooked, may be passed by in silence.

"In the hall of the Supreme Court at the Capitol, in Washington, may be seen on marble pedestals the busts of Jay, of Ellsworth, and of Marshall. The eye of the stranger naturally seeks the bust of the distinguished Carolinian, in that august tribunal, over which he, too, though for a brief period, presided; but it seeks in vain. No product of the sculptor's chisel among that silent but impressive marble group, recalls the memory of John Rutledge. And the thought naturally arises in the mind, why is it that his place is vacant? Surely there might be found at least some niche in the judicial temple, by the side of his predecessor and his successors on the bench, for the second Chief Justice of the United States."

In the work under review, we are informed that John Marshall was born in Fauquier county, Virginia, on the 24th of September, 1755, of a family whose original extraction was Welsh; his ancestors having settled in the State about 1730. Among the picturesque scenery and bracing air of the Blue Ridge mountains of the Old Dominion, young Marshall developed a robust constitution and an independent character. He is exhibited as an active, spirited boy, but particularly devoted to reading. When but fourteen years old, we are told that he, with much interest even at that early age, perused Shakspeare, Milton and Pope, at a period, too, when the elements of local knowledge were but imperfectly cultivated in the sparsely settled region of his birth. Two years of instruction, during which he obtained some knowledge of the



classics, afforded the only regular scholastic training which he ever received. His early life was passed among the stirring scenes of the revolution. At the age of eighteen, he determined to take a part in the great struggle for liberty, and accordingly accepted the appointment of lieutenant of a militia company raised in Fauquier county. We can do no better than give the author's description of his personal appearance, at that period of his life.

"He was about six feet high, straight and rather slender, of dark complexion—showing little if any rosy-red, yet in good health; the outline of the face nearly a circle, and within that, eyes dark to blackness—strong and penetrating, beaming with intelligence and good nature; an upright forehead—rather low, was terminated, in a horizontal line, by a mass of raven black hair of unusual thickness and strength. The result of this combination was interesting and agreeable. The body and limbs indicated agility rather than strength, in which, however, he was by no means deficient. He wore a purple or pale-blue hunting shirt, and trowsers of the same material, fringed with white. A round black hat, mounted with the buck's tail for a cockade, crowned the figure and the man."

The career of the future Chief Justice was not to be that of a soldier, and a brief account only of this portion of his life is necessary. Here, as in all other situations in which he was placed, he displayed qualities fitted for any emergency. He served as a lieutenant in the battalion called into action against Lord Dunmore, and was an active participant in the battle fought near the Great Bridge on the Elizabeth River. He was afterwards a captain in a Virginia continental regiment, sent to reinforce Washington in New Jersey. He was engaged in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown; was with the army at Valley Forge and the battle of Monmouth; was with the reserved force to sustain Wayne in the attack on Stoney Point; and concerned in Lee's enterprise at Paulus' Hook. At the close of the campaign of 1779, the term of enlistment of his men having expired, he returned home, engaged laboriously in the study of the law at William and Mary's College, and was licensed to practice in 1780. He was under Baron Steuben during the invasion of Virginia by Cornwallis, and after the close of the war by the

capitulation of the latter, returned to the active pursuits of his profession. His success was rapid, he was a member of the legislature and of the State executive council in 1782; and, removing to the city of Richmond in the following year, was soon fully engaged in the practice of the law. Continuing a member of the legislature, he was prominent in all its deliberations, and was a warm supporter of the adoption of the Federal Constitution in the State convention of 1788, to which he was elected by a county where the majority were opposed to his views.

Having before mingled in the scenes of constitutional agitation, we shall not follow Marshall during his active share in those exciting struggles. We are treating of him as a jurist, not as a statesman. From 1794 to 1797, he was employed among a host of eminent advocates at the Virginia bar, in the learned discussions of the Court of Appeals. Every branch of the common laws which had shot its roots deeply in the soil of America, and especially of Virginia, particularly the law of real property, met there a full research and a constant application. He was in the case of Roy and Garnett, (2d Washington,) with Campbell, Warden, and Bushrod Washington; he was in the great case of Ware *vs.* Hylton, which decided the right of British creditors to receive debts contracted before the war; and he participated in that masterly and brilliant discussion which called forth the logic of Innis, Ronald, Baker, Weckam and Starkie, and the eloquence of Campbell and Patrick Henry.

At the age of forty, he stood among the foremost of the American bar. His clear, earnest, and logical argument, aiming directly at the true object, and borrowing no mere ornament or extrinsic decoration, received, in the case last mentioned, a full and complete vindication, and he was regarded ever after as the true model of the real lawyer. From every one, except, perhaps, Patrick Henry, whose fervid eloquence almost paralyzed the powers of his hearers, Marshall bore off the palm. As a member of the Virginia Legislature, during the discussion of the Jay treaty, he so completely mastered the convictions of the opposing house by a conclusive argument, that the constitutional objection which had been urged against the treaty, was entirely abandoned, the

assembly merely declaring it inexpedient and unwise. He sustained the President vigorously in his position as a legislator, being a prominent leader of the Federal party. He declined the offer of the Attorney Generalship, but accepted the appointment of the special mission to France with Pinckney and Gerry. It is a suseless, as it is humiliating, to follow the commission in their intercourse with the French court. Completely unsuccessful, they returned. "History," says Marshall himself, "will scarcely furnish the example of a nation, not absolutely degraded, which has received from a foreign power such open contumely and undisguised ill-will as were on this occasion suffered by the United States in the persons of their ministers."

The time had now arrived, as Marshall thought, when he could realize his favorite desire of an uninterrupted devotion to the labors of his profession, but the wished-for object was yet to be deferred. The great mind of Washington was then overcast by the dark cloud of despondency, on account of the prospects of the nation. He thought that the opposition party was hurrying the country to the brink of destruction, and impressed with the duty of averting the coming ill, he called Marshall and Bushrod Washington to an earnest conference, in which he pressed upon them the obligation to become candidates for congress. With extreme reluctance, the retiring and modest statesman yielded to a request which he could not refuse, and took his seat in December, 1799.

May we not pause here, to contrast the spectacle with the scene of office-seeking scramble, which at the present time disturbs the country and fills the halls of legislation with noisy declaimers and selfish politicians. The career of Marshall in the national councils, brief as it was, placed him at once in the front rank of statesmen, and, in an important contest, crowned him with glory. Adhering to those great ideas which he afterwards embodied in his judicial decisions, and earnestly supporting the policy of Washington, he clung to his own strongly conceived principles, and refused to follow the Hamiltonian wing of the Federal party in the too wide and expanding principles of construction and government, which were the evils into which that great man fell. He was a Federalist in his political principles; he deeply distrusted Mr.

Jefferson, but he saw the mistakes of the administration of Adams, and voted (in opposition to his party) to repeal the obnoxious section of the alien and sedition law. It was in the debate on Livingston's resolution in regard to the extradition of Nash, that Marshall learned for himself his great reputation in this Congress. Nash was accused of murder and piracy on the high seas, on board a British national vessel, and although claiming to be an American citizen, was delivered up by the District Court of South Carolina at the desire and request of President Adams, and quietly executed. Livingston offered a resolution to the effect that this expression of executive will was an interference with the judiciary, and the compliance of the court, a sacrifice of its independence.

In the debate which arose, Marshall delivered a speech, which, for logical reasoning and demonstrative power, has been rarely equaled, perhaps never excelled. It completely mastered the judgment of the house, and the resolution was lost, members of the opposition even voting in the negative. The author characterizes it as "an effort of pure ratiocination, of calm intellectual strength, clear, cold and transparent as the limpid ice beneath which glides swiftly and silently the deep and unfathomable waters of the stream." It stamped him as possessed of a power of speech, which, although not eloquent, as that word is generally interpreted, was an expression of vast intellectual might, and capable of wielding wonderful power over the judgments and minds of men.

President Adams at this time broke up his cabinet, which had been but one constant scene of internal dissensions. He first nominated Marshall to take the place of McHenry, in the war department; but Col. Pickering then being dismissed from the Secretaryship of State, because of a rupture with the President, his place was filled by the appointment of Marshall. He filled this important office with admirable skill and capacity. The President was delighted with the new minister, and the explanation of this good opinion, which is given by the biographer of Walcott, though unfavorable to Mr. Adams, is the highest comment of praise on the power of Marshall. "Every one," he says, "who knew this great man, knew that he possessed the faculty of put-



ting his own thoughts in the minds of others unconsciously to them. The secret of Adams' satisfaction was, that he obeyed his Secretary of State without knowing it." Marshall continued in office to the close of the administration, when the resignation of Ellsworth left the Chief Justiceship vacant. Marshall recommended Judge Patterson for the place; but Adams first tendered it to Jay, and on his declining, nominated Marshall, who, being unanimously confirmed, was commissioned as Chief Justice of the United States, on the 31st of January, 1801. February term, 1801, the new Chief Justice took his seat on the bench, his associates being Patterson, of New Jersey; Chase, of Maryland; Bushrod Washington, of Virginia; and Alfred Moore, of North Carolina. In the new city of Washington, began the true history of the Supreme Court of the United States, on the bench from which Marshall and Taney were to promulgate with a learning and wisdom rivaling that of the great judges of England, the principles of law, and before the Forum on which that great band of intellectual giants, who have since adorned it, were to begin their mighty contests for success and superiority.

Here opens a leaf in American history on which every citizen may well be proud to linger. Lofty in its independence, incorruptible in its never suspected integrity, approaching to sublimity, in the magnitude of the questions presented for its determination, brilliant and shining in the splendor of the talents which have illuminated its halls; the Supreme Court stands a proud monument of American institutions, a sacred spot where the worshipers of liberty and law, and where the admirers of genius and truth may pay a constant and devoted homage.

The clamor of faction has never been heard within those walls. The stealthy tread of political artifice has paused at its sacred threshold. To every corrupting influence and every hurtful form, the presiding ministers at that altar of justice have exclaimed in the words of the Cumean Sibyl, "*Procul, procul este profani*"

It would be utterly impossible to give in such an article as this a proper account of the decisions of the Supreme Court, under the presidentship of Marshall, extending as they do through the nine volumes of Cranch's Reports, the twelve volumes of Wheaton's

and nine of the volumes of Peters'; we can only glance at their general scope and character in noticing the quite full account given by the author. They began at the first principles of constitutional interpretation, and extended into a vast system of constitutional law. There is the case of *Marbry and Madison*, deciding that it is the right and duty of the judiciary department to determine the constitutionality of a legislative act, and if contrary to constitutional provision to declare it null and void. The case of *Fletcher and Peck*, declaring that the grant of lands by a State is a "contract," within the meaning of the constitution, and cannot be withdrawn, without the consent of the party.

The case of *Rose and Himedy*, which announces the principle that the decree of a foreign prize tribunal could be received by the Supreme Court, and, if it should be proved that the foreign court had exercised a jurisdiction inconsistent with international law, the decision should be disregarded. The celebrated case of the *Nereide*, which called out the splendid efforts of Pinckney and Emmett, and which determined, contrary to the judgment of the English Court of Admiralty, that a neutral might lawfully place his property in an armed vessel of a belligerent power, provided that he took no part in any operations resulting from her belligerent character. The still more celebrated case of *Dartmouth College against Woodward*, determining that a charter of incorporation by a State was a "contract," and could not be altered without the consent of the corporation, consistently with the clause of the constitution, forbidding a State from passing any law impairing the obligation of "contracts."

The case of *Sturges and Crowningshield*, declaring void an act of the Legislature of New York, which assumed to release a debtor under certain terms and under certain circumstances, from the obligation to pay a debt existing at the time of the passage of the law. In the subsequent case of *Ogden and Saunders*, the Court against the judgment of Marshall sustained a State law, releasing a debtor when the debt had been incurred after the passage of the law. The judgments of Marshall in these constitutional questions, are indicative of the character of his mind. There is no quoting of precedents, whose learning would be an unsteady

guide, all is pure reasoning from the great charter itself, and illustration and argument drawn constantly and solely from the great inward resources of his own mind. Then there is the great case of *McCullock* against the State of Maryland, where the court decided that the creation of the United States Bank was a constitutional exercise of power on the part of the Federal Government, that it was a "necessary and proper" means of conducting its fiscal operations, and that the Bank being an instrument of the Government in carrying out its powers, a tax imposed upon it by the State, was an exercise of sovereignty over the Government itself, which was inconsistent with the supremacy of the latter within its constitutional powers and functions. Among this array of great cases stands prominently the case of *Gibbons and Ogden* in the session of 1824. The State of New York had granted to *Fulton and Lewiston* the exclusive right to navigate the waters of the State in vessels propelled by steam. *Gibbons* had taken out a coasting license under the act of Congress, and had infringed upon the exclusive privilege of the parties. Chancellor *Kent* had issued an injunction to restrain this invasion, and the case was at last taken to the Supreme Court.

The cause was argued by *Webster*, *Wirt*, *Emmett* and *Oakley*. The opinion of the court, delivered by *Marshall*, was against the constitutionality of the New York law, as in conflict with the grant of power to Congress to regulate commerce, which power had been exercised by the acts of Congress for enabling and licensing vessels employed in the coasting trade. That act authorized the navigation for the vessels so licensed of the waters involved in the grant to *Fulton*, and the court declared that this right could not be restrained by the authority of any State.

The case of *Brown* against the State of Maryland, involved the question of the power to regulate foreign commerce, as that of *Sibbins and Ogden* had the power to regulate commerce between the States. The State of Maryland had required importers to take out a license and pay for it, under certain penalties for neglect. The Supreme Court declared this law unconstitutional and void. It announced the proposition, that the power to regulate commerce implied not only the power to authorize importation, but also to

empower the importer to sell, and that any law inflicting a penalty on an importer for selling, in his capacity of importer, must be in opposition to the act of Congress which authorized the importation.

There are but two other cases which we shall notice ; that of *Craig vs. the State of Missouri*, and that of the Cherokee nation against the State of Georgia. In the first of these, the question arose, as to what were "bills of credit" within the meaning of the Constitution, which the States were prohibited from issuing? The State of Missouri had issued certificates of a denomination of not more than ten dollars or less than fifty cents, for the redemption of which certain property of the State was pledged, and which were receivable in payment of taxes ; and loans of certificates to citizens of the State, at an interest of six per cent. per annum, were authorized by the law. The Supreme Court of Missouri had sustained the validity of the law, from which decision the case was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Thomas H. Benton represented the State of Missouri before the Court, which in its opinion declared the certificates to be "bills of credit" within the meaning of the Constitution, and annulled the act of the State accordingly.

The Cherokee case was another in which a sovereign State was summoned to appear before the bar of the Supreme Court. The State of Georgia had passed certain laws extending its jurisdiction over the Cherokee nation ; and among these laws was one prohibiting any white man from residing in the Cherokee country, without a license from the Governor of Georgia and taking an oath to support the constitution and laws of the State. Under this law a missionary named Worcester had been arrested and convicted.

To obtain the annulling of these laws, as contrary to the treaties of the United States with the Indians, a bill was filed in the Supreme Court in the name of the Cherokee nation, against the State of Georgia, for an injunction to restrain the State from executing the enactment in question. As the author remarks, the scene was certainly a sublime one. It resembled, says a writer in the *North American Review*, that familiar scene wherein Cicero is pleading before the Roman Senate the cause of sovereign princes, who



had sought the sheltering wings of the Roman Eagle. The cause of the Cherokees was pleaded before the Supreme Court, with a lofty grace and deep pathos by William Wirt.

The State of Georgia refused to appear, and an exciting question would have arisen as to the power to compel her compliance with a decree ; but the difficulty never arose. The judgment of the Court declared that the Cherokees were not a "*foreign nation*, within the meaning of the Constitution, so as to confer a jurisdiction on the supreme tribunal, under the clause which authorized it to decide controversies between a State, or the citizens thereof, and *foreign States*, citizens, or subjects." The whole question of the validity of the laws came, however, before the court, when subsequently Worcester, the missionary who had been imprisoned, brought his case before the Supreme Court on a writ of error, and the laws were declared null and void by a judgment, the gist of which is expressed in the concluding words :

"The Cherokee nation, then, is a distinct community occupying its own territory, with boundaries accurately described, in which the laws of the State of Georgia can have no force, and into which the citizens of Georgia have no right to enter but with the assent of the Cherokees themselves, or in conformity with treaties and with the acts of Congress. The whole intercourse between the United States and this nation, is, by our Constitution and laws, vested in the United States. The act of the State of Georgia, under which the plaintiff in error was prosecuted, is consequently void and the judgment a nullity."

The judgment, however, was never enforced. The Governor of Georgia refused to obey the mandate. No further proceedings were instituted, and after eighteen months the missionaries were released by the State authorities, only when it was seen that no means would be taken to require their liberation as a matter of right.

This is a brief summary of the great questions decided by the Supreme Court under the Chief Justiceship of Marshall. The great vigor and force of reasoning—the vast intellectual strength which these judgments embody, no one will deny ; to the truth of many of the conclusions, all will not subscribe who fail to see what an influence in the working of the Government, and

what a dignity and freedom in the judicial office they exhibit. The quiet utterances of the magistrate on the bench, are seen to be as potent as the eloquent and widely influential harangues of the orator in the halls of legislation, or the careful and successful plans of the statesman in his study. Who can calculate the different effect, which might have been produced if another mind of different bent and opinions had wielded the influence of the Supreme Court. Marshall was a Federalist, and his views of the Constitution, embodying the general ideas of that political school, gave a shape to the discussions of the court which were widely diverse from what a Virginian statesman, of the Jeffersonian school, would have framed and moulded, had such a one occupied his place. The opinions of the Chief Justice, on the question of constitutional interpretation, may be well gathered from his judgment in the case of *Gibbons and Ogden*, which is given in part in the work under review. "What do gentleman mean," he inquires, "by a strict construction? If they contend only against that enlarged construction which would extend words beyond their natural and obvious import, we might question the application of the terms, but should not controvert the principles

"If they contend for that narrow construction, which, in support of some theory not to be found in the Constitution, would deny to the Government those powers which the words of the grant, as usually understood, impart; and which are consistent with the general views and objects of the instrument; for that narrow construction which would cripple the Government, and render it unequal to the objects for which it is declared to be instituted, and to which the powers given, as fairly understood, render it competent; then we cannot perceive the propriety of this strict construction, nor adopt it as the rule by which the Constitution is to be expounded. Powerful and ingenious minds, taking as postulates, that the power expressly granted to the Government of the Union, are to be contracted by construction, into the narrowest possible compass, and that the original powers of the States are retained, if any possible construction will retain them, may by a course of well digested but refined and metaphysical reasoning, founded on these premises, explain away the Constitution of our country and

leave a magnificent structure, indeed, to look at, but totally unfit for use. They may so entangle and perplex the understanding as to obscure principles, which were before thought to be quite plain, and induce doubts, where, if the mind were to pursue its own course, none would be perceived. In such a case, it is peculiarly necessary to recur to safe and fundamental principles, and when sustained, to make them the tests of the arguments to be examined." But Marshall, though not a strict constructionist or States' Rights man, as those terms are generally understood, was no latitudinarian. He did not adopt the ideas of the power of the Federal Government, which the Hamiltonian school so warmly maintained. He regarded the Constitution as creating a government of limited powers, and that those powers were to be found only as conferred by the Constitution. He allowed no forms in the creation of the Constitution, which were not expressly granted by its creator, as necessarily implied from the grant. He never fell into the error of Jay and other Federal judges and statesmen, that the United States courts had a jurisdiction apart from that conferred by the Constitution, arising from the Common Law. As a politician, he refused to sustain his party in their position on the Alien and Sedition laws, and so much distrusted was he by the latitudinarian school, that Walcott thus speaks of him on his entrance into Congress. "A number of distinguished men" he says in a letter to Fisher Ames, "appear from the Southward who are not pledged by any act to support the system of the last Congress. These men will pay great respect to the opinions of Judge Marshall. He is doubtless a man of virtue and distinguished talents, but he will think much of the State of Virginia, and is too much disposed to govern by the worldly rules of logic. He will read and expound the Constitution as if it were a penal statute, and will sometimes be embarrassed with doubts of which his friends will not perceive the importance." We have before given, in an extract from the author's work, a description of the personal appearance of Marshall in his youth. An additional sketch of him, as he appeared when judge, given by Justice Story, and also contained in the work under review, may not be uninteresting to the reader.

"Marshall is of a tall slender figure, not graceful or imposing, but erect and steady; his hair is black, his eyes small and twin-

ling, his forehead rather low, but his features are, in general, harmonious. His manners are plain, yet dignified, and an unaffected modesty diffuses itself through all his actions. His dress is very simple, yet neat; his language chaste, but hardly elegant; it does not flow rapidly, but it seldom wants precision. In conversation he is quite familiar, but he is occasionally embarrassed by a hesitancy and drawling. His thoughts are always clear and ingenious—sometimes striking, and not often inconclusive; he possesses great subtilty of mind, but it is only occasionally exhibited. I love his laugh—it is too hearty for an intriguer—and his good temper and unwearied patience are equally agreeable on the bench and in the study. His genius is, in my opinion, vigorous and powerful—less rapid than discriminating, and less vivid than uniform in its light. He examines the intricacies of a subject with a calm and persevering circumspection, and unravels the mysteries with irresistible acuteness. He has not the majesty and compactness of thought of Dr. Johnson, but in subtle logic he is no unworthy disciple of David Hume.”

Somewhat less complimentary, and certainly curious, is the picture given of him by another writer, and quoted in a note by the author

“As to face and figure, nature had been equally little at pains to stamp on it any princely effigy. What pleases, is the virgin gold of which she had composed his head and heart. Except that his countenance was thoughtful and benignant, it had nothing about it that would have commanded a second look. Separately his features were but indifferent,—jointly they were no more than commonplace. Then, as to gesture, shape and carriage, there was nothing in him that was not rather the opposite of commanding or prepossessing; he was tall, yet his height was without the least of either strength or lightness, and gave neither dignity nor force. His body seemed as ill as his mind was well compacted; he not only was without proportion, but of members singularly knit, that dangled from each other and looked half distracted. Habitually he dressed very carelessly, in the *garb*, but I should not say in the *mode* of the last century. You would have thought he had on the old clothes of a former generation, not made for him by even some superannuated tailor of that period, but gotten from the wardrobe of some antiquated slop-shop of second hand raiment. Shapeless as he was, he would probably have defied all fitting, by whatever skill of the shears; judge, then, how the vestments of an age, when apparently coats and breeches were cut for nobody in particular, and waistcoats were almost dressing gowns, sat upon him.”



Of his social qualities and manner, says the same writer, also quoted by the author:

“Nothing could well be wiser than his usual conversation; it was the most artless, and yet the soundest sense, rendered agreeable by the greatest amenity of style. Expression he seemed never to have studied. No trite nor even ornamental words, beyond such as were just to the purpose, and clearly conveyed his thoughts; but of course to a height of reason and a gentleness of heart like his, there was not wanting an aptness of diction, which made their precisely appropriate vehicle—their natural language; and such had its grace in its fitness—the only species of beauty it could well admit.”

The remaining incidents in the life of Marshall are soon told. He was a member of the convention of Virginia, in 1829, to revise the Constitution of the State, and bore a leading part in its discussions. He presided for the last time in the Supreme Court at the session of 1835, having then entered on his eightieth year.

Returning to his residence, Richmond, after the close of the term, he was seized with illness and after partial recovery, being taken to Philadelphia for medical advice, he expired in that city on the sixth of July, 1835, having nearly completed his eightieth year. He died as he had lived, in the full possession of all his faculties and in the profound respect of the whole nation. In the appropriate language of the resolutions of the Charleston bar. “‘Though his authority as Chief Justice of the United States was protracted far beyond the ordinary term of public life, no man dared to covet his place or express a wish to see it filled by another. Even the spirit of party respected the unsullied purity of the Judge and the fame of the Chief Justice has justified the wisdom of the Constitution, and reconciled the jealousy of freedom to the independence of the judiciary.”

“To a stranger who for the first time visits the Capitol at Washington, there is no more interesting or attractive place of resort than the hall where are held the sessions of the Supreme Court of the United States.

It is situated on the ground floor of the building, in the story below that which contains the chambers where the two branches of the National Legislature assemble. The approach to it through the main part of the Capitol is by no means inviting. It is from

the dark, damp, cellar-like, circular enclosure, immediately under the rotunda, where groups of colossal columns are thickly clustered together for the support of the dome above, conveying to the mind the sole idea, of solid, massive, Egyptian-like architectural strength. A hall leading from this enclosure to the south entrance of the Capital, conducts to the Supreme Court room, an apartment of moderate size, which, though neat, is perfectly plain in appearance and simple in its decorations and furniture.

This apartment is lighted by windows, immediately behind the seats of the Judges—the bar and audience sitting in front. The consequence of this arrangement is, that so far as the audience is concerned the light is defective, and it is often difficult, and in a dark day impossible, for those sitting immediately in front, to distinguish the features of the members of the court after they have taken their seats. If the visiter desires to see the court in session, he has but to take his seat and wait patiently until the appearance of the Judges. He will ordinarily observe some few members of the bar, other than the counsel engaged in the case under argument, sauntering in and taking their seats, and occasionally strangers or other visitors attracted by interest or curiosity; unless, indeed, some distinguished advocate or representative is to address the Court, or some cause of more than usual interest is to be called, in which case the court room is quickly filled, and often by a brilliant and imposing audience of ladies.

It may be a few minutes after the appointed hour of meeting, when, without any flourish of parade or announcement, the judges enter in their black silk gowns in procession, ranked according to the dates of their respective commissions. At the head of the procession you observe a tall, thin man, slightly bent with the weight of years, of pale complexion, and features somewhat attenuated and care-worn, but lighted up by that benignant expression which is indicative of a gentle temper and a kindly heart, with a firm and steady step, by no means indicating the years which have actually rolled over his head, he approaches to take his seat. His brothers and associates range themselves on either hand, according to their rank, determined by the date of their respective appointments. Immediately on the right, Mr. Justice McLean, of Ohio, the oldest judge in commission on the bench, takes his seat. Mr. Justice Wayne, of Georgia, on the left, and so alternately on the right and left, Mr. Justice Caton, of Tennessee, and Mr. Justice Daniel, of Virginia; Mr. Justice Nelson, of New York; Mr. Justice Grier, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Justice Curtis, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Justice Campbell, of Alabama. Presently the crier will open the court with that quaint and half ludicrous old formula which has come down to us from the earliest times, commenc-

ing 'O, yes—O, yes,' and ending 'God save the United States and this honorable court.' The court is now in session, and you are in the presence of one of the three co-ordinate branches of the Federal Government.

If it be a cloudy day, you will not be able to distinguish beneath the dark mass of hair which overhangs the forehead of the tall, thin, venerable old man who has just taken his seat in the midst of that group of judges, any thing more than the mere outlines of his features, but you will presently hear his voice in the most bland and affable of tones, 'The court is ready to hear you, Mr. Attorney General;' whereupon the argument of the case at the bar immediately proceeds. The person who has spoken these words is Chief Justice Taney, of whose life and judicial career I am now to attempt a sketch. He is just seventy-seven years of age, and though not in the enjoyment of robust health, as his countenance indicates, yet continues in the full possession of his vigorous intellectual faculties. The present session completes the eighteenth year of his service on the bench of the tribunal over which he presides, and to which he was appointed as the successor of Chief Justice Marshall."

In the space we shall devote to the eminent jurist who now fills the position of Chief Justice of the United States, it is our intention rather to give the reader an idea of Mr. Van Santvoord's sketch of him than to say any thing ourselves. We are much opposed to biographies of living persons or panegyrics upon them. Eulogies on the living may come appropriately and naturally sometimes from the ardor of friendship, but in the calm, disinterested, estimate of a review, it has but little place. Mr. Chief Justice Taney is too well known to our readers to require any introduction at our hands, and his own modesty would shrink from the garish notes of contemporary praise as much as it would be distasteful to us to sound them in his ears. To speak of his political life, requiring as it does the disturbing of the hot embers of party contest and bitter strife, is no task for the present time. Such a discussion would become warm from political feelings, and would go to minds and hearts still brooding over the past. There are reflections drawn from the lives and fame of both Marshall and Taney, which we shall give as they have arisen from a perusal of the work under review, with all the thoughts which such a work calls up to the reflective mind. For the man himself, we

leave him in the minds and hearts of an appreciating generation of contemporaries and for their admiring descendants in succeeding time.

From the author's work we collect the following particulars of the life of Chief Justice Taney. Roger Brooke Taney is a native of Calvert county, in the State of Maryland, and was born on the 17th of March, 1777. His ancestors were among the earliest settlers of the colony, and were of the Roman Catholic faith. He graduated at Dickenson College, in 1795; studied law at Annapolis, in the office of Jeremiah Townley Chase, and being admitted to the bar in 1799, returned to his native county to practice his profession. He was elected a member of the House of Delegates at the age of twenty-three, and declining a re-election, removed to Fredericktown, now the city of Frederick, where he continued twenty-two years, until his removal to Baltimore. He soon earned for himself a reputation, and was actively engaged in the neighboring county courts, and in the Court of Appeals. In 1816, Mr. Taney was elected a State Senator from Frederick county, and after serving out the term for which he was elected, again returned to the uninterrupted pursuit of his profession. Removing to Baltimore in 1823, after the deaths of Martin, Harper, Winder and Pinckney, he stood, with William Wirt, the only remaining representative of the older members of the profession, among a band of rising lawyers who have since shed a brilliant lustre on the Baltimore bar, always remarkable for learning and ability.

At this time he was introduced to the Forum of the Supreme Court, where he encountered Webster, Wirt and Emmett. In 1827, he received the appointment of Attorney General of Maryland, from a governor and council opposed to him in politics, at a time, too, when party feeling ran high. He enjoyed an extensive practice in the State and Federal Courts, and down to the time of his appointment as Attorney General of the United States, was engaged in nearly every cause of importance in the Maryland Court of Appeals; and after that time, his name still stood among the list of eminent advocates in the important causes which came before that tribunal. In all this practice he was distinguished for



the most profound and extensive learning—a clear, simple, and logical style of argument, and for the polished and modest urbanity of deportment which marked all his intercourse at the bar. In 1831, he came into the cabinet of General Jackson, as Attorney General. With his course in that bitter political contest, all are familiar. His appointment as Secretary of the Treasury was rejected by the Senate, and here ended his political life. In December, 1835, he was nominated as Chief Justice—confirmed after a violent opposition, and thus the calm lustre of his steady intellectual light was thrown solely in the more narrow but not less useful or honorable pathway of judicial eminence. He then stood with Marshall, among those few great Americans who have been peculiar lawyers; and happy has been the nation in possessing so admirable an illustration of how noble and lofty such a course may be, though the instances of those who have attained celebrity in its pursuit have been rare.

It is not our intention to pursue the notice of the cases argued during the presidentship of the present Chief Justice, as we have attempted to do with those decided by his predecessors. They embrace questions of every department of the profession, and elicited the examination of the most important constitutional principles. The views which governed the court under Marshall, have been somewhat modified under his successor, and the general tendency of the decisions has been less to a restriction of the action of the State governments than the principles laid down in the cases before noticed, although the judgments of the great Chief Justice are still, with few exceptions, the law of the court.

The reports of the Supreme Court present an interesting study to the professional inquirer. The judgments of Chief Justice Taney are models of judicial style, and so clear and cogent in their logical power, that those even who hesitate at the conclusions, can scarcely see where to detect the error.

Those who have been so fortunate as to hear Judge Taney from the bench, are well acquainted with that inimitable manner, that patient, never varying attention, that instant appreciation of an idea or an argument, that combination of admirable qualities which unite to make him pre-eminently distinguished as a pre-

siding judge. To those who have not seen and heard him, description would be useless.

“We may point to Judge Taney,” says the author, “as one of our best specimens of the American lawyer and jurist. His whole life, from earliest manhood, has been professional. He is one of the few really eminent men of the country who have scarcely any political history; with the single exception of the brief period during which he filled the office of Secretary of the Treasury in the cabinet of General Jackson, he has never, at any time, entirely withdrawn from the studies connected with his profession. The few years of his service in the Maryland Legislature, temporarily diverted his attention, but did not entirely interrupt his legal pursuits. His appointment as Attorney General of the United States introduced him merely to a wider theatre of professional action. He came to the bench a deeply read and profoundly learned lawyer—a master of the principles and thoroughly skilled in the practice of the law. He brought with him large acquirements and the fruits of a ripe experience, and the result has been, that he has sustained himself with ability and honor, as the head of the Federal Judiciary, and has proved himself, in the words of Mr. Clay, ‘a worthy successor of Chief Justice Marshall.’ Long may he continue to fill the place and to enjoy that merited distinction. To one like him we may address, in no spirit of unmeaning adulation, the words of the Roman bard, ‘*Serus in Cælum redeas.*’”

What are the reflections naturally excited by the consideration of the judicial career of two such men as Marshall and Taney? What are the sources of that pride with which we contemplate the Supreme Court of the United States? Prominent among its glories, nay, the ground-work and basis of all its grandeur, is its perfect independence. The judge upon that bench has presented to his mind no motive for wrong action—every motive for honorable and upright conduct.

No mandate of usurping executive power, can reach him on that seat. In the silence of the secluded chamber at Washington, amid no popular masses, cut off from the influence of section and State, the voice of clan, and the outcry of excited will, dies before it reaches his isolated position. Every prompting of conscience, urging him to consult his own reason and sense of right, is aided and made strong by the knowledge that his true fame in

the future is linked, indissolubly, with what honor and virtue call on him to do. To the preservation of public virtue, and the security of private right, the independence of judges is absolutely necessary.

Said Chief Justice Marshall, "I have always thought, from my earliest youth till now, that the greatest scourge which an angry heaven ever inflicted upon an ungrateful and sinning people, was an ignorant, a corrupt, or a dependent judiciary."

It was thought, that the great bulwark of English liberty had been set up, when the judges were removed from their independence on the sovereign power. In America, sovereignty resides in the people, and if the rights of an individual subject required that a sovereign king should not control the magistrate who might sit in judgment on the life, liberty, and property of that subject, so the rights of an individual citizen require, that the judge who may decide his earthly destiny, should not be governed by a sovereign majority.

The true object of constitutional government is the protection of individual rights. If in any case, the opinions or the passions of the mass are brought to act on the cause of the humblest one of all the citizens, as great an injury has been done to freedom as if the will of a monarch had struck down his rights. At that moment, the government, no matter what its name or form, becomes a despotism. The tyranny of a majority is just as oppressive and far more capricious than the tyranny of one man. The true realization of regulated liberty exists only when each one of a body of men associated in a State, knows that his rights are governed by a law which is equal and the same to every man of the society. The judiciary is in no sense representative. It derives its power from the sovereignty, but in no degree reflects its opinion or its will. For this reason it is, that the great popular movement which has changed the life-tenure of the judges in most of the States for a short term, dependent on a popular election, is wrong in principle and dangerous in action. It is based on the idea that judges should be made to feel their responsibility to the people, and should be brought constantly into contact with their feelings and opinions. We unhesitatingly assert that the converse

of this proposition is true. That a judge should *never* feel his responsibility to the people; his only obligation is, and should be, to preserve the law—settled, uniform law; to respect the oath which he has taken, and the name of Almighty God, which he has there invoked. How can individual liberty be preserved when the rights of an individual citizen come in conflict with the interests of the mass of the citizens, if the judge, who is to decide the question between them, is responsible to one of the parties contestant and bound to reflect their will?

There is no relief from the position, except in the dogma that the interests of the few are absolutely, and, of right, subservient to the interests of the masses; and if such a principle of action obtains, you have nothing better than a despotism.

A judge upon the bench, elected by popular suffrage and knowing that his continuance in his position depends on the favor of the people, has every inducement to shape his course so as to secure the opinions of the majority of the people among whom he lives. If the prejudices and passions of that people are enlisted on one side of a cause, the judge, in order to decide against the popular will, has to combat every argument which interest suggests to his mind. It is no answer to these objections to a judiciary thus dependent, that its members pursue the course which truth and law mark out. Such, certainly, has been the conduct of many at least of the State judges responsible to a popular election. But a wise plan of government does not call on men to work miracles or do wonders of probity. It carefully removes all temptations to a contrary course, and endeavors to surround the officer with every barrier against a deviation from the right way.

The issue between the North and South, on the subject of slavery, affords an illustration of the necessity for a perfectly independent judiciary, and shows how difficult it is for a judge, responsible to the people of a particular section, to decide with impartiality where the conflicting claims of two sections are involved. The federal judiciary, in its freedom from all bias, has been the great trust of the people of the South, for the preservation of those rights which only need for their support a just interpretation of the Constitution and an unprejudiced judgment on the principles of law.



Men, whose whole political life has been marked by an undeviating opposition to domestic slavery, have in elaborate decisions from the bench of federal justice, declared the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave law. Relieved from all fear of the consequences of their judgments, reason and right allowed them to form no other opinion.

If, however, a federal judge sitting on a northern circuit, had held his place by the suffrages of the people of that section where his judgment was delivered, every motive of interest, every prompting of a natural desire to stand well with our neighbors, would have placed in the way of such a determination, obstacles, to override which the highest moral courage and the most unselfish heart would have been required. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts, the tenure of whose office is the same as that of the Federal judges, has sanctioned the principles which *they* have laid down. On the other hand, it is a significant fact, that the Supreme Court of the State of Wisconsin, elected by popular suffrage and surrounded by an abolition multitude to whom they owe their places, have declared the same law unconstitutional and void.

The tempest of popular feeling against Southern institutions, seems to have overwhelmed in the North every political barrier against the invading flood of aggression. To the swelling tide nothing seems to be opposed but the barrier of judicial independence which the great architects of the constitution have set up.

Gloomy will that day be for the cause of Constitutional order and State's rights, when the mighty structure is leveled before the rolling waves of that angry ocean. Not only is the freedom of the judiciary endangered, by this new idea of the dependence of the judges on the people, but their character for learning and ability is likewise weakened by the mode of election which has been adopted as part of the new plan. A great mistake has been made in supposing that a popular election of judges vests any new rights in the people. Men speak as if the people had been deprived of their share in the government, by the provision which gives an executive officer the appointment of the judges. The law which vests such power in an officer, is the off-spring of the people. *His* appointment is *their* act. All sovereignty emanates

from them, and they exercise every right which every officer exercises in their name. It is a mere question of expediency, whether the circumstances which necessarily surround public elections are those which tend to secure fitness in the judicial magistrates chosen by the popular voice! It is eminently proper that the people, in their aggregate capacity, should choose those who are to represent their opinions and advocate their interests. If a man is not well informed as to the wants of the people, if he is not qualified by a practical acquaintance with them and their actions, he is not fit to be the guardian of their rights and interests. If even he is, by disposition and deportment, unacceptable to the tastes of a constituency, he is less likely to understand their wants and to represent them with efficiency and success.

A statesman must be a man of popular instincts and popular ideas. He must embody the views, and carry with him the affections of a people he undertakes to serve. A judge, on the other hand, needs no such qualifications. He must be a man, indeed, used to examine the intricate windings of the human heart, but that experience involves no such qualifications as those required in the statesman. Above all, he must be a man of thorough and patient study and of habits of application to elaborate reasoning, which often require seclusion as the necessary means for their attainment. A judge is to be taken from the ranks of a private profession, from the companionship of books, from the society of clients, rather than the intercourse of popular assemblages. Are such men as those best and widest known; and, consequently, those most likely to be the choice of the great mass of the people? Is it not the case that the ablest lawyers, confined by their very ability more closely to the walks of professional life, are the ones least known to the multitude of voters, and the ones on whom the choice of a popular suffrage is least likely to fall? The lawyer, who to a respectable rank, perhaps, in his profession, adds an acquaintance with the people obtained by political life, and a cordiality and freedom of manner which renders him popular, is the man most likely to be elected to the bench by public elections. Perhaps, a fondness for display and a love of the personal good-will of the many, joined to an indisposition for laborious application, have caused

him to stray from the narrow and difficult path of professional duty into the crowded and attractive high-ways of public life. His very disqualifications are by this means made the cause of his advancement.

The whole history of popular elections of judges, shows that such a mode of choice is filling the judgment-seat chiefly with clever mediocrity. There is, yet, another feature in the American judicial system which tends to degrade it. This is the miserably inadequate reward of judicial labor. The inevitable consequence of this wrong policy, is to prevent the selection of the best men in almost every instance. Scarcely any lawyer, but one whose receipts from his practice are very moderate, and whose legal attainments are, therefore, generally speaking, of an inferior order, is able, consistently with a proper regard to his own interest, to accept a place on the bench. In many parts of the country, the younger members of the profession are the class from which the judges are taken; and they are content to take the moderate salary of the office, for the sake of the advantages which will accrue from the position, when, after their short term of service, they return to active practice, which is regarded as the ultimate object of ambition.

The ranks of the American bar are crowded with men of talent, learning and skill, who derive from their professional pursuits large pecuniary reward. But these men live and die as practicing lawyers; while on the bench, before which they contend for the mastery, sit their inferiors in professional qualification. Such a state of things is discreditable to a nation whose proudest boast is its system of law. To the profession itself, the greatest injury is done. A judge feeling his inferiority to the able men who practice before him, is fearful of overruling their points or dissenting from their conclusions. Woe to the tyro who meets before such a judge, an opponent confident in the resources of experience and reputation. Good, indeed, must be his cause, weak and untenable, in the extreme, the positions of his adversary, if his endeavors meet with success, or his arguments secure even a patient hearing.

Partialities and preferences, inconsistencies and wavering, are the constant exhibitions from a judgment-seat thus filled. A

young man, rising before Chief Justice Taney, feels a confidence, even if the leader of the bar is arrayed against him. He knows that an attentive ear will listen to his arguments, and a thorough knowledge of law give their full value to all his positions. A sagacity, which no artifice can deceive, will secure him against every trick or device of professional cunning; and an unbending impartiality protect him against the very feeblest impressions of personal influence. It is not saying more than truth permits, to assert that such will not be the feelings of a young man, who meets an experienced opponent in many courts of the country. But the weakness of the judiciary, resulting from the causes which we have indicated, is injurious to the profession in other respects. Where confidence is placed in the ability of a judge, the effect is to bring disputes into court for settlement. The best cases, too, where both sides are honestly, and with some reason, impressed with the justice of their own cause, are most likely to come before such a court, when the adverse parties, each feel a confidence in the presiding officer. On the other hand, a wavering and uncertain course of judicial decision makes men fear to trust their interests to the hands of judges. And disputes, which would have contributed to the emolument of lawyers, are settled by private agreement or arbitrament.

It is high time that the American bench should equal in character and fame the American bar. We might, if it were proper, point to particular States, where a constellation of talent and learning has shed a dazzling light on the profession of the law, while lanterns of feeble flame and unsteady ray, have been the sole illuminators of the bench of justice.

The country owes it to its own interests to elevate the character and qualifications of those to whom are entrusted the life, liberty and property of the citizen. She owes it, also, to an honorable profession; a profession the labors of which enlarge the mind and strengthen the understanding, which contributes constantly to the service of the country, numbers of men trained for any duty or emergency. She owes to this noble and venerable profession, to their generous aspirations, a high and worthy object of ambition, the attainment of which shall depend only on the ability, the learn-



ing, the probity and the professional eminence of him who seeks it. If such shall be the course pursued by the American people, proud indeed will be the position and inviting the career of the American Lawyer.

As the profession of the law already stands, it calls, we think for increased zeal on the part of its members, and a higher estimate of its claims to their respect and affection. The path of political ambition has been called a rough and thorny one. To the lover of personal independence, and the contemner of falsehood, dissimulation and deceit, the pathway of the American politician at the present time, shows the mire and filth in addition to the thorns. The dissension about principles and measures are no longer the only causes of party differences. The possession of office is the great object of political strife, and the proper distribution of patronage the chief test of official merit and measure of official success. The lawyer, whom political ambition tempts from the sphere of private labor to the theatre of public action, will find himself filled with perplexing cares and tempted to swerve from the plainest dictates of conscience.

To attain any success, he must enroll himself first as an unreasoning soldier in the ranks of party. As his servile obedience shows him worthy of promotion, he may in his turn exact from others the same submission which he has been himself rendering. If his party conquer in the strife, the good soldier and officer may expect some changes of raiment and some pieces of money, stripped from the shoulders or taken from the pockets of those whom he has aided to subdue. But he must look in vain for a field on which to develop a sensitive love of truth, a hearty devotion to country, and a high pride of personal character. How much more satisfactory to true ambition, the rewards of him who stands a faithful minister in the Temple of Justice. He asks no man for favor. He bows his head to no man's authority. He is compelled to stoop to no mean action to purchase preferment.

He has the opportunity of obtaining friends, wealth and reputation by his own study, his own reason, his own eloquence, and his own virtue. The investigation of important principles employs the noblest powers of his mind. The study of jurisprudence, in-

vigorates his intellectual faculties, while the active duties of his profession quicken his perceptions, and bring him by daily contact to an accurate knowledge of the workings of the human heart. To such a man the whole system of social life is constantly laid open in all its variations and with all its exciting scenes and interesting characters. He mingles actively, practically, usefully with the great and busy throng which crowd the highways of life, while the attractions of domestic society and social converse, cheer the tired spirit and make quicker the pulsations of the sympathizing heart.

Such he lives, and when he dies, though no pageant of woe surrounds his open grave, the sorrows of true affection and the regret of sincere public esteem follow him to the last resting-place of earth.

The career of Marshall and Taney should be cheering examples to the young American lawyer. In their history he may read that true fame awaits him who, with patience and ability, follows the professional pathway, and shuns the dangerous track of political ambition. While, too, such are the advantages which in life attach to the career of the lawyer and jurist over that of the politician, a fame equally and often more enduring awaits the man of purely professional eminence after death. We do not mean to say that the posthumous reputation of a lawyer or a judge will rival the splendor of a great conqueror like Alexander, Cæsar, or Napoleon ; nor, that it can pretend to stand on the same elevation with the sublime majesty of the fame of a world's benefactor like the incomparable Washington. Most men, however, in seeking to connect their names with the future, must look to the attainment only of a more moderate degree of after renown. Among such reputations, even those of great character and duration, we do assert that the fame of a great jurist has manifold advantages. If we reflect on the career of many great statesmen, who in their active life occupied a prominent position in the view of a nation, how many now hold a place in the memory of succeeding time ? In England, how many of the busy throng, anxious about the stirring interests of the present, think of the great politician who governed for a time the whole system of European political

machinery, and produced that mighty combination which succeeded in crushing, on the field of Waterloo, the empire of Napoleon? How little does the younger Pitt live practically and deeply in the memories of men? It is needless to speak of that succession of able men who have adorned the Parliamentary annals of Great Britain. Their fame is linked with the British Constitution, but in the hearts and minds of the people of the country they are as if they had never been. In our own land, the same thing is prominently presented. How many of the able statesmen of America have now no abiding-place in the minds of any portion of the American people? It is true that the most eminent judges have no enthusiastic heart-worship from the mass of the multitude, but they have that which is far more satisfying to the generous and intellectual.

The statues of such men are not placed on lofty monuments, to be gazed at by the passing crowds of future ages, but they stand in appropriate places in the Temple of Justice, where a small, but noble band, can contemplate them and pay, as time rolls on, a constant and intelligent homage. Who now remembers Coke as a statesman? But Coke as a lawyer and a judge, has been the friend, the companion, the venerated object of admiration of a glorious succession of cultivated intellects, who have pursued with ardor the path he once trod. He lives in their memories, as he actually moved when in being. Every thing about him is eagerly heard and fondly remembered by a profession, which glories in him as a representative.

And these American jurists whom we have been contemplating, the living and the recent dead, how proudly does their fame stand over that of many of the prominent actors on the busy stage of American politics. To be the constant companion of the American lawyer, to be daily referred to as conclusive authority, in settling the great questions constantly arising in the Courts of a vast continent. Such an actual, practical, living fame is that of these great lawyers and judges.

Where are now the actors and statesmen who contended with Mansfield in the halls of Parliament? Yet the great Chief Justice is the constant theme of the students and professors of that law of

which he was the great expounder, and which now extends to mankind its blessings, not only where *he* lived, but over the vast continent of America—in the wilds of Australia, and on the burning plains of India. Wherever the common law of England is, there Mansfield lives.

We might refer to others less distinguished, whose names as statesmen would never have been handed down to posterity, but who as judges, are known, respected, and beloved by a numerous band of intelligent admirers. Of those many able judges of England, how much more to be desired is their fame than that of the politicians, who in their life-time surpassed them in present splendor. Hale and Holt, Kenyon and Hardwicke, Eldon and Sterritt, Wilmot and Grant, and a host of others, are intimately known to the circle of professional imitators. Beyond that circle, indeed, their memories do not go, but within it, they live and breathe like living men. Their judgments not only, but their personal habits, their jests and wit, the incidents of their professional life are all known, pondered over, laughed over and dwelt on with delight.

As another instance, take the great advocate of the English bar, the inimitable Erskine. Completely over-shadowed in public life by the towering form of Pitt, his fame and his memory have lingered bright among men, when his great political rival has ceased to influence their minds or affect their hearts. The young student of the law reads of Erskine with fervent delight. His speeches, his puns, his generous and noble actions, everything about him as an advocate and lawyer, are among the most intimate companions of such a one's thoughts. Erskine lives and will continue to live as long as the profession of the law has an appreciating and worthy disciple. Such a fame as this is a noble fame. It is to be the friend and companion of the thoughts of the intellectual, the gifted and the learned among succeeding generations. It is to be admired by those whose admiration is worth striving for. It is remembered by those whose memories are stored only with the real wealth of the departed past. To such a fame we invite the generous-minded young disciple of the law. We point him to it, as far more worthy his ambition than the huzzahs of the unthinking crowd—the ephemeral nature of political prominence. Let



him probe deeply the mine of Judicial learning. Let him examine well, and preserve with care the rich jewels which there await the search of the diligent laborer. Let him pursue a course of earnest, persevering, professional endeavor. Let him not tire by the way or pause from onward progress; the road may be steep and rugged, but honor and independence await him at the end. He will live prosperous, successful and happy, and dying will commit to the jealous guardianship of his professional successors a memory which they will retain with delight and regard with enduring reverence.

One great man has gone from the bench of Federal justice. The venerable form of another, bent with the weight of years, warns us that he too before long must leave the judgment-seat on earth, to stand, an humble suitor for mercy, at the judgment-seat above. May the ranks of the American Bar furnish a succession of worthy followers in the footsteps of these great men! May the earnest, devoted students of a noble science be able to present characters, intellects and learning, which shall give a plentiful material to him who shall write the lives of the future Chief Justices of the United States.

## ART. IV.—RUSKIN'S ARCHITECTURAL WORKS.

*Modern Painters.* By a Graduate of Oxford. First American from the third London edition. John Wiley, New York. 1854.

*Stones of Venice.* By JOHN RUSKIN.

*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.* By JOHN RUSKIN, author of "Modern Painters." John Wiley, New York. 1852.

THE lectures of Mr. Ruskin are productions remarkable for originality of thought, truthfulness, and vigor. But it is impossible to read a page in any of his works, without receiving from it a warning to distrust his conclusions; for we see at once that he is the very man, of all others, most likely to run into extremes. His tone is so emphatic, his confidence in himself so apparent, the impulsiveness of his nature so evident, that we are inclined to doubt him, even when he is right, because of the want of that calm and quiet style, and easy deference to the opinions of others, which always impresses the reader with a belief that the sentiments expressed are the result of deliberation, even though, in point of fact, they may be but the crudest imaginings. And yet, there can be no doubt that Ruskin has done more to develop the true principles of art than any other writer of the age. What though, in "Modern Painters," he exaggerates to the uttermost the merits of Turner, and, in his "Stones of Venice," makes the ducal palace the *ne plus ultra* of architecture, yet, in the one work he develops the true principles of painting, and in the other, analyzes, with exquisite skill, the elements which, combined, make an edifice the representative of stability, adaptation, and beauty. No painter can place his pallet on his thumb, no architect lean over his drawing-table, after having read Ruskin, without doing something better in his art than he ever did before; because Ruskin's words are like branding-irons—they make marks that cannot be effaced, and which influence, unconsciously to himself, most probably, the efforts of the individual. To painters and architects,

then, we say, read Ruskin; not to become copyists, but, if you please, as Raphael looked at the works of Titian, that your own style, whatever that is, may become elevated, warmed and improved.

In no country has Ruskin done more good, in no country will more good be done by him, than in the United States; because we are the people, of all others, to make hints available and never was there a writer so prolific in hints as this one.

Now-a-days, works on architecture abound. From Stewart's *Antiquities of Athens* to Downing's publications, there is the widest range of choice. Formerly, it was not so. Architecture was traditional. Where Greece got the Parthenon from, however, it is difficult to say, except in the genius which, borrowing the idea of the vocal Memnon from Egypt, turned the seated Monolith into the graceful Apollo, made the statue as radiant as morning, and told the story of the music of sunrise by the lyre that the sculptor gave unto the god. But where Rome obtained *her* temples is most evident. Greece was the source of her architectural traditions. But the Romans were copyists. They spoiled when they attempted to improve. The composite wanted the elegance of either the Ionic or the Corinthian, which it sought to unite. As the mysteries of the Bona Dea were a degradation of the rites of Eleusis, so Roman architecture was a depraved adaptation of that of Greece to the purposes of the seven-hilled city. Centuries elapsed before "working drawings" came to be preserved. But, at last, printing did for architecture what it had accomplished for abstract thought, and there were produced books to which the ignorant in these matters might resort for models. Unfortunately, the best model is not always that which is preserved; and Palladio and Vitruvius—neither of whom originated any thing that approached to Grecian simplicity and grandeur—fashioned for a season the taste of the world. Let him who doubts, sit for an hour on the Acropolis, with the ruins of the Parthenon before him, and then close his eyes on architecture until he opens them.

in the streets of Vicenza, in a search to find something that may equal what he has left, among the palaces of Palladio. Louis XIV. perpetuated Palladio; Greece was forgotten at Versailles. It was Rome only that was remembered in the Louvre.

Presently, England began to take an interest in the subject. Stewart made accurate drawings of the best specimens of Grecian architecture; and it became possible to repeat, in England, the Doric temple of Theseus, and the Ionic one of Minerva, and the Corinthian one of Jupiter, and to make a *fac simile* of the Choragic monument of Lysicrates. And now Greek architecture became the rage; and "the decline and fall of the Roman empire" in architecture was so rapid that it needed no chronicler, for it happened in less than a lifetime. About this period American experience began, and it may be safely said that portions of our country were infested with Grecian temples, from vast cathedrals to *cabinets d'aisance*. This was, after a while, more particularly the case in the State of New York, which, having immortalized the sages of Greece and Rome in the nomenclature of her towns and villages, perpetuated Grecian architecture in white pine and shingles.

The original plan of the Capitol at Washington was confessedly "copied out of a book," so far as its architecture went, by Dr. Thornton, who was neither an architect nor a builder; and that Palladian character was given to it, which could not subsequently be departed from, even by the genius, skill and taste of those who completed it, and who are now to add to it. The President's house is another "copy out of a book," a closer one than even the Capitol, which, after all, has features that give to it some claim, in some of its details, to originality.

The Roman copies of Greek art were, doubtless, many of them made from memory; hence, perhaps, the cause of their inaccuracy and inferiority. But the climate of Greece and Italy not being unlike, and the purposes of the public edifices of the two countries being in the main, the same, there was at least



one merit common to both, the merit of adaptation. Stewart put it in the power, as we have seen, of the English and Americans to make *fac similes*. But the purposes to which this accuracy of imitation was applied by them, being wholly diverse, and the climate being different, too, the English and American copies lost this greatest of all architectural merit; the one preserved by Rome, through all the ignorance and bad taste of her architects—the merit of adaptation—and we became but little better than the Chinese—we copied the patch and all!

But while Grecian and Roman Architecture were being matured and imitated, there was another architecture coming into being—the architecture of *occasion*. Gothic is a name that has been given to it. But it is a poor name and means little. It is a skin-deep name. It explains neither the principles, the origin, nor the aim of the class to which it belongs. Like the name of *Le nois faineant*, of Ivanhoe, it tells nought of the king that is beneath it, for right noble and king-like is this architecture of occasion. It is this architecture of which Ruskin is, in truth, the eulogist, his fault being that he runs away with the excellencies of certain specimens of it, just as we in America ran away with the Parthenon, turning it into a bank in Philadelphia, and into God knows what not, elsewhere.

Now, this architecture of occasion has the merit of adaptation to the circumstances that the edifice requires. This is the fundamental truth on which it rests. To this, which is the divinity of architecture, every thing must be sacrificed. But, like all divinities, it is perfectly consistent with beauty; and the genius of the architect exhibits its poetry, not in its ornaments, but in using those forms for the development of its truthfulness, which man finds innate within himself to rejoice in and admire. Mere ornament is vicious in art. Who would ornament the trunk of the oak, and yet, what is more graceful than the curves in which its roots buttress it upon the soil, or its branches spread themselves away from it to the heavens?

It is impossible to illustrate the view here suggested, without either copying from Ruskin, word for word, or in attempting original phraseology, to fall far below him. His "Stones of Venice" tells the story better than it was ever told before, and to this great work we commend our readers. In choosing our garments we consult the seasons and our wants. Why should we not do the same in the choice of the houses we are to live in, when it falls to our lot to build them. I want a country-seat, says a man of wealth to an architect, and I prefer the Italian villa style. How often is this said? How much more sensible would it be to say:

I have such and such wants in regard to rooms, etc., and so much money—give me the suggestions of your experience as to the best mutual arrangements, and consult grace and refinement in form and proportions, and have a mind to the summers and winters of our climate, for I prefer to live in the house all the year round. What is the Italian villa style? The individual about to embark in the luxury of building—the privilege, by the way, of the rich and foolish—as a general thing, knows as little, probably, about the Italian villa style, as he knows about Hebrew. But he has a fancy that he does not like the Gothic, about which he knows still less, and so, he chooses the other. This much, his common sense, however, ought to tell him, that his models of the Italian villas, if built by men of sense in Italy, were most probably adapted to the climate of that country, and that the climate of the United States was a very different one. And that, therefore, if his architect obeyed his instructions, he would probably regret his doing so, one half the year, at least, if not all the year. Now Italian churches are frequently distinguished by bell towers, rising high and square above the body of the building—"campaniles," they are called. They are square because that shape gives ample room where the bells require it; and there being no snow in Italy, there is no reason for the steep pitched roofs of Germany; for after all the steep roofs of Gothic architecture, of which the so called steeple is one of the modifications, are but specimens of the architec-

ture of occasion, called for by the necessities of a climate of frequent snows; and the fancy which attributes a religious meaning to them, and makes them typical of heavenly aspirations, is but an idle fancy, with vastly more of poetry than fact in it. And so, the square *campanile*, as we have said, is a feature on an Italian church, as a matter of convenience permitted by the climate; and Italian domestic architecture, imitating in some degree church architecture, has adopted it, and appropriated the space within it to household purposes, all of which is very well in Italy.

But when the American architect obeys orders, and builds a *campanile* to his employer's country house, he builds for him what is either utterly useless, or very uncomfortable. If the employer wants a big house, the *campanile* makes it big, and that is about the most that can be said in its favor. But a bed room in its upper story, is exposed to the weather on all points of the compass. It is difficult of access, which is an objection, and, when reached is either too hot or too cold, no matter how shines the sun, or how blows the wind. We remember such a *campanile*, containing a very handsome room up aloft, but which has served, thus far, no other purpose than as a look-out for fires, when the alarm bells are ringing and the master of the house happens to be curious; though, as he neither runs with the engine, nor is he the president of an insurance company, it is to be doubted whether his outlay in the erection has yet been compensated.

Another customer calls on our friend, the architect, and asks him for a design in the Gothic style. Now, were the architect candid, he would say to his employer, Why, sir, when those edifices were built, whose high-pitched roofs and peculiar forms have received the name of Gothic, domestic architecture was very humble, indeed, in its pretensions; except you can call the feudal castles domestic, on account of their being human habitations; and even these castles conformed themselves to the shape of the crags on which they were perched, and had reference mainly to military strength and considerations. Around them clustered dwellings that

you would hardly like to reproduce at "Bella Vista," or "Sleepy Hollow," or "Waverley," or "Ellerslie;" and the burgher residences in the cities of that period were mostly fortalices, as you may discover now in Edinburgh, and Mayence, and York, and Ghent. So that, in truth, when you ask me to design you a Gothic country-seat, you ask me to make a villa as much like a cathedral as I can. But the architect is rarely candid enough to speak in this wise. He has, in nine cases out of ten, to bow to the ignorance of the wealth on which he is dependent, and he furnishes something to order which ignorance is satisfied with; and presently there arises, in groves whose beauty laughs it to scorn, a thing of peaked gables and pinnacles, and odd-shaped garret-windows, which is very funny to look at and most uncomfortable to live in.

It is from this state of things that Ruskin's works tend to extricate us; and if, in exhibiting the true principles of architecture and the philosophy of all architectural structures, he does run mad upon the subject of the ducal palace, why, it is an amiable weakness on his part, which we are perfectly willing to pardon in so valued and useful a friend.

But, then, these old cathedrals, hoary as they are with age, are all of them noble specimens of the architecture of occasion. Does a *buttress* grow narrower and narrower by stages, as it nears the eaves, for mere ornament? Not at all; it is thus constructed that the base may afford the greater resistance to the *thrust* of the arch that forms the roof, and the walls be in this manner strengthened to sustain it. Does the *flying-buttress* spring from the eaves of the body of the church to the eaves of the *clere-story* for ornament merely? Not at all; it is, that the *thrust* of the arch of the latter may be transferred through the *flying* to the *main* buttress, and through that again to the ground. Does the *pinnacle* crown the *buttress* for the sake of show? Not at all; its weight aids the latter to perform its duty. And so might we go over every element of a Gothic church, and explain how every ornament had its utility, and how



every portion of it, however minute, was an illustration of the architecture of occasion. But the subject is one to which it would require volumes to do justice.

Now, this matter of domestic architecture deeply concerns us all. Napoleon looked upon the roads of a country as testifying to its political condition; and he is reported to have delayed the ingress of strangers into France until the roads were fit to impress them properly. In the same way, domestic architecture testifies to intelligence, education and refinement; and that people must be open to the ridicule of intelligent strangers, whose villas and farm-houses are but Greek temples, or Gothic cathedrals, or Italian churches, on the smallest of scales—the Lord's prayer written on six-penny bits.

*De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a saying we most cordially concur in. And yet, no one has done more to perpetuate the errors of the system on which we are remarking, than that gifted individual, Mr. Downing, whose early and untimely death was so widely and so deeply deplored. In his works on cottage and villa architecture, not being an architect himself, he introduced the plans, titles and all, which he procured in various quarters; and, as his books obtained at once an extended circulation, and were better than anything that had gone before them, they were forthwith adopted as *vade mecums* throughout the country; and hence we have the Gothic, and Italian villa, and Elizabethan styles for domestic architecture fastened upon us, for an indefinite period, and until the circulation of such volumes as Ruskin's shall create a more accurate judgment, the result of better information and a more refined taste.

We have had our own experience, both in town and country, in these matters of brick, and stone, and mortar, and white pine, and shingles, and we have learned something of necessity; and our advice to those who may be disposed to build, either in town or country, is to go to the best architect within reach—one who has the most thorough education, and most general information—and, explaining to him what you

want for comfort and what you can expend of money, submit yourself to his guidance in regard to the arrangements of the building, exercising your own judgment in conjunction with his, and no more employ a mere carpenter to design for you, than you would employ a bailiff to argue a cause in the Supreme Court of the United States.

It is the spirit of imitation, which is the essential feature of the architecture planned by the ignorant, that has given us the everlasting rows of houses, that justify the name of *blocks* of buildings that has been applied to the squares of our cities, and not only in America, but in the Old World, in modern times. Nor, is it any defence to say, that street architecture admits of no variety. It admits, on the contrary, of very great variety. No matter how narrow the front of a house, it is susceptible of such a construction as shall be graceful and produce an agreeable impression. We refer not, of course, to the dwellings where economy of construction requires the simplest forms and plainest surfaces—though, even in these cases, something may be done in the way of art—but to those which are built for the residence or place of business of the individual to whom they belong. How rarely, in a city, do we see the projecting bow-window, which gives to the room within a command of the street and enlarges the dimensions of the apartment without trespassing upon the amplitude of the highway. What infinite variety might be given to the entrances of houses, if architects would only bear in mind the comfort of a shelter for the expectant visiter, and forget the two columns of mongrel Greek or Roman fancy, that are their *alpha* and *omega* of decoration! True, of late years, the front doors of dwellings have been set back, and a shelter gained at the expense of the hall. But what holes are thus produced, in nine cases out of ten! The reason of all this, is to be found in the grasp which Greece and Rome have upon the architectural imagination of the country—the Procrustean influence they still continue to exercise upon genius. Because the lower line of an Athenian architrave is unbroken, because the upper member of

the cornice is the same—except, indeed, where the Greek architect himself, feeling painfully the perpetual straightness of this member of his work, broke it with the *honey-suckle* ornament, so called—must we, for these reasons, be doomed for ever to straight lines in modern architecture? There is no good reason under the sun why this should be so. Now-a-days, an architect, after arranging a house for a town lot to suit the feeling, and taste, and wants of the owner, has still the hardest part of the work to do in designing the *facade*, upon which, ultimately, he plasters a little of every thing, without rhyme or reason, other than that A may not have exactly the same pattern of ornament that B has already made common. And so, *pediments* are put to the tops of A's windows, because *arcs* of circles have been set over B's windows; and *rosettes* are put into the panels of the entablature of a cornice for A, because B has a cornice without *rosettes* or panels, but adorned with *brackets* that support nothing, and are rarely looked at, falling below, in this respect, the broken teacups of the "Deserted Village," so "*wisely ranged for show*." But if the architect had exercised his common sense in B's house, he would, with a hint or two from Ruskin, and with utter independence of Greeks or Romans, have given to B something far better than the edifice of A; and with the same amount of money have produced striking effects, with more originality and more utility. So with stores, as with dwelling-houses, architects should discard conventionalisms, and, adapting the forms employed by them to the purposes of the structure, study less how to make a profitable job for the stone-mason in the floridness of their ornamentation, and more how to illustrate their own genius, in so ordering the portions of their work that beauty and adaptation should go hand in hand.

The subject is almost inexhaustible, nor can we attempt, in the pages of a review, even to cross its threshold. The scope of our remarks is to impress upon our readers the importance of making utility the first, and ornament the second object in building; assuring them, that if they are in the

hands of well-educated architects, who are permitted to have free play for their talent, the result will be far more to their satisfaction than if they build upon models that have grown stale long ago; and, therefore, in commending, as we do, the works of Ruskin, in this connection, we feel that we are promoting the best interests of art.

---

#### ART. V.—THE RUSSO-TURKISH CAMPAIGNS, ETC.

*The Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1828–9.* By Col. CHESNEY. 1854.

*The Czar and his People.* By JOHN S. MAXWELL. 1854.

*The Englishwoman in Russia.* 1855.

*The Russian Shores of the Black Sea.* By LAWRENCE OLIPHANT. 1854.

*Russia as It Is.* By REYNELL MORRELL. 1854.

*The Knout and the Russians.* By GERMAIN DE LAGNY. 1854.

*Russia as It Is.* By Count A. GUROWSKI. 1854.

*Autocracy in Poland and Russia.* By JULIAN ALLEN. 1855.

*Russia.* By the MARQUIS DE CUSTINE. Republished. 1854.

WE are now spectators of a scene in Europe, which may develop events more important to the world than the revolutionary wars of France. What the issue will be no man can tell. The most sagacious statesman may err as greatly as the novice, and the wildest prophecy approach fulfilment earlier than the conjecture based on the maturest reflections of the politician. It is the habit, in these latter days, to indulge in philosophical speculations upon the future. But however able men may be to theorize upon the past, we hold in little estimation that human foresight which ventures to declare its knowledge of things to come. The mistake of the commander of a corps—the accidents of a day—the misunderstandings of a council of war—a local tumult—the changes in the opinion of an individual, and causes light as the falling of a sparrow, may divert events from that path upon



which they seem to have entered, and conduct the fate of nations to conclusions far opposite to the deductions of our reasoning.

We do not, therefore, design to emulate the example of reviewers in England, France, and in this country, who have indulged in speculations as to the future. It is simply our purpose to consider the causes in which this new European war originated, and the political and physical condition of that power against which the cabinets of Lord Palmerston and Louis Napoleon are united. We shall consider that we have fulfilled all the duty properly belonging to public journalists, if we are able to present such a summary of the causes of this war, and of the internal resources, as will assist the reader in understanding the results which may take place in the pending struggle.

It is necessary for us, in the fulfilment of this object, to recur to the relations existing between Russia and Turkey before the present hostilities commenced. In 1724, it will be remembered, Peter the Great invaded the territories south of the Caucasus. After some conquests, he entered into a treaty with Persia, by which he acquired certain provinces of Georgia, on condition that he should recover for the Persians territories claimed by Shah Tamas, which had fallen into the hands of the Affghans. These conditions were not fulfilled, and the Russians remained in possession of the soil which they had thus acquired. They were subsequently, and for a brief season, deprived of them by Nadir Shah; but Heraclius, the sovereign of Georgia, being unable to maintain his place upon the throne in consequence of intestine troubles, afterwards declared himself the vassal of Russia, on condition that his dominions should be guarantied to himself and his successors. Georgia remained in the undisturbed possession of the family of Heraclius from 1783 to the year 1801, when its vassalage was changed into a state of absolute dependency. It was then declared to be a province of the Russian Empire by the ukase of the Emperor Alexander, dated September 12th, 1801.

This annexation brought the lines of the Russian Empire near to the territory of Turkey bordering on the Euxine Sea, and to the territory of Persia on the Caspian Sea. As a necessary consequence, dissensions soon occurred and a series of petty conflicts took place, which continued up to 1807. Hostilities were renewed in 1809, which lasted with Turkey until the treaty of Bucharest in 1812, and with Persia until the treaty of 1813. By both of these treaties the boundaries of Russia were still further extended.

The peace, resulting from these several treaties, remained unbroken until 1826. It was violated by the Prince Royal of Persia, who entered Russian territory in that year with a large army. About the same period, the Greek insurrection assumed a formidable appearance. The Turks were unable to cope with the revolution, and Ibrahim Pacha was summoned to their assistance. With this accession, the Turks speedily regained their ascendancy, and Greece must have been subdued, except for the treaty entered into by France, England, and Russia, at London, on the 6th of July, 1826. This treaty, which was avowedly made to stop the effusion of blood, was followed by the naval battle of Navarino, on the 20th of October, 1827, in which the Turkish fleet was destroyed by the allies, and the power of Turkey in the Mediterranean wholly annihilated. We may well accord with Wellington, who pronounced that battle "an untoward event," since it broke the Ottoman power, and thus weakened one of those bulwarks in Europe, against Russian aggression, to which the policy of its cabinets has more lately been directed in strengthening and maintaining at an enormous expense of blood and treasure.

After this event, the old differences between Russia and Turkey were renewed; and the part taken against Turkey by England and France reduced them to the position of spectators only in the contest. It is manifest, now, that Russia did not intend to accept any reasonable conditions from the Porte. In 1827, the army of Paskiewitch received orders to invade Asiatic Turkey; and in 1828, the Russian forces com-

menced actual hostilities. The larger number of authorities agree that there was no substantial reason for this aggression, except in the desire to possess a portion of the territories of the Ottoman Empire. This war lasted until the signing of the treaty of Adrianople, on the 28th of August, 1829. It was bravely contested by the Turks with varying success, but it was then manifest that they could not maintain the independence of their empire in a single-handed conflict with Russia. By the treaty of Adrianople, Russia acquired a considerable territory, in which was an important fortress, a portion of the seacoast of Asia, the left bank and islands of the lower Danube, and the Salina mouth of that river. In addition to these concessions, the Porte surrendered the fortresses of the Principalities to Russia, retaining only a barren sovereignty and a small revenue from them; and it provided for the effectual extinction of its influence there, by agreeing that no Mahommedan subject of the Porte should remain within their limits for a longer period than eighteen months after the date of the treaty. Russia further reserved the right to send troops into the Principalities upon certain contingencies.

The surrender of Turkey to the control Russia by England and France, in consequence of their participation in the events preceding and following the battle of Navarino, became, afterwards, still more absolute. When the Egyptians gained the battle of Konia, England refused to give Turkey any assistance. Russia afforded aid at the price of the treaty of 1833, which bound Turkey by an alliance offensive and defensive, and obliged her, by a secret article, to close the Dardanelles against any power with which Russia might be at war.

In 1849 and 1850, the Russians, by virtue of an alleged article in a convention made at Balta Liman, in 1849, entered the Principalities with an army to suppress a supposed conspiracy. This conduct was, however, not justified by the treaty of 1849, which provided only for the entrance of the troops of both parties. Great Britain intervened, and, after long negotiations, the Russian army was withdrawn.

In March, 1853, Prince Menschikoff paid an official visit to the Porte, soon after his arrival as a minister from Russia. It has been recorded that he appeared in plain clothes, and that he neglected to pay the minister for foreign affairs the customary visit of civility. This was regarded as an omen of evil; and the import of his errand clearly appeared, when he demanded, as early as the 22d of March, a convention for a protectorate over the Greek Christians of Turkey. He repeated his demand on the 29th of April, and again on the 5th of May, when he added that a reply must be sent within five days, or that "painful obligations" would be imposed upon him. Whatever may be the sympathies of any one in the struggle now progressing, it cannot be denied that this demand of Menschikoff was wholly unreasonable. The Greek Christians of the Turkish empire were, for the most part, voluntary residents; and it would have been a fatal weakness, if Turkey had agreed to admit the protectorate of Russia over any class of her subjects. It would be fully as reasonable for France to assume a protectorate over the Catholics residing in England, as it was for Russia to demand it over the Greek Christians in Turkey.

The reply of the Reis Effendi, on the day specified by the Russian Ambassador, was eminently reasonable and pacific. He admitted it to be the duty of the Sultan to maintain the religious freedom of his subjects, but said that he could not enter into a treaty which would deprive him of his rights of sovereignty over a large portion of his people. Menschikoff replied at once to this letter, reiterating his demands, and allowing only three days for the answer of the Porte. The Turkish ministers forthwith intimated to the Prince that they would advise with him upon these subjects at the residence of the Grand Vizier. He did not do as they desired, but went directly to the palace and insisted upon seeing the Sultan. He was told that it was Friday, and that the Sultan was keeping his apartment on account of his mother's death. Notwithstanding this, he remained at the palace. The Sultan finally saw him, and told him that his ministers were



possessed of his views. He was about to reply, when the curtain in front of the Sultan dropped, and he was left alone with the interpreter in the apartment. The ministers of the Sultan, in consequence of the insult offered by Menschikoff, resigned. Their successors asked time to consider the question, *de novo*, requiring only five days. Menschikoff refused; and on the 18th of May, declared that his mission was terminated, and on the 21st of May, he left Constantinople, although the *firman* recently issued to the Patriarch of the Greek Church was recalled to his mind, and although its terms were full enough to remove all uneasiness as to the treatment the Christians of the Greek Church would receive. But the ambassador made this very *firman* the occasion of a threat. He said, apparently without having troubled himself to read it, that Russia would regard it as an act of hostility, if it invalidated any of the privileges and immunities of the church.

Reschid Pacha then submitted to the ambassadors of the four Western powers the demand of Menschikoff. They replied that they were not authorized to give any advice. A few days afterwards, the Turkish government prepared a note, stating that it was willing to maintain all the immunities granted to Christians by former Sultans, but taking the reasonable ground, that it ought not to be expected to bind itself by treaty with a foreign power to maintain the liberties of its own subjects. It advised the allied powers that Russia was supposed to be arming, and that it became the duty of Turkey to prepare for resistance. On the 31st of May, Nesselrode wrote a letter to Reschid Pacha, which justified the action of Menschikoff, and still further embarrassed the pending question. In this despatch, he asserted that the Russian ambassador had quitted Constantinople because of the refusal of the Porte to give the least assurance of a positive intention, or enter into any engagement for the protection of the worship and churches of the orthodox religion in Turkey. For this declaration there was no warrant in fact. He further said, with what must have seemed to him a mockery,

that conciliation had been tried in vain ; and that after a failure to procure a proper result by such means, the ambassador had taken a step which met with his Majesty's approval. He again invited the Porte to yield to these demands, accompanying the request by the significant remark, that the troops of Russia would enter the Principalities, in order to obtain by their occupation the guarantee of the demands made upon the Porte. To this, on the 16th of June following, Reschid Pacha replied, by assuring Russia of the purpose of the Porte to adhere to its protection of the Christians, as fully as it could be provided for by the action of the Home Government. Before this answer was received, and a few days after his letter to Reschid Pacha, Nesselrode, on the 11th of June, addressed a letter to the ministers and agents of Russia at all the foreign courts. In this he expressly admitted that the rights of the Christians were already guarantied by existing treaties. Indeed, the circular is in singular contrast with the demand made upon Turkey, in the letter of May 31st. But in it he proceeded to say that Russia would grant the Porte "a fresh reprieve" of eight days in which to make its decision. In the event of the declension of the Porte, war was clearly threatened. The reader will see the humiliation to which the terms of this despatch subjected Turkey. The very existence of that power was impliedly asserted to be within the direct control of the Russian arms.

To the pretensions advanced in this letter, which was communicated to France, Drouyn de l'Huys replied, on the 15th of July, 1853, reviewing the history of the relations of Russia to Turkey, and showing that the new demand was not justified by any existing treaty or convention. On the 2d of July, 1853, Nesselrode again addressed a circular to the ministers and agents of Russia at foreign courts. In this the hostile purpose of Russia was more clearly announced, and the Governments of England and France were invoked to abstain from committing themselves to the cause of Turkey. On the 3d of July, 1853, several Russian corps passed the Pruth, and the occupation of the Principalities commenced. The Hospadors

of Wallachia and Moldavia were forthwith commanded to suspend their relations with the Ottoman government. In October, 1853, Prince Gortschakoff took possession of the public funds of these Principalities, and appointed a Russian Governor over them. In the meantime, negotiations had been renewed without any result. At length the Grand Council met, and it resolved upon war, unless the Principalities were evacuated within fifteen days. This demand was refused, and Omar Pasha began his campaign.

All these transactions followed too closely upon the conversation held by the Emperor with Sir G. H. Seymour, the English minister in Russia, for us to doubt that the refusal of Turkey to allow the Russian protectorate over the Greek Church in Turkey, was a mere pretext for hostilities. On the 9th January, 1853—but a few months before the embassy of Menschikoff to Constantinople, the Emperor turned the conversation with Seymour upon the affairs of Turkey. At that time the East was comparatively tranquil. The Ottoman Empire exhibited no more signs of decay, or weakness, than it had shown during the preceding fifty years. But the Emperor spoke of it as if it were about falling to pieces; and he said that he desired to have some understanding with England in regard to it. In this conversation, he used that expression which has since become famous—that Turkey was “a sick man,” for whose death it behooved the sovereigns of Europe to be prepared.

In a conversation occurring with the same person, five days later, the Emperor renewed this topic, and again reminded the English ambassador of the necessity of making some provision for the disorders into which Turkey would fall, in case its political organization became more vitally affected. He said expressly, that unless some such arrangements were made, he might be placed some day, under the necessity of *occupying* Constantinople temporarily. The English minister reported this conversation with literal fidelity to his Government, but Lord John Russell and Lord Clarendon seem to have con-

curred in the policy of "masterly inactivity" with regard to the opinions of the Czar.

Perhaps, we can now better understand the policy of Russia, thus hinted at. The subsequent proceedings of her Court have shown that the traditional policy of the Empire was believed to have culminated to the point of action. The Emperor had in view, doubtless, at that time, the mission of Menschikoff, and desired an alliance with England—the only power that could check his encroachments upon the Mediterranean shore. Perhaps, his advances would not have been repelled, if any substantial advantage could have been derived to England, but her sagacious statesmen have long seen that the safety of her Empire consists in the preservation of the existing *status* of the political world. Her dominions in the East are held by too unstable a tenure, to allow of a nearer approach of the Russian boundaries to India; and her influence in the Mediterranean would be placed in imminent peril, if Russia commanded the entrance to those waters from the Black Sea.

From France, the Russian Emperor did not seem to apprehend any difficulty. Her navy could not afford any substantial obstacle to the attainment of his design; and her land forces could not, with any efficiency, be brought into the field against Russia. His whole heart was set upon the concurrence of England; and we can well conjecture that his disappointment was great, when prudential reasons induced that power to unite with France for the preservation of the sovereignty of the Ottoman Empire, and for the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe.

We do not purpose to make any remark upon the conduct of the war, since the Russian army entered the Principalities. The Turks seem to have been held in less esteem upon all sides than their behavior in 1828-29 would seem to justify. The defence of Schumla, in 1828, by Hussein Pasha, was as gallant and able as the resistance offered by the French and English within their entrenched camps; and the defence of Varna, in the same campaign, was as desperate and gallant as that of Saragossa. Silistria and Kalafat were also signal



examples of their courage in that war. Indeed, if we may compare the accounts then given by the opponents of Russia, as to her losses in the field, with those which are said to have occurred in the present campaign, Russia experienced as heavy misfortunes, in the destruction of men and the material of war, at the hands of the Turks, in 1828-9, as she has as yet endured from the English and French.

We propose to pass from the present campaign to a consideration of the internal condition of Russia, in order that we may better understand what her facilities of resistance are in the contest in which she is engaged. The experience of Charles XII. and Napoleon, show with what success her territories can be penetrated on the western lines; and a glance at the map of the Crimea will demonstrate that, if Sebastopol were taken, there is no probability that the allied armies would seek to pass beyond Perekop in their march to the northward. The operations of Sir Charles Napier, have demonstrated that no success can be looked for at Cronstadt; and we are now to consider what would be the state of affairs should Sebastopol fall and the allies were free to turn their arms elsewhere.

If Sebastopol falls, they would either march to the northward, or remain to await an attack where they are. If they marched, they would necessarily encounter, at some point to the southward of Perekop, the disposable force of the Russian Empire. The condition of the roads in the Crimea, which at present (February) obstructs the approach of Russian reinforcements, would also impede, to a still greater extent, the advance of the allies into the interior. With the difficulties which are known to exist now, in the transportation of necessary stores from the fleet in the neighborhood to the army, we can see what its isolation would be if it penetrated further into the country. Without depots, without supplies upon the route, it would, in the early spring months, be disorganized by mere climatic influences. If it reached Perekop in the summer, it would find itself in the face of a position readily defended, and occupied, doubtless, at that time, by all the disposable forces in the Empire.

The obstacle which that force would present may be easily understood. The armies of Russia amounted, in 1852, according to Garowski, to 17 corps, with 4,900 companies of infantry, 1,469 squadrons of cavalry, and 330 batteries of heavy and light artillery. Each company, when full, ought to have between 170 and 200 men. If we make a liberal allowance for deficiencies in each company, by allowing only 100 men to each, there will yet remain for active field-service 490,000 infantry, with such a force of cavalry and artillery as no other power in the world can bring into the field. Even if one-third of the Russian force be deducted, there would still remain an army far superior in numbers to the united forces of Great Britain and France in the Crimea, and out-numbering any which they might be able to transmit to the seat of war. The only obstacle to the presence of this army in wars in Southern Russia, is the difficulty of subsisting it, and this impediment tells with more fatal effect upon invaders.

In this hasty computation, we are aware that we have done scanty justice to the power of Russia in the field. A far more liberal estimate is made by Germain de Lagny, upon what would seem to be *data* equally accurate. He says, that the Russian army consists of the Imperial Guard, the army in active service, and the military colonies. The Imperial Guard is made up of twelve regiments of infantry, two regiments of huzzars, two regiments of lancers, four regiments of curaissiers, two regiments of mixed cavalry and infantry, two regiments of Cossacks, and seventy-two field-pieces, besides two Cossack batteries and a pontoon train. The cavalry regiments are eight hundred men strong; the infantry regiments are four thousand men strong. The Guards thus composed form a regular *corps d'armee*. The army in active service is formed of nine corps, each corps being divided exactly as is the Imperial Guard. Besides these corps, there are two others, altogether composed of heavy cavalry, dragoons and curaissiers—each corps consisting of ten regiments.

In addition to these forces, Russia has what is called the corps of Orenburg, the corps of the Caucasus, and the corps

of Finland—each amounting, in mixed troops, to forty thousand men—and three corps of Cossacks. There are also the military colonies, forming ten other distinct corps, divided in the same manner as the army in active service; and, also, there is what is known as the reserve, which comprehends all soldiers out of service or disbanded. We may add to these the various bands of Georgians and Circassians in Russian service. The sum of all is, that, by this computation, Russia has a present available force of fifteen hundred thousand disciplined men, of which more than one hundred and fifty thousand are cavalry. Whether we accept Garowski's statement, or the more exact and statistical account of De Lagny, who writes with a strong prejudice against Russia, we cannot estimate the invincible power which Russia can, with the opening of the roads in the Crimea, oppose to the allies, whether Sebastopol fall or hold out.

Nor is this army in any way deficient, either in provision for its armament or in its discipline. The battles already fought around Sebastopol show that it has been brought to the greatest perfection in military training, and that the Russian soldier is as brave, skillful, and capable of hardship, as any in the world. Whatever may be the demoralizing effects, theoretically, of the conscriptive system employed in Russia, it is evident that it does not impair the efficiency of disciplined forces, even when they are thus raised. The stern subjection in which the soldier is kept, converts him essentially into a machine; and, if he loses moral force and character by the change, it is manifest that his mere soldierly qualities are not thus impaired.

It is true, that the material of these forces is drawn from a class intellectually degraded and physically oppressed. But serfdom among the Russians seems to be consistent with an enthusiasm of character, of which we have no example elsewhere. The organization of the army, moreover, is made perfectly effective, by placing these soldiers under discipline and command as accomplished and scientific as any service in the world can afford. The whole education of the people

is military, and the schools appropriated to such uses are numerous and excellent. We doubt whether any set of men in Europe are as thoroughly versed in the details of their profession, as the chief and subordinate officers of the Russian army. These facts are now so well understood, that whatever may have been the contempt entertained by military men in France or England of Russian pretensions to military science, prior to the investment of Sebastopol, it is now understood that the strength of Europe would be required to overmaster Russia upon her own soil.

It is perfectly true, that this enormous establishment is marked by the grossest abuses. The pay of the Russian soldier is about two dollars and a half per year, and his food generally is coarse if not scanty. Although, it is understood that the rations now are more liberal than in time of peace, yet the regular allowance is a very moderate portion of coarse wheaten flour, mixed with bran and flour made from rye. The Russian colonel receives about one hundred and sixty dollars per year, a regimental surgeon the same, and a captain about sixty dollars. The consequence is, that peculation occurs among some of the chiefs, and that every contrivance is resorted to by the soldiery to add to their resources. But, whatever may be said of the *morale* of the army, the sad stories related by travellers and natives do not seem to have impaired its *efficiency*. That passive obedience, which is inculcated by the very power of the Emperor, works marvels in the field, upon the evil and the good alike—upon the cultivated noble, and upon the stolid serf.

But, vast as are the military resources of Russia, they derive their great efficiency from the fact, that they are moved by a single will. There is no D'Israeli, in St. Petersburg, to berate the Emperor's plan of a campaign. There are no party divisions, which derive their vitality from the failure or successes of his arms. His misfortunes, when they occur, are guessed at, not known; and his glory alone is open to the free expression of the popular voice. No man shadows the Imperial presence. The commander, whom he places at the head of his forces, apprehends no commissions of Parliamen-



tary inquiry. If he executes the will of the Czar, it is enough. With such forces at his command; with those forces ably officered; with a winter climate to befriend him in the Crimea until they can be concentrated in the field to oppose the allies; with a country in which a friendly army barely can subsist, and in which a large hostile army, away from a fleet, would starve; with a barren waste intervening between the Crimea and the central provinces; with an impregnable capitol, and a population stirred by every impulse of hate and fanaticism against the invaders; with a military force now sufficient to overwhelm his enemies, and with a power to add a million more of men to his armies; what has the Emperor to dread in this war? While the French nation wearies itself with the expectation of the renewal of the ancient triumphs of the Grand Army, and the English people, scant of men, and with an impeded commerce, embarrass their government at home and abroad, by resistance and inquiry, the power of the Czar gathers to a head. We may safely assert, that if the negotiations for peace do not assume some practicable form at an early day, there will be no tranquillity in Europe until the last of the English and French soldiers have been driven from the Russian territories.

But, while the forces of Russia can be combined and used with such power, under the direction of one man, we must consider that the uniformity of their direction depends upon the future tenure of that one man's life. It is the absolutism of autocracy which renders the history of this campaign doubtful, even, and which envelops the future of Russia in uncertainty. We remember the conspiracy of the Strelitzes against Peter the Great; the murder of Peter the Third, in 1762; the murder of Paul the First, in 1801; the movement made against Nicholas himself by the partizans of his brother Constantine after the death of Alexander, in 1825; and these are enough to teach us that the life of the Emperor is subject to chances more numerous than those which assail the persons of his meanest subjects.

The uncertainty of the future of Russia is increased by the elements every day at work within its society. The war be-

tween the feudal nobility and the Tchinn, or those in the employment of the government, is constantly manifesting itself. And, although it is the policy of the Emperor to play these powerful castes against each other, still the hour may come when the success of one or the other will, in a moment of time, convert St. Petersburg into the theatre of a new struggle for the crown.

We cannot conjecture the results which would follow from the death of the Emperor Nicholas. Some contest, or intrigue, for the succession would doubtless occur. In Russia, there is a peace party as well as a war party; although the purpose of the Emperor to sacrifice his last rouble and his last man, in this war, overrides the disposition of the former. But the tempers of his sons differ so widely, that we may well conjecture that the eldest will not be suffered to ascend the throne without domestic or factious opposition.

Alexander, the Hereditary Grand Duke, is now in his thirty-seventh year; but, although in the prime of life, he has not the energetic traits of character which marked his father, and which are always needful to a prince who would safely ascend the Imperial throne. He inherits his father's majestic person, but his temper is reported to be akin to that of his mother, Alexandra of Prussia, whose gentle affections better adapt her for the position of the wife of the private citizen than for the place of Empress. He is supposed even to inherit something of the nervous temperament of his mother; though, we confess, that the scene through which she passed, when the mutiny occurred against Nicholas, on the 25th of December, 1825, shortly after his accession to the throne, was sufficient to have tried the nerves of a man. His disposition has been understood to be towards peace, in the struggle in which his father is engaged. Domestic in all his habits, it has been more than once hinted that it was not unlikely he would, in the event of his father's death, emulate—though for a different reason—the example of his uncle Constantine, and give place to his younger brother, who has the name and the character of the Prince who re-

signed the throne in favor of the present Emperor. The present Prince Constantine was born in 1827, and is now twenty-eight years of age. His character is abrupt and impetuous; and he is said to be a believer in what is considered the "manifest destiny" of Russia—the acquirement of Constantinople. To the affairs of the Ottoman Empire his attention has always been particularly turned. He is familiar with the Turkish language, and, in his capacity of High Admiral of the fleets, has often, doubtless, turned a covetous eye upon the Golden Horn. Of the Grand Duke Nicholas, who was born in 1831, we know nothing. The Grand Duke Michael, who was born in 1832, is said to bear a marked resemblance in character to his father.

These are the Princes who will, in the event of the death of Nicholas, stand before the world as the living chiefs of the reigning dynasty. We hope, for the sake of the tranquillity of Europe, that the Hereditary Grand Duke might then ascend the throne. For, although, if the present state of public feeling continued, his most peaceful purposes might be overthrown by the exasperation of the Russians generally against England and France, yet, it is undeniable that any effort in the direction of peace, and in favor of its maintenance, would meet with the sympathy of the large proprietors. The conscriptions levied since the war has broken out, and the levy *en masse* lately threatened, for the increase of that great army with which it was designed to open the campaign of the present spring, has taken the flower of the serfs from a large number of estates. The proprietors have been bold enough, in some instances, to utter the ominous words—" *Notre Empereur se trouvera en face de son peuple*;" and it is not unlikely that such men, who are the Brights and Cobdens of Russian opinion, will afford a substantial support to a peace policy. But the army—the Guards—the prætorian bands of Russia, would settle the question if differences occur; and how—no man can tell.

For ourselves, we await the unfolding of the drama. If peace shall soon be declared, "the sick man" will have a

respite from sudden death by violence, and Turkey will be left to the processes of its own decay for a season longer. If peace is declared, the English and French armies will retire, leaving behind them the graves of thousands of their countrymen; and furnished, by the memory of this struggle, and by the increase of the national debts of their respective countries, with stronger arguments for peace than the "World's Convention" was able to supply. Perhaps, English and French rulers will hereafter, in this century, when they remember Sebastopol and Cronstadt, abate something of the haughty confidence with which they have regarded their strength and power, upon the land and upon the sea.

---

#### ART. VI.—PRINCIPLES OF ART.

*The History of Painting in Italy, from the Period of the Revival of the Fine Arts to the end of the Eighteenth Century.* By the Abate Luigi Lanzi. Translated by THOMAS ROSCOE. London: H. G. Bohn. 1847.

*Letters on Christian Art.* By FREDERIC VON SCHLEGEL.

*On the Limits of the Beautiful.* By the same.

*Paintings in Paris and the Netherlands.* By the same.

*Lectures on Painting.* By the Royal Academicians. London: H. G. Bohn. 1848.

*Lectures on the True, the Beautiful, and the Good.* By M. Victor Cousin. Translated by O. H. WRIGHT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1854.

*Literary Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, First President of the Royal Academy.* London: H. G. Bohn. 1852.

CRITICISM is proverbially uncertain and multiform. In spite of the general laws which have been laid down by eminent writers, we find its canons ever varying with the varying character of different ages. The songs which delighted the



fierce souls of our old Norman and Saxon sires, in the merry hall, at that interesting period "when beards wagged all," and

" From the deep drinking-horn  
Many a lip unshorn  
Blew the foam lightly,"

would grate on our nicer ears, and jar upon the sensibilities of our more refined natures. The delicate touches of melody, and the great volumes of harmony, which so stir the heart of the musical connoisseur, are a very weariness to the uncultivated listener, who has submitted to this burden of *ennui* at the command of imperious fashion. The sea-songs of Dibdin still delight the forecastle, but are banished for ever from the drawing-room.

Nor, is it only in various grades of society and different degrees of cultivation, that these opposite æsthetic habits are to be found. The same family contains wide diversities of taste, and looks out upon the great world with contradictory emotions. The same individual feels differently towards Nature and Art at different periods of his existence. The wild legends which delighted his childhood, prove distasteful to his riper years. There are a few themes and a few books, indeed, which charm alike at all ages; but most of our remembered joys owe their lingering sweetness to the recollection of the emotions by which they were originally beatified. That deep well of pure happiness which lies in the child's heart, overshadowed by the blooms of that early spring-time, lingers as a delicious memory in the spirit of the man. During the few moments of rest that are accorded him in his subsequent toilsome journey over the arid desert of life, he looks back to it with a longing heart, and now and then, in dream and reverie, regales his thirsty spirit with its pure and living waters. We see our past, not through the clear, hot atmosphere of our present life, but through the golden mists of our childhood. It is not the object itself, but the radiance which invested it, that so delights us. The desert itself is glorious in the morning.

The thought may even be still further extended. Not only do our tastes vary with our age, but with the circumstances

which immediately surround us. How wearisome are the notes of sorrow, when our bosoms are bounding with joy? How impertinent the exulting strains of gladness, to the heart that aches with a fresh and deadly grief? How incongruous and ominous the cypress, in the bride's bouquet? How insulting the fripperies of life, to the stern majesty of the corpse? Who could tolerate the flippancies of the ball-room, in an old cathedral? Who could endure a funeral oration, when he is leading his partner out to the dance? Our lightest emotions influence our æsthetic faculty; our physical feelings sway us.

“ One judges as the weather dictates; right  
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night.”

The character of the age in which we live modifies our tastes—fashion controls them. Habit reconciles us to deformity, makes us even prefer it to beauty. The hideous monstrosities of costume bear testimony to this fact. That people could actually think it attractive to look at a fair face down a long vista of Leghorn straw, or admire a lady's sleeve constructed on the model of a pillow, is painful evidence of the power of fashion; and, yet it is not more amazing than that a refined and enlightened age should turn its back upon the glorious literature of the days of Shakspeare and Spenser, to listen to the thin sentiment and drawing-room prattle of the time of Queen Anne. When we hear Goldsmith chuckling over his discovery of irreconcilable absurdities in the soliloquy of Hamlet, or Coleridge denying to the Elegy in a Country Churchyard the slightest poetical merit, we learn that fashion does not restrict itself to the confines of the parlor, or allow itself to be hemmed in by the circle of “society.”

In few departments of criticism is this diversity so strikingly apparent, as in those which take cognizance of works of art. Every one has his own standard; every critic is provided with some bed of Procrustean, to which he would fain accommodate the gigantic stature of genius as well as the dwarfish limbs of imbecility. To one, color is all in all; another can only see through anatomical spectacles; a third thinks of

nothing but composition, *chiaro oscuro*, etc.; while a fourth confines his attention to mechanical execution, handling, lines, pencilling, etc.

Every one who has read works on art, must have observed this peculiarity. We cite but a single example. Frederic von Schlegel, in describing an allegorical picture from the hand of Mantegna, utters the following strong panegyric:—

“The coloring is almost glaring, and the figures, as may be anticipated from this master, simple and severe. A bacchante-like figure, with flowing hair, bounds forward in the lightest and most graceful attitude; and several of the more heroic Muses, of whom we have only a side or back view, are of majestic proportions. In the centre stands one, looking towards the spectator—a most glorious face, yet austere and melancholy; indeed, we feel that a sorrowful expression pervades every countenance in the picture.

“How beautifully, when the allegory permits, does Mantegna multiply the reflection of the eternal harmonies in a thousand allegorical forms of joy and rapture! And yet, when his subject demands it, imparts an intense expression of sad and bitter feeling, which, by its striking contrast with the former, illustrates the strife between good and evil.”

A. F. Rio, commenting upon the same pictures, is little more than an echo of the German:—

“*Quelques-unes des Muses,*” says he, “*sont d’une beauté ravissante, sans avoir été copiées sur des statues antiques, et la figure de Venus, d’un type non moins original ni moins gracieux, severe et chaste, malgré sa nudité, prouve invinciblement que des imaginations chrétiennes pouvaient concevoir le beau, d’une manière indépendante, même en traitant de sujets profanes.*”

Now contrast this with Fuseli’s criticism, in his lectures before the Royal Academy:—

“The essays of Masaccio in imitation and expression, Andrea Mantegna attempted to unite with form, led by the contemplation of the antique, fragments of which he ambitiously scattered over his works. Though a Lombard, and born prior to the discovery of the best ancient statues, he seems to have been acquainted with a variety of characters, from forms that remind us of the Apollo, Mercury, or Meleager, down to the

Fauns and Satyrs; but his taste was too crude, his fancy too grotesque, and his comprehension too weak, to advert from the parts that remained to the whole that inspired them; hence, in his figures of dignity or beauty, we see not only the meagre forms of common models, but even their defects, tacked to ideal Torsos; and his Fauns and Satyrs, instead of native luxuriance of growth and the sportive appendages of mixed being, are decorated with heraldic excrescences and arabesque absurdity. His triumphs are known to you all; they are a *copious inventory of classic lumber*, swept together with more industry than taste, but full of valuable materials. Of expression he was not ignorant. His 'Burial of Christ' furnished Raphael with the composition, and some of the features and attitudes, in his picture on the same subject in the palace of the Borghesi; the figure of St. John, however, left out by Raphael, proves that Mantegna sometimes mistook grimace for the highest degree of grief. His oil-pictures exhibit little more than the elaborate anguish of missal-painting; his frescoes, destroyed at the construction of the Clementine museum, had freshness, freedom, and imitation."

Not to multiply quotations, let one more suffice. It is Lanzi who speaks, describing Mantegna's picture of Victory, painted on canvass, now in Mantua:—

"Mantua, perhaps, boasts no other specimen equally sought after and admired by strangers; and though produced in 1495, it is still free, in a conspicuous degree, from the effects of three ages, which it has already survived. It is truly wonderful to behold carnations so delicate, coats of armor so glittering, draperies so finely varied, with ornamental fruits still so fresh and dewy to the eye. Each separate head might serve as a school, from its fine character and vivacity, and not a few from imitation of the antique; while the design, as well in its naked as in its clothed parts, expresses a softness which sufficiently repels the too general opinion, that the stiff style and that of Mantegna are much the same thing. There is also a union of colors, a delicacy of hand, and a peculiar grace, that to me appear almost the last stage of the art towards that perfection which it acquired from Leonardo."

Thus variously do eminent critics talk of the same work of art. It is manifest that each has in his mind some peculiar standard by which he measures all objects of criticism. Schlegel, for example, resolved all high art into symbolism,



as some modern ecclesiologists would have us to believe that every stone in a Gothic cathedral embodies some unspeakable religious mystery. Lanzi, on the other hand, is a warm admirer of sensuous beauty; while Fuseli, as well in his lectures as in his paintings, shows himself a fervent devotee of the ideal, to which he sacrifices probability, truth, nature, and every rule of art. How, then, could we expect them to study any subject from the same point of view? Each sees something which the others do not perceive; each feels emotions which are strangers to the others' bosoms. It is the defect of our nature to be fragmentary—to realize that striking figure of Milton, in his "*Areopagitica*," of the scattered limbs of Truth, carefully picked up from a thousand hill-sides by her zealous friends, each of whom, however, can only get a fragment.

Any criticism, based upon these one-sided emotions, must, of course, be partial and unsound. A healthy, earnest, genial criticism, does not consist in the mere detection and exposure of faults, but, to a very much greater extent, in the recognition and exposition of beauties. "To comprehend and demonstrate that a thing is not beautiful," says Cousin, in his lecture on the Beautiful in the Mind of Man, "is an ordinary pleasure, an ungrateful task; but to discern a beautiful thing, to be penetrated with its beauty, to make it evident, and make others participate in our sentiment, is an exquisite joy, a generous task. Admiration is, for him who feels it, at once a happiness and an honor. It is a happiness to feel deeply what is beautiful, an honor to know how to recognize it. Admiration is the sign of an elevated reason served by a noble heart. It is above a small criticism, that is skeptical and powerless; but it is the soul of a large criticism, a criticism that is productive; it is, thus to speak, the divine part of taste."

Schadow, in a recent article, has sketched the route upon which a genuine criticism must move to attain its ultimate end—the true exposition of the work of art, under consideration. First, it must study and thoroughly understand the

*thought*, or, perhaps, he might better have said the *feeling* of the artist. It will then examine whether this belongs to the subject—whether it arises naturally from the theme. Thus, he who should paint a pretty woman calmly looking at a dagger, would have no right to call his production a Lucretia. Having comprehended the idea, the critic next proceeds to examine the manner in which it has been worked out. There must be a unity pervading the whole; drawing, composition, color, all must combine to produce one result. Any division of the interest, any breaking up of the picture into detached groups, mars the unity and offends the critic. So, also, any glaring incongruity of figure, character, expression, or color, disturbs the impression and calls for condemnation. After thus examining the harmonies of the execution with the original design, the critic descends to particulars, and scrutinizes the forms, the position, the truth to nature of the various parts of the picture.

In every great work of art, this unity combines all its numerous particulars. "Could Coreggio," pertinently asks Schlegel, "in combination with his method of light and shade, have employed any other carnations? And is not the coloring of Raphael as positively appropriate to his designs and forms? Do not lights, character, coloring and design enter, in the compositions of a good master, into the unbroken harmony of the whole? Instead of idly attempting, by an unsatisfactory classification, to divide things which are essentially inseparable, and must be judged of in their eternal connection, let us rather strive to penetrate the original design of the master, and to unravel the impression which he himself designed to convey."

Let no one suppose that these remarks upon criticism, are foreign to the subject we have proposed to ourselves, a discussion of art, and its influence upon society and individuals. For criticism is but the expression of taste; and taste, though not creative, has a reflex influence upon art. The perverted taste of one age, engenders a host of frightful deformities in art, that propagate themselves in remote generations. The

artist who lives by his productions, is too often tempted to forget the future in a slavish subservience to the fugitive fancies of the present, or a tame imitation of the popular glories of the past. Progress is thus arrested, and it may be that a retrograde motion takes place in the direction of conventional platitudes.

How, then, it may be asked, is the artist to be guided, since taste is so versatile, fickle and uncertain? It may be answered, that there is a true and a false taste, the one perpetual, belonging to the refined of all generations; the other fluctuating, among all absurdities. The one is based upon certain immutable principles, founded in nature; the other rests only on the uncertain whims of a fragment of a passing generation.

For in the midst of these fleeting and changing fancies, there remain two great and stable things, the beauty of nature and the love of it in the human heart. It cannot be denied, that all ages, ranks, tribes and families of men, have some sort of appreciation of the beautiful. The boisterous child, vociferating in his nurse's arms, when he catches his first glimpse of the calm majesty of the moon, beaming upon him from the silent depths of the blue sky, is hushed, in a kind of holy awe, for a moment, and then breaks out in an exulting shout of irrepressible delight. The savage, when, after a long chase or a toilsome war excursion, he comes in sight of the great river, shining in the sun, silent, or only murmuring, strong as it is, bows his plumed head and worships the Father of Waters. The musician, when the liquid, fantastic harmonies of Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* first greet his enraptured ear, feels his heart swell within him, and warm tears of delight fill his eyes. The artist, who stands before the *Venus* or the *Apollo*, feels a sort of divinity radiate from the white marble into his admiring spirit. The Christian, who listens to the story of the late Archbishop of Paris, and hears him exclaim, in reply to those who would dissuade him from mounting that deadly barricade, "*Bonus autem pastor dat vitam suam pro ovibus*

*suus*," feels his heart stirred within him to its lowest depths. Ask each one of these to express his emotions in one single word, and if he be capable of expression, he will say, "beautiful."

Beautiful, not desirable, not agreeable, not fit, not justly proportioned, for these are all parts, and all combined, fall far short of what we mean by *beautiful*. As well might you attempt to define man, by calling him an arm, a hand, a head. He could not be constructed by the elaborate synthesis of all his organs, for there would remain the expression, the life, the soul which are etherial, and above all such patch-work. It is the eternal and immutable beauty which resides in these several objects that so powerfully appeals to our feelings, and we have a distinct faculty for the perception and enjoyment of this beauty. The idea of beauty touches the sentiment of beauty, and the soul experiences for the object an emotion of refined love.

Gross, indeed, is that theory which attempts to reduce the beautiful to the agreeable. Away with such "pig-philosophy!" According to it, the sentiment of the beautiful would be nothing but desire, a hypothesis completely refuted by M. Cousin.

"The sentiment of the beautiful, is so far from being desire, that each excludes the other. Let me take a common example. Before a table loaded with meats and delicious wines, the desire of enjoyment is awakened, but not the sentiment of the beautiful. Suppose, that I only take notice of the manner in which they are arranged and set on the table, and the order of the feast; the sentiment of the beautiful might, in some degree, be produced; but surely this will be neither the need nor desire of appropriating this symmetry, this order.

"It is the property of beauty not to irritate and inflame desire, but to purify and ennoble it. The more beautiful a woman is, I do not mean that common and gross beauty which Reubens in vain animates with his brilliant coloring, but that ideal beauty which antiquity and Raphael under-



stood so well,—the more, at the sight of this noble creature is desire tempered by an exquisite and delicate sentiment, and is, sometimes, even replaced by a disinterested worship. If the Venus of the Capitol, or the Saint Cecilia, excites in you sensual desires, you are not made to feel the beautiful. So the true artist addresses himself, less to the senses than to the soul; in painting beauty, he only seeks to awaken in us sentiment; and when he has carried this sentiment as far as enthusiasm, he has obtained the last triumph of art."

Ample provision for the exercise of this special faculty of the human soul, has been made by the beneficent author of the Universe. He has sowed his whole wide creation thick with beauty; he has scattered it over all his works with the profusion of an infinite generosity. From the stars, whose majestic serenity is unruffled by the storms of our remote earth, a small orb lost in the measureless space which is glorified by their light, down to the little flowers that hang their dewy heads, as though they grieved in sympathy with the sorrows of mortality, every thing is full of beauty. Care has been taken to invest every object with a charm. The tiny *infusoria*, countless armadas of which might be wrecked in a tea-cup, are constructed on as admirable a pattern, and finished with as delicate a hand as the highest creatures of His power. Not only is the butterfly's wing adorned with gorgeous colors, arranged in the most harmonious manner, but every scale is scalloped and engraved with an exquisite minuteness infinitely beyond the reach of human art. The microscopic shells which constitute whole banks of drift, deposited from the deep waters of antediluvian seas, are embossed with an indescribable richness, and tinted with the most delicate hues. Even down in the dark caverns of the earth, where no eye can see them, brilliant gems lie waiting for the glory of the sun to kindle a lustre hidden from the foundation of the world.

The Divine Architect has not been satisfied with building us a mere habitation; he has constructed a glorious temple, magnificent in its proportions, elaborate in its ornaments, exhaustless in its beauty; and he has filled its stupendous

vaults and pillared aisles with countless voices of melodious tone, blended into volumes of full and overpowering harmony. Utility has, in no part of this immense creation, been the sole idea which has guided his plastic hand. He has, if such an expression may be permitted, gone out of his way to adorn the objects he has made.

Now, it is altogether contrary to our ideas of Divinity that anything should be wasted upon mere ostentation. There must be a meaning in this profuse expenditure of elegant design and harmonious coloring. It could never be intended to be wasted on brute silence, or to radiate its loveliness into an eyeless and soulless space. Aside from the delight which these glorious works must afford to their Divine Original, we have every reason to believe that they were designed also to produce a beneficial influence upon finite intelligences. Man, placed in the midst of this garden—still an Eden, though ruined and despoiled—and endowed with faculties to see and feel its beauties, cannot fail to be affected, even to a modification of his psychical nature, by them; “for in this mass of nature there is a set of things that carry in their front, though not in capital letters, yet in stenography and short characters, something of divinity, which to wiser reasons serve as luminaries in the abyss of knowledge, and to judicious beliefs, as scales and roundels to mount the pinnacles and highest pieces of divinity.”

This influence is of an elevating and refining nature, and nearly akin to morality and religion. The yearning of the soul after the infinite is fostered by the beautiful and sublime scenes of nature, and a spirit upon which they exert their full power is sublimated above the ordinary level of mortality. We can safely appeal to the experience of every man who has not stifled his better nature by common cares and mere dry intellectual cultivation—whether he has not felt elevated, purified, enobled, in the presence of nature; whether on some golden day of youth, or during some hour of respite from

“The fretful stir  
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,”

in more advanced life, he has not, by the mere power of beauty, been lifted above himself and perceived that he felt more, loved more and was more than in the common moments of every-day life. Poor, indeed, is that spirit which has no such recollections; tame, dull and lifeless that soul which has no such capabilities for refined enjoyment.

It is of no avail to reply that there are some evil natures which nevertheless possess the æsthetic faculty in an eminent degree, to cite those "glorious devils, large in heart and brain," who have at once enriched and debased the literature of their age and nation. It is only an illustration of the well-known fact of the existence of good in things which are bad, the shining of some little remnant of heavenly light through the darkness of a thickening depravity; and it might be readily answered that they would be infinitely worse without it. It constitutes, in many cases, the only distinction between a hero and blackguard. Strike this one quality out of Lord Byron's soul, and how the gloom of his wickedness would darken. Even "our sage and serious poet," Milton, did not see fit to degrade his very devils below this point, for he felt that not only would he destroy the interest of his readers, but that his hell would lose half its anguish, were the last yearnings for higher and holier things stifled in its unhappy denizens.

It also leaves untouched the assertion that a pure and lofty spirit became still purer and loftier from a contact with nature, and that there is a sort of inspiration in beauty and in grandeur, that gives us glimpses of the Infinite, which we could not attain without its aid. It was not without significance that the Law was given upon the summit of a mountain, in the midst of storm and darkness, and unearthly trumpet-tones, nor that the last vision the teachers of a better religion had of its august founder was through the pure atmosphere of another lofty hill.

These relations between nature and the human soul did not escape the philosophical mind of Wordsworth who has left us the most exquisite poetical disquisitions upon them.

One of them has been admired by the most intolerant of that school of critics, who vainly attempted to write and sneer him down.

“I have seen  
A curious child who dwelt upon a tract  
Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,  
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon  
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard  
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed  
Mysterious union with its native sea.  
Even such a shell the universe itself  
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,  
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart  
Authentic tidings of invisible things;  
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,  
And central peace, subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation.”

The very disinterestedness of this emotion is a property which lifts it above the earth. An earthly love, no matter how tender, has, too often, at the bottom of it, a foundation of selfishness; indeed, much of what is called love among mortals, and reckoned very exalted and pure, is, from cornerstone to coping, a vast temple of egotism, in which self, and self only, is worshipped and glorified. It is only by an escape from this dominion of self that the soul can rise towards a higher and purer region.

But, there is yet another emotion, of a more earthly character, which affects us in the presence of natural objects. Loving, as we do, these multiform emanations of a divine beauty, we desire some sort of a return, and, in our fondness, fancy a sympathy, on the part of mute nature, with our sorrows and our joys. This feeling is universal, prevalent in all ages—traceable in all superstitions, from the solemn rhapsodies of the Chaldeans, who would draw the bright stars from their spheres to preside over “the chances and changes of this mortal life,” down to the wild fancies of the savage who sees a God in every friendly, and a devil in every dangerous power of the elements.

The sentiment is embodied in hosts of proverbs, those voices of the poetry and the philosophy of the common peo-



ple. "Blessed is the bride that the sun shines on." "Blessed is the corpse that the rain rains on." Who does not here see the hope of a sympathetic kindness from nature, in the one proverb, and a confidence in the grief of the very elements over the departure of the good in the other? If it be said that they merely indicate the belief in omens, we ask, whence came this faith? What is it but a recognition of the very principle under discussion? Wordsworth, in his *Excursion*, philosophizes, in his usual happy vein, upon this theme:

"The poets, in their elegies and songs,  
Lamenting the departed, call the groves,  
They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,  
And senseless rocks, nor idly: for they speak,  
In these their invocations, with a voice  
Obedient to the strong creative power  
Of human passion. Sympathies there are  
More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,  
That steal upon the meditative mind,  
And grow with thought. Beside yon spring I stood,  
And eyed the waters till we seemed to feel  
One sadness, they and I. For them a bond  
Of brotherhood is broken: time has been  
When, every day, the touch of human hand  
Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up  
In mortal stillness; and they ministered  
To human comfort. Stooping down to drink,  
Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied  
The useless fragment of a wooden bowl,  
Green with the moss of years, and subject only  
To the soft handling of the elements."

What could be more beautiful, more touching than this illustration? Yet it owes all its power to the very peculiarity of the human mind which we are discussing.

The principle is recognized and acted on by almost all poets. It is it which gives its grandeur to that tremendous appeal of old Lear to the aged heavens against his unnatural daughters:

"Hear me, ye heavens, for you yourselves are old."

Milton employs it to deepen the pathos of the climax of his mighty epic,

"Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
In pangs, and nature gave a second groan;  
Sky lowered; and, muttering thunder, some sad drops  
Wept at completing of the mortal sin  
Original."

Not to multiply citations to prove a point which must be familiar to every one who has read literature with ordinary attention, we may allude to Hood's poem, "The Haunted House." By skilfully availing himself of this, the author manages to awaken a supernatural terror from the beginning. The desolation surrounding the place; the partiality of decay which, in the midst of its ravages among the old banners, and the illumined window-panes, has spared but one dread symbol, that of the heraldic bloody hand, and has consumed all the tapestry but that whereon is wrought the Scriptural story of Cain killing Abel; the awe which has kept every living thing aloof from the chamber of murder, so that from the sunbeam "the very midge had vanished," constitute the various stages of an ever-deepening horror, which reaches its full intensity at the close.

Many works of art owe much of their celebrity to the power with which they appeal to this emotion. We were much struck with it, in gazing at a little known picture of the three Marys. It is early morning, and the women are walking sadly towards the tomb, each absorbed in her own grief. The wall of the sepulchre bounds the picture on one side, while on the other a dreary mountainous landscape stretches away to meet the grey sky, which, on the horizon, is ruddy, not with the rosy light that is the harbinger of a brilliant day, but with that lurid red which precedes the tempest. An atmosphere of sadness pervades the whole picture. It speaks to the soul like music, and seems a sort of visible requiem.

This æsthetic faculty, being a portion of our nature, must have its own expression, its proper exercise. It is the province of art, to utter in various ways these emotions, to speak with its manifold voices to the listening spirit. It is through the combined influence of art and nature working together, that this æsthetic portion of our being is to be cultivated and refined, and as the Art of any people is the expression of the character of the influence which nature exerts upon them, so the state of their art is an exact measure of this æsthetic culture, and consequently of their progress in refinement and the higher walks of civilization.

For man is imperfect and but half made up, who has trained and exercised but one set of faculties. As well might one expect to accomplish a perfect physical training by exercising one set of muscles only, as to obtain the height of his possible intellectual stature by cultivating one portion of his faculties to the exclusion of all others. Goethe, in his *Wilhelm Meister*, gives sound counsel on this head.

“Every gift is valuable and ought to be unfolded. When one encourages the beautiful alone, and the other encourages the useful alone, it takes both of them to form a man. The useful encourages itself, for the multitude produces it, and none can dispense with it: the beautiful must be encouraged; for few can set it forth and many need it.”

There is, indeed, an instinctive feeling of the necessity of this sort of culture even in the rudest minds. The savage is not satisfied with the mere skins that shelter him from the cold, he dyes them and adorns them with embroidery of fantastic pattern. The civilized man will not merely have a house supplied with all the comforts and conveniences of life—he demands furthermore that it shall be beautiful: he calls art to his aid, embellishes its exterior with the florid graces of architecture, and adorns its interior with the choicest products of the loom, the chisel and the pencil.

It is from this instinctive impulse that art originates. Crude at first, consisting of mere intricacies of pattern and contrasts of color, it rises through various stages of progress, the delineation of form becoming gradually more and more correct, ascending to the study of expression, and reaching its consummation in the embodiment of lofty conceptions and the awakening of high aspirations.

Great is the error of those severe and narrow minds that would condemn the cultivation of art as a waste of time and a kind of sin, in view of the great responsibilities of life. We speak not now of those mean spirits, whose aspirations are limited to the mere hoarding of money, for they cannot be taken into the account in any scheme of mental or moral improvement; but of that rigid sect of narrow-minded moral-

ists, who despise all culture excepting that which promotes that bitter zeal of misconceived duty which they suppose to be religion. They do not object to intellectual training, for that enables men, if not to comprehend, at least to speculate upon their dogmas, and produces a hard, dry character, suited to the unnatural and unchristian austerity which they mistake for piety. The arts, on the other hand, polish and refine the mind, give a tenderness to the character, and a delicacy to the intellect. It is true, that when attended to, to the exclusion of severe studies, they are apt to lead to dilettantism, an extreme to be avoided equally with its opposite, proceeding from the total neglect of this sort of culture, an ungenial harshness of nature, amounting to an exclusive and unsocial asceticism.

Thus much in regard to the fundamental principles on which all arts are based, and their ultimate tendencies. It remains to consider, in general terms, the object of Art, and the manner in which it shall accomplish its task. These emotions of the human soul, which we have been considering, are, as has already been said, the proper domain of Art. The true artist labors to excite them, to re-produce them, nor only this, but to elevate them, to direct them, to refine them. Art becomes the hand-maid and co-worker with nature, studies and appreciates the divinity within it, and then reverently and earnestly expounds it to man. Art gives a body and a voice to these glorious ideas, and interprets the deep meaning of this revelation in works. The intimate relation between the two, and the identity of their influence are expressed, in his usual quaint manner by the worthy Knight of Norwich. "Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature, they both being servants of God's providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was in the sixth day, there were yet a chaos; nature hath made one world and art another.—In brief, all things are artificial, for nature is the art of God."

True art, therefore, is a pupil of nature, or rather of nature's God; and its business is to follow its divine master, to labor to interpret and re-produce his ideas, and awaken in the hearts



of his creatures an appreciation of his style and an intelligent and loving interest in his works.

There is a very common notion that art is to be an imitation of nature, and that the closer the imitation, the more fully does it discharge its duty towards the world. There is a certain amount of truth in this opinion, but it is very far from being the whole truth, because it takes a partial and incomplete view of the subject, because it manifestly looks towards a single small section of art, because, finally, being altogether inapplicable to the entire circle of the arts, it leads to errors in practice, and if fully carried out, would be the parent of the wildest enormities.

It is an idea of this kind which has led some musical composers to the absurd attempt to communicate a sort of pictorial representation through the medium of sound. The ridiculous conventionalism of representing sun-set by a descending scale of a few low notes on a bassoon, is a fair specimen of what we might expect from a general adoption of this notion. Symphonies that cannot be comprehended, without a printed description of their meaning, are about on the same level with those pictures under the individual figures of which the painter was compelled to inscribe the name of the object which it was his intention to represent.

This doctrine of imitation would lamentably circumscribe the area of art. It would confine the musician to a mere repetition of the sounds of the outer world, and prevent him from uttering the deep harmonies that lie enshrined in his heart. It would render poetry impossible, for how can it imitate? How far imitation is admissible in art, we shall in due time consider. At present, we desire to show that it cannot be considered its whole aim and object. The true problem of the artist is this: Given a certain limited series of tones—certain fixed and definite forms—certain conventional, articulated sounds, called words—certain lines, colors and shades—to re-produce from them those eternal harmonies of mind and matter, those sublime emotions, those devout feelings we have already been considering.

The object remaining the same, the spheres and capabilities of the different arts must vary with their medium of expression. Music, for example, which has to deal with disembodied voices, has all the power of vagueness to touch the spirit. No forms, no words confine and cripple its divine capabilities. It appeals directly to the human heart, moves its deepest emotions, and in its highest flights,

“On its powerful pinions  
Takes every living soul and lifteth it gently to Heaven”

But this very vagueness, while it gives music its peculiar charm, also limits its sphere of expression. It gives it great power over our emotions, none at all over our intellect, except through the medium of our emotions. To quote M. Cousin.

“What will music gain by aiming at the picturesque, when its proper domain is the pathetic? Give to the most learned symphonist a storm to render. Nothing is easier to imitate than the whistling of the winds and the noise of the thunder. But by what combinations of harmony will he exhibit to the eyes the glare of the lightning, rending all of a sudden the veil of night, and what is most fearful in the tempest, the movement of the waves that now ascend like a mountain, now descend and seem to precipitate themselves into the bottomless abysses? If the auditor is not informed of the subject, he will never suspect it, and I defy him to distinguish a tempest from a battle. In spite of science and genius, sound cannot paint forms. Music, when well guided, will guard itself from contending against the impossible; it will not attempt to express the tumult and strife of the waves and other similar phenomena; it will do more: with sounds it will fill the soul with sentiments that succeed each other in it during the different scenes of the tempest.

“The domain of music is sentiment, but even there its domain is more profound than extensive, and if it expresses certain sentiments with an incomparable force, it expresses but a very small number of them. By way of association, it can awaken them all, but directly it produces very few of them, and the simplest and most elementary, too—sadness and joy with their thousand shades. Ask music to express magnanimity, virtuous resolution, and other sentiments of this kind, and it will be just as incapable of doing it, as of painting, a lake, or a mountain. It goes about it as it can; it employs

the slow, the rapid, the loud, the soft, etc., but imagination has to do the rest, and imagination can do what it pleases.—The same measure reminds one of a mountain, another of the ocean; the warrior finds in it heroic inspirations, the recluse, religious inspirations.”

Poetry is the fullest and most comprehensive of all the arts, possesses the widest range and the deepest power, subjects to its influence all the faculties of the soul and all the powers of the intellect. We do not, however, intend to discuss it in this place, designing to comment upon those arts commonly called the fine arts, namely, Painting and Sculpture.

Sculpture deals exclusively with forms and character, it reproduces figures of the actual beings which surround us or of the ideals which throng the regions of thought. Color does not belong to it, for the white purity of marble or the brown lustre of bronze, are susceptible of no gradations of tint except those which naturally arise from light and shade.

It is true that the addition of color has been defended by high authority. The ancients occasionally, though rarely, sported in this way, making their statues of different metals, though this, after all, being merely conventional, could not have the same unpleasant effect that must necessarily arise from a direct imitation of life. Even this would disturb the impression of the pure form and simple grace of the statue.

“Sculpture,” says M. Cousin, “is an austere muse; it has its graces, but they are those of no other art. Flesh color must remain a stranger to it: there would nothing more remain to communicate but the movement of poetry and the indefiniteness of music!”

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his Tenth Discourse, argues to the like effect.

“If the business of sculpture were to administer pleasure to ignorance, or a mere entertainment to the senses, the Venus of Medicis might certainly receive much improvement by color; but the character of sculpture makes it her duty to afford delight of a different, and perhaps of a higher kind; the delight arising from the contemplation of perfect beauty: and this, which is in truth an intellectual pleasure, is in many respects incompatible with what is merely addressed to the senses such

as that with which ignorance and levity contemplate elegance of form."

Of late, this same question has been revived, and our eminent countryman, Mr. Powers, has ranged himself on the side of those who condemn the employment of color in sculpture. We find an abstract of his views in a recent number of the *Athenæum*.

"All expression depends on form, not on color. Intellectual energy, physical action, must be described by form alone, color can never give it; but color will humanize and *mortalize*, and pull down to earth the spiritual portion of humanity that you have been trying to separate from its grosser parts, and to exalt. Color, in short, represents the animal man; Form the intellectual, the spiritual. Imagine, for an instant, the Apollo Belvidere colored. What is now an embodied, spiritualized, glorious man, would then become nothing more than a man in a body. Again, color alone expresses nothing; form alone, just the contrary. Test this assertion by looking at a clear blue Italian sky,—there is no meaning in it; but let a light cloud float over it, and what beauty is immediately imparted to the same. But I maintain too, that even were it desirable to make sculpture blend the spiritual with the animal, it would not be possible to do so. Give color to the flesh—it may be done. Well, carry out the principle, give eyes to the statue. You cannot. The glassy transparency of them is immediately obvious. Then the eye-lashes—and the brow, and the hair—it is impossible to represent them; but unless you can do this, there will be a want of harmony in the figure, which will be ludicrous and disgusting. Try it in the human form, say of a lovely girl. Imagine that she has a lovely form, a brilliant complexion, and then suppose her to be despoiled of her eye-brows or eye-lashes, or to be gifted with a pair of glass eyes. What would be the effect? and would this be less revolting in the statue?"

"The moral influences of humanized, or colored statuary, would be positively bad. No father could then take his daughter to the artist's studio. The animal man would be all in all; the ideal man would be lost."

Another question has been agitated, viz: whether it is in any case allowable to represent motion in sculpture. Eminent artists have attempted this, and the opinions of men of taste as to their success have been various. A great genius



may dare great things, and so over-awe by the grandeur of his conception and the skill of his execution that, the mind, overwhelmed with admiration, dare not criticize—and hardly dare suspect a defect. Let an inferior, however, attempt the same subject, and that which we failed or feared to see becomes strikingly apparent. Considered in this way, it will, we think, be generally found that the representation of actual, rapid and violent motion is not agreeable. A bronze horse, for example, suspended in the air by some common trick of art, as a general rule, disappoints us. If well done, at first sight we admire the truth, vigor and harmony of the statue, but, after a time, a sense of the ludicrous steals over us. A leaping horse that does not advance, a bending rush that does not yield, strike us as incongruities.

For the same reason, flying drapery is not generally pleasing, because it is also out of keeping. There could be no greater contrast than that between the hard, rigid, immoveable stone, and the light flutter it vainly endeavors to represent. This, perhaps, may explain the frequent dissatisfaction in the presence of Canova's Hebes. The figure is imagined to be moving rapidly, her garments streaming behind her, violently agitated. The unpleasant impression is heightened by the angularity of the masses.

Speaking of Bernini's Neptune, Sir Joshua Reynolds says :

“The locks of the hair are flying abroad in all directions, insomuch that it is not a superficial view that can discover what the object is which is represented, or distinguish those flying locks from the features, as they are all of the same color, of equal solidity, and consequently project with equal force.

“The same entangled confusion which is here occasioned by the hair, is produced by drapery flying off; which the eye must, for the same reason, inevitably mingle and confound with the principal parts of the figure.

“It is a general rule, equally true in both Arts, that the form and attitude of the figure should be seen clearly, and without any ambiguity, at the first glance of the eye. This the Painter can easily do by color, by losing parts in the ground, or keeping them so obscure as to prevent them from interfering with the principal objects. The sculptor has no other means of preventing this confusion than by attaching

the drapery, for the greater part, close to the figure; the folds of which, following the order of the limbs, whenever the drapery is seen, the eye is led to trace the form and attitude of the figure at the same time."

The same objection does not hold against *basso-relievos*, because the light parts of the drapery may be blended with the ground, and lost against it, while the firmer parts can be raised in higher relief.

It is hardly necessary to call attention to another glaring fault in reliefs, the attempt to represent distance and perspective, an attempt always resulting in miserable and absurd failure. The distorted, lop-sided houses, intended to represent the lines of building seen in perspective, and the little straggling bushes, designed to give the idea of distant trees, are so many admonitions to the sculptor to avoid all intrusion upon the realms of painting.

The position of painting among the arts is variously estimated; some of its votaries elevating it above all the rest, others depressing it even below sculpture. Like all the other arts, it has its peculiar domain, limited by the nature of its materials and the necessities of its laws. This domain is wider than that of music or sculpture, but narrower than that of poetry. It can move our emotions, like music, reproduce the beauties of form, like sculpture, appeal to the intellect, like poetry.

It has the advantage over sculpture, in that it commands color, and pours upon its canvass all the graces and beauties that spring from the harmonies and contrasts of tints; in its control over perspective, by which it gains depth, richness and variety; in the delicacy of its touch, which enables it to represent the softness of flesh, the leafiness of trees, the imperfect transparency of air, and all the infinite diversity of distinctions which is communicated by distance. Sculpture has but one advantage over it, and that one not highly important—its greater exactness in representing form, and its more numerous points of view.

Compared with music, we find it possesses a far wider range and greater power. The thousand varying expressions

of the human face, the diversity of forms, the endless array of subjects, give it a force and richness which music can never hope to attain. Its conceptions are greater, its execution far more distinct. It speaks to the heart through the eye—a nobler organ than the ear. Yet it wants the vagueness, the bodiless spirituality of music—that power which, penetrating our inmost natures, “bears us away into infinite spaces, plunges us into ineffable reveries.”

Poetry is the only art to which it is compelled to yield the palm; yet it has powers which even poetry does not possess. Poetry, by the magic of words, recalls the emotions, and, indistinctly, the images of some remembered scene; but they are like the figures seen in the smoke arising from an enchanter's censer, dim, and, it may be, all the more powerful for being dim, since they set the imagination of the reader at work to reconstruct for itself those forgotten glories. Painting, on the other hand, brings back to the eye the very forms themselves, clothes them in their remembered hues, reproduces them, in short. Music bewails—Poetry remembers—Sculpture restores—Painting reanimates the forms of those we have loved and lost. Painting has, therefore, for the physical, a distinctness and directness which poetry lacks; but, on the other hand, poetry has a world of emotion and philosophy, and grand ideas from which painting is for ever excluded. Michel Angelo himself could not reach the majesty of Corneille's “*Qu'il mourut*,” nor could the pencil of Raphael portray the anguish of the crazed Ophelia. It requires the magic of words to do justice to these magnificent ideas. Dumb forms and colors are powerless to express them.

What, then, is this sphere of painting, and what is its ultimate aim? To this we shall have as many replies as there are critical voices. Some will tell us that it is the imitation of nature; that when this imitation rises to absolute deception, the height of art is reached. This, however, is but a low and vulgar standard of perfection; because it excludes all intellect, and reduces the painter to the level of a Chinese copyist. According to this notion, he who succeeds

in deceiving a visiter by the picture of a crumpled pamphlet hanging against a door, or by a representation of a cracked glass covering a print, has accomplished all that could be asked of him.

Low as it is, this notion of art is very general. Even antiquity lends its voice to the monstrous delusion. That silly old story of the contest between Zeuxis and Parrhasius, is a mere embodiment of the notion. Zeuxis painted some grapes so well that the birds came and pecked at them; while Parrhasius represented a curtain so successfully, that Zeuxis asked him to remove it, in order that he might see the picture beneath it; and acknowledged himself beaten, inasmuch as he had deceived only the birds, whereas his rival had imposed upon him. The probability is, that this story had its origin in some gossiping brain like Plutarch's; for the man who could have used the art that Zeuxis did, in combining the beauties of the virgins of Crotona "into one immortal feature of loveliness and perfection," could hardly have erred so egregiously in his estimate of art as this story would seem to imply.

There is, however, a department of art in which this close imitation is the only object; in which no idealization can be permitted. Art serves frequently as the handmaid of science, and reproduces for the student the forms which the eye, the knife, or the microscope has discovered. In these cases, the sole object of the artist is to copy, with the utmost possible exactness, down to the smallest minutiae of detail, the forms, colors, surface, and arrangement of parts of the object under examination. This is, of course, a low grade of art, and yet it is eminently useful.

Another somewhat higher notion of imitation, is that which conceives it to be the duty of the artist not to copy faithfully every detail of nature, but only to exercise a sort of selection among the materials which are presented. Were this rule to be generally followed, however, gross discrepancies in form would be the result. We should have a compilation of charms in every work of art, and not an original creation.



The artist's soul could in no wise enter into his productions; every thing would be lifeless, tame, and confused. He who supposes that the glorious statue which enchants the world was built upon such a system of patchwork, is very widely mistaken. Such a collection of beauties might be made, but it could only be after the idea of the lovely totality had been conceived in the artist's mind, that the soul which is infused into it, or even the life which binds its members in a physical unity, could be produced. Expression, life, spirit, unity, are all impossible to the man who works upon so bad a principle of construction.

Another course of reasoning would lead us to believe, that the ultimate end of art is to excite moral and religious feelings, and to insist that the artist should, in all matters, have a religious aim. Now, it is undoubtedly true, that the arts are capable of embodying religious ideas; and those sectarians act very absurdly, who go on the principle that words can express all our emotions. God himself acted differently in his revelations to his ancient people, the Jews. While the words in which his revelations were couched were plain, direct, and powerful, he nevertheless enveloped some of the grandest truths in figures, types, and visible signs. What else was the significance of the magnificent pomp of the temple-service? How, otherwise, shall we explain the wings of the cherubim overshadowing the mercy-seat?

The truth is, the varieties of our emotions demand various modes of expression. Words have a wide range of significance and express many of our mental states, but there are depths of our emotions which they cannot reach. Every one must have felt this, every one must have perceived that there are in his nature profound feelings, which no words can utter but which are awakened by the tones of music and are reproduced by the forms of sculpture and the colors of painting. There are more of these sympathies between our spirits and the inarticulate world around us, than have been dreamed of in the philosophy of a cold and merely intellectual school of metaphysics.

In this manner, then, the arts become handmaids of religion. They express certain emotions, which are unutterable by words, but which are, nevertheless, profound and powerful, welling up from the deepest sources of our nature. Undoubtedly, they can never be substitutes for words, but they can touch the heart in their own peculiar way and words consequently cannot be substituted for them.

There is another sense, in which the arts may be said to aid religion. The æsthetic feeling is earnest, deep and serious. Under the fretted arch of a great cathedral, before its majestic statues bathed in a "dim, religious light," and trembling in consonance with the deep organ tones, an awe fills the spirit and subdues all lighter emotions to a solemnity in accordance with the character of the place, and thereby fits it for the reception of those impressions which religion seeks to make upon the soul.

If, however, it be asserted, that this is the entire and sole aim of art, we must object to so partial a view. It would lead us to the extreme of mysticism, which recognizes nothing artistic, which is not symbolical, and consequently substitutes cold and intricate allegory for nature and feeling. Schlegel carries this notion to a great extent. His general ideas of the scope of Christian art will be found in the following extract from his comments on the "Modern German Paintings exhibited in Rome in 1819:"

"The poet and the musician, especially, should be inspired, but their inspiration is more the offspring of human emotion; the painter's must be an emanation of celestial light—his very soul must, so to speak, become itself illumined, a glowing centre of holy radiance, in whose bright beams every material object should be reflected, and even his inmost conceptions and daily thoughts be interpreted by its brightness and re-modelled by its influence. This in-dwelling light of the soul should be recognized in every creation of his pencil, expressive as a spoken word, and in this lies the peculiar vitality of Christian beauty, and the cause of the remarkable difference between classical and Christian art. The classical is based upon a lofty idea of the living human frame, linked in a certain degree with a sentiment of exquisite human love-

liness, yet not treated as if these principles were of equal importance, but rather giving to the intellectual spirit an inferior and secondary influence; man, according to the early Christian type, still appears in nature, according to the antique idea, like the commanding god ruling over her spirit forms with king-like power; yet physical beauty is here employed but as a material veil, from beneath which the hidden divinity of the soul shines forth, illuminating all mortal life with the higher spirituality of love.

“Even in the choice of subjects for painting, this ray of inborn inspiration, this divine enthusiasm must guide and govern the painter’s decision. A more than earthly aspect, subduing the soul, a state of heavenly illumination and exaltation, an up-springing from the dark night of mortality, like the morning-dawn breaking through the heavy clouds, a spell of love and fascination in the midst of suffering nature, or a flash of intense beauty created from the very anguish of the soul’s despair; such are the peculiar and not merely pleasing themes which afford subjects to the Christian painter, and such is the spirit in which they ought to be rendered. There are, also, it is true, old historical and even mythological subjects, which are not only susceptible of the deeper meaning that the soul demands, but even naturally suggest and give birth to it. Such themes, certainly, need not be excluded from the circle of Christian art. It does not, by any means, require an arbitrary restriction to certain exterior forms and given subjects, nor does its beauty depend exclusively on the observance of particular rules, but rather springs from the all pervading influence of a pure and holy devotion. All mere representations of the outward frame, taken without reference to the spirit, are but dead forms, mute and inexpressive. The spirit never remains attached, in motionless union, to a lifeless frame, and the soul-inspiring principle of intellectual development, like the restless pulse and throb of natural life, aspires unceasingly, without weariness or lassitude, to the eternal goal it has in view.”

Now, it cannot be denied, that there is much sober and just criticism in all this; yet its tendency is the extreme of which we have just spoken. Schlegel, himself, is an example in point. It is only necessary to read his criticism of the *St. Cecilia* of Ludwig Schnorr, to be convinced of the truth of our observation. After having satisfied himself that the

“motive or ruling feature” of the picture is “affectionate sympathy with the human heart in its struggle for the attainment of holiness,” he goes on to interpret the picture as a symbolical work of art.

“The saint is clad in a green robe falling round her in ample folds, and confined at the waist by a golden girdle; her right arm is encircled by two golden armlets. The robe is *emblematic of the sphere, its color of the earth*. The girdle is an emblem of activity—gold, of the most refined and exalted purity. The golden girdle, therefore, indicates that the saint desires to see the hearts of those who commend themselves to her intercession elevated to a state of the utmost purity and perfection, and as, in this anxious labor of love, her thoughts are constantly engaged by our low earthly sphere, *her feet are seen below the drapery of her robe, and the narrow black fillet, by which the Roman sandals are attached to them, symbolizes the darkness of that world of sorrow, towards which they are supposed to be sinking*. Her light brown hair is represented as flowing in rich tresses, like delicate streamlets, far over her shoulders, to indicate the living abundance of her spiritual strength and loving sympathy. The right arm is the emblem of labor and exertion, the left of longing and desire. For this reason, her left hand is seen resting on her bosom, the pure shrine of holy love, in which the glorious name of the Eternal is indelibly impressed. Attributes, such as these, soaring so far above the ordinary course of nature, like that mysterious name, which sparkles in delicate radiance upon the bosom of the saint, invest any picture with all the characteristics of a symbolical representation. Similar allegories, though treated upon contrary principles, may also be traced in the compositions of pagan art. The two golden armlets, that encircle the right arm of the saint, one on the wrist, the other confining the drapery on the upper part of the arm, bear, in accordance with the explanation given above, a two-fold signification, *indicating purity of heart and holiness of life*.

“The stainless perfection of her own nature, and the victory it wrought for her, are typified by the golden diadem and the myrtle crown on which it rests. Her brow is crowned with light, and, indeed, the entire figure is represented floating in a halo of glory, the quenchless flame of holy love; but beyond that bright circle, we see another line of light, not the pure, colorless beam of heaven, but the broken, fitful



ray emanating, as it were, from that earthly abode of sorrow, to which she is bound by the powerful impulses of pity and affection, the changeful glory of the rainbow, emblematic of reconciliation and pardoning love, of the mingled bliss and suffering of humanity. The entire centre of the picture is, for the same reason, surrounded by a similar but wider and more extended circle of light, descending even below the feet of the hovering figure. And, as the seven eternal, harmonic tones, which, form the fundamental harmony of music, in life as well as in science, are symbolised by the hues of that many tinted bow, formed of the broken rays of original light, or rather of tear-drops shed by created nature in the ocean of infinity, and broken and divided in the play of the sun-beam; so the artist has represented the symbolic organ in the foreground of the picture, glimmering through the reflection of the rainbow, thus striving, by the adoption of every artistic intimation in his power, to clothe the impalpable idea with reality, and, in working out his conception, to carry the tangible representation to the extremest verge of idealism."

If the artist really intended all that the critic has discovered, he has certainly wasted his time, for no other spectator could have perceived it. Even Retzeck's beautiful symbolical sketches usually require his running commentary in order to enable us to appreciate their merits. In his "Phantasien and Wahrheiten," for example, it would be impossible to have reached the Protestant meaning of the sketch of the kissing priest without the accompanying letter-press. Yet his allegory is not so abstruse as that made out by Schlegel, in this picture of St. Cecilia, in which the reader would suppose the painter to have had no perception of harmony of color, and to have done nothing to attain it, but to have been guided entirely by a system of hieroglyphics peculiar to himself and his expositor. Barry, in his lectures, has some excellent remarks upon this sort of painting.

"The *allegoric* has been adopted in order to substantiate intellectual subjects, by giving them such a form and body as may make them known to our senses. But this method of allegorizing, whether it be simple and carried through the whole composition, or of the partial and mixed kind, when it is blended with historical fact, is in both cases so extremely

liable to be misused, that it can never be safely meddled with, but by men of much discretion and judgment. Even some of the greatest artists have been deservedly censured for the obscurity of many of those emblematic and allegoric refinements which they have sometimes wholly, and often partially, employed in their compositions. Many parts of Raphael's picture of the Jurisprudence are at present unintelligible. His two large figures of Justice and Meekness, in the Hall of Constantine, are in the same state; with respect to idea, they present nothing but a blank to the mind. The same may be said of many things in the galleries of the Luxembourg and Versailles; and what from the confusion occasioned by ill-directed flattery, and the jargon of far-fetched and over-refined allegory, the ceiling of Whitehall does actually present no subject to the mind of the spectator. Associations of mere local, temporary notions, are too mutable and evanescent to serve as a durable basis for the sustaining of symbols and allegorical personages. When the allusions of resemblance do not obviously consist in the things themselves, but in a kind of arbitrary compact, which are (like mere words) confined to a limited number of persons, places and times, there is great likelihood of their soon perishing. This truth is sufficiently evident in all the arts, as well in those which depend on language, as in those which employ forms, although it has been of more fatal consequence in the latter; for however justly we might complain of the want of simplicity and true taste in Spencer, and other writers, who had given-in to this fashion of allegorizing, yet, from the nature of language, their ideas will be ever as intelligible as their language; by a word or two properly placed, it was always in their power to carry the reader with them in the highest flights of their absurdity, and though they might offend his taste and judgment, yet his understanding was not darkened. But this matter is quite different in painting and sculpture. If the spectator has not the same range of thought and sentiment which operated in the construction of the work, the labor is lost, and, at best, is but a blank. \* \* \* \*

"There are some few occasions where the allegoric composition may (when in the hands of a wise, ingenious and feeling artist) be adopted in preference to any other. But the student cannot be too often reminded, that when these occasions occur (which can be but seldom) he must in no wise indulge himself in any silly, unwarranted conceits of his own fancy. His invention must consist in the disposition of old, and not in

the creation of new things. The figures and symbols he employs must address the spectators in the language received and well understood, and not in any short-lived emblematic jargon."

If we follow the train of thought with which we commenced this review, we shall be able to reach a comprehensive, catholic view of art, which we could not attain by following servilely in the wake of any one idea. That surely cannot be a sound rule of criticism, which would condemn pictures that have been generally admired by men of taste of all ages. Yet any one of these partial notions of the scope of art necessarily does this. Barry, for example, wholly absorbed in anatomy and the nude, can see no merit in any thing else and condemns, with great severity, Rembrandt, for having "rendered with such laborious, *ignorant* diligence," "the minute corrugations of the mere external surface, the small veins, multiplied wrinkles and trifling peculiarities of the skin." As if these very characters of the surface were not the work of the same nature that moulded the bones, and fashioned the muscles, and built up the deeper structures of the body.

The truth is that, as we have already said, it is the business of art to reproduce the severe or tender emotions we experience in the presence of nature, to awaken the memory of forgotten beauties, to create new forms of loveliness; but, in all its works, never to forget the grand, fundamental principles of taste and right reason.

Taking this view of the matter, we can enjoy the lower as well as the higher works of art, and see the beauty of common things as well as the grandeur of lofty ideals. For in the commonest object of the household there is some symmetry, which is capable of awakening a certain degree of pleasurable emotion, and about the homeliest utensils there can be thrown an atmosphere of domestic sentiment, which elevates them above the meaner uses of their daily drudgery. Or, if they be used only as studies of the delicate gradations of light and shade, the ethereal fluid which makes them visible, invests them with somewhat of its own dignity. Hence pictures of

still-life always please us, because they show us that beauty in ordinary objects, to which our familiarity with them usually blinds us.

The same remarks apply with greater force to fruit and flower pieces. The elegant tints and graceful forms of these exquisite children of the soil, delight us at all ages, and a faithful copy of their delicate beauty, fascinates every spectator, whose heart is not steeled against their influence, by some cold critical formula. Schlegel does not condemn this *genre* of painting, (how could he ?), but he intimates that its subjects lose all their significance, when detached from his emblematic groups. How can they lose their significance, which is only beauty and nothing else? Undoubtedly, they may be made to signify a variety of things, and this rage for giving them another meaning, than that which of right belongs to them, has crowded young ladies' tables with the dreary inanities of Floral Lexicons and their kindred literature. Setting aside a few happy poetical conceits, the attempt to give them emblematic significance, has resulted in mere empty twaddle.

The Christian symbols, of grapes and wheat, are sufficiently intelligible to us, but they owe their significance altogether to a conventional arrangement, which has associated them with the great sacraments of the church. The passion flower has its significance, too, originating in one of the most beautiful legends of the middle ages, and no one would be willing to trample out the sweet associations, which have, for so many ages, hallowed its delicate form. We still wish to believe, though we know its falsity, the charming story of its origin, which tells us that the sorrowing disciples, wandering away from the bloody city that had just witnessed so awful a sacrifice, found the hill-sides of Judea all covered with those mementos of the Saviour's death, each telling, in its mute emblematic way, the melancholy story.

All these, however, proceed entirely from the principle of association, which indeed humanizes the various objects of nature, and gives them a tenderness which they do not pos-



sess of themselves. But beauty is above all this and independent of it. This principle addresses the affections and is mutable, each age and nation, we might say each individual, associating peculiar ideas with the different objects about them. Beauty, on the contrary, addresses the æsthetic faculty, and is eternal, always powerful to reach and influence the inner nature of man. If the rose, at one time, denotes earthly love, at another serves as the memento of martyrdom, and again becomes the emblem of secrecy, its own character is not at all changed by these fleeting associations. Its queenly beauty remains the same and speaks in the same language to men of all nations, and of every tongue. We do not wish to deny the power of this principle, but only to show that it is distinct from pure and simple beauty. The artist would do well to avail himself of it, but he should always remember its mutable nature and short-lived influence. He should seek rather to appeal to the sentiment of beauty, to re-produce the charms of the actual flowers, and so to establish his work upon the firm foundation of fixed principles.

Imitation is manifestly admissible in such works of art as these. Indeed, they are incapable of improvement, and the artist here follows humbly in the footsteps of nature, content to be her interpreter. He has, indeed, the power of selection and arrangement. He may contrast and harmonize forms and tints, may, to a certain extent, infuse his own individuality, into his pictures, by his method of treatment, but it is essentially requisite that he shall faithfully copy what is presented to him, even with botanical accuracy.

If from flower painting, we pass to landscape, we shall find that the art becomes more important, and that nature, though not lost sight of, is more modified, than in the simpler styles. Here *imitation* is no longer admissible. It would be absurd to attempt to draw a tree, leaf by leaf, and bough by bough. Were this to be done, the life-time of Methusaleh would not suffice for the production of a single picture. Besides, at a little distance, we do not see foliage in its distinct and sepa-

rate features. We view it in a mass. We see the result of the multitudinous forms, which compose it, in the broken outline, the trembling shadow, the open form revealing the sky beyond, and the admirable mixture of strength and delicacy, arising from the firm contour of the branches and trunks and the flickering tracery of the leaves. In the distance, again, we see foliage as well as rock, in mass—the distinct outline softened by atmospheric haze, and yet permitting the difference between the two to be unmistakeably discerned. This aerial perspective, this light veil which is drawn over all objects and which thickens as they recede from the eye, constitutes one of the chief studies of the landscape painter. Analogous to this, is the representation of the sky, which is too often portrayed as a flat surface, whereas, in reality, it is an immense dome, in whose unfathomable depths reside all the glorious company of heaven. A limited portion of this vast profound, is occupied by clouds, which float at different depths, in the clear abyss. Of course these delicate forms must be modified by distance, just as more solid objects are, the same veil, which obscures their outlines, diminishes the sharpness of those of the clouds. Nor only this, but the lower clouds, being subjected to the presence of a dense atmosphere, have a more defined form than those which float higher in a rarer atmosphere, and are allowed to spread themselves in longer trails.

The landscape painter also enters into all the detail of the grander forms of nature, the broad expanse of water, the glittering leap of the cascade, the sullen plunge of the stormy sea, the bright shimmer of the sun-lit lake. He has to portray the solemn majesty of mountains, their thunder-shattered peaks, their snow-crowned brows, their wooded sides, with all their dells and bosses. He has also at his command, the magic of light; the rosy morning; the sunny noon; the pensive evening; and all the moods of nature—the brilliancy of sunlight; the sombre hue of the storm; the chequered glory of a clouded sky; the triumphal lustre of the newly cleared heavens, rendered all the brighter for the rain, and

for the sullen scowl of the retiring tempest. The abundance of his materials, while it increases the difficulty of his task, gives a wider field for his imagination, and a greater scope for the display of his taste.

Turner, who had great poetical feeling, has exemplified this in his picture of Eddystone Lighthouse. He has not made a tame copy of the solitary column, throwing an idle shadow over a tranquil, sun-lit sea, but has kindled the light in its lanthorn, surrounded its summit with wild, dark, driving clouds and beleaguered its base with angry, gusty waves. The tower, in such a scene, is no mere formal mass of masonry, but a guardian spirit, bravely breasting the fury of the storm, and benevolently warning the mariner away from the rocky peril.

He can, also, enter into the domain of pure sentiment and tinge his works with the peculiar tone of his mind. Thus, suppose two artists to represent the rude circle of stones, which give such a solemn grandeur to Salisbury Plain. One might see it on a bright day, at a distance, and intent only upon representing what he had seen, might give a picture of the Plain, illuminated by the unclouded sun, with the magic circle in the distance. A gay, unmeaning work would be the result. The other might take his position as near as possible to the stones, so that their bulk would strongly impress the spectator. A receding storm might cloud the distance, and a sudden flash of sunlight might throw a mysterious light over the whole. An aged shepherd, leaning upon his staff, at the foot of one of the columns, would harmonize with the spirit of the picture, since the glory of his life, like that of the incomprehensible stones, is past, and he is alone in the joyless and desolate waste of existence. Thus the painter might introduce his own thoughts into his picture, without sacrificing an iota of the truth.

It is also possible to introduce allegory and history into landscape, as Cole has done, in his celebrated pictures of the Voyage of Life and the Progress of Civilization, but this must be done with great care, for as Schlegel very correctly

observes, "the symbolic will very easily overpower and efface the natural expression in isolated landscape."

Surely, it is the very madness of critical cant, that would deny to such a department as this, admission into the circle of high art. When nature ceases to please, the landscape may be thus excluded. A refined and truly Catholic taste cannot join in any such absurd persecution. Barry, for example, whom no one can suppose to be indifferent to the merits of the historical and symbolic style of painting, declares against these superficial and one-sided notions of art, which lead to such shallow, idle fault-finding :

"There is no department of art, which might not become interesting, in the hands of a man of sensibility. Who does not feel this in the landscapes of M. Poussin? Sometimes verging to sublimity, and always engaging, from their characteristic unity, graceful simplicity or ethical associations. Allowing for a little unnecessary rags and vulgarity, who is not also delighted with the serenity and innocent simplicity of many of the scenes of Bergham, Both, Claude, Swaneveld, and Wilson? The simple, laborious, honest minds, the lowing herds, the smooth lakes, and cool extended shades, the snug, warm cot, sufficient and independent, the distant hamlet, and the free, unconfined association among all the parts of nature, must ever afford a grateful prospect to the mind. No doubt, much of our satisfaction results from contrasting this state of things, with the dark, insidious, hypocritical disguises, the hateful enormities, vanities, affectations and senseless pageantries, so frequently found in the courts of the great in large cities, and it is remarkable that even the elegant Virgil, with all his high taste of natural beauty, had this contrast uppermost in his mind, when he burst out in that beautiful eulogium upon rural life, in his second Georgie:

*"O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,  
Agricolas."*

In this passage, while vindicating the claim of landscape to an elevated place among the productions of art, the eminent painter does not appear to do justice to his theme, since he rests his defence upon too low an estimate of the scope of the landscape painter. Undoubtedly, the imprisonment of a



city, gives an additional zest to our relish of the freedom of nature, but the influence of "the mighty mother" is independent of all that. Nature would sway the hearts of men if cities never existed, and it is to the re-production of the emotions which she excites, that landscape painting owes its power.

Mr. Ruskin dogmatizes upon this subject in his usual peremptory manner. After insisting that Paganism among the Greeks and Romans had no feeling for the beauties of nature, but that all modern love for landscape had come from the sacred writings; he takes up the history of this department of painting, beginning with Giotto.

He makes three eras of ancient landscape painting, which he calls Giottesque, Leonardesque and Titianesque. He allows little merit to these older artists beyond a certain feeling for nature, and a steady improvement in conventional methods of representing her beauty. The *Renaissance*, which he considers a sort of return to Paganism, brought with it he thinks, an eminently artificial state of life and feeling.

Then, just at the time when conventionalism in landscape was about to be done away with, the popular mind had ceased to appreciate and enjoy the beauties of nature and was wholly given over to the fripperies and follies of a social condition which was hourly becoming more and more artificial.

"At the moment when Claude and Salvator made the final effort to paint the *effects* of nature faithfully, the *objects* of nature had ceased to be regarded with affection; so that while people were amused and interested by the new effects of sunsets over green seas, and of tempests bursting on rocky mountains, they entirely ceased to require on one side, or bestow on the other that care and thought by which alone the beauty of nature can be understood. The older painting had resembled a careful and deeply studied diagram, illustrative of the most important facts; it was not to be understood or relished without the application of serious thought; on the contrary, it developed and addressed the highest power of mind belonging to the human race; while the Claude and Salvator painting was like a scene in a theatre, viciously and deceptiously painted throughout, and presenting a deceptive

appearance of truth to nature; understood as far as it went, in a moment, but conveying no accurate knowledge of any thing, and, in all its operations on the mind, unhealthy, hopeless and profitless.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

“It was in such a state of society that the landscape of Claude, Gaspar Poussin and Salvator Rosa attained its reputation. It is the complete expression on canvass of the spirit of the time. Claude embodies the foolish pastoralism, Salvator the ignorant terror, and Gaspar the dull and affected erudition.”

Mr. Ruskin allows his zeal for his friend Turner, whom he regards as the father of modern landscape, to run away with his discretion. He who can see in the landscape of the Renaissance, amid all its affectation, only “a great gap, full of nonentities and abortions; a gulf of foolishness, into the bottom of which you may throw Claude and Salvator, neither of them deserving to give a name to any thing,” is surely sadly blinded to much that is beautiful and true. The delicious, dreamy landscapes of Claude are surely more to the world than “foolish pastoralism;” the wild rocks and their wilder inhabitants, which Salvator painted, inspire something more than “ignorant terror;” and “dull and affected erudition” is certainly not the term to apply to the elaborate learning of Gaspar Poussin.

Of Turner, this author speaks in terms of enthusiastic, we were about to say extravagant, praise. We quote from the Third Lecture of the Edinburgh course.

“This Turner, of whom you knew so little while he was living among you, will one day take his place beside Shakspeare and Verulam, in the annals of the light of England.

“Yes! beside Shakspeare and Verulam, a third star in that central constellation, round which, in the astronomy of intellect, all other stars make their circuit. By Shakspeare, humanity was unsealed to you; by Verulam the *principles* of nature; and by Turner, her *aspect*. All these were sent to unlock one of the gates of light, and to unlock it for the first time. But of all the three, though not the greatest, Turner was the most unprecedented in his work. Bacon did what Aristotle had attempted; Shakspeare did perfectly what

Æschylus did partially; but none before Turner had lifted the veil from the face of nature; the majesty of the hills and forests had received no interpretation, and the clouds passed unrecorded from the face of the heavens which they adorned—of the earth to which they ministered.”

Now, we have nothing to say of the merits of this distinguished artist. We live too near his day, are too much distracted by the eager arguments and impassioned declamation of his friends and foes, to form any thing like a calm, unbiased judgment of his exact position in the great assembly of landscape painters. Bitter detraction and unmeasured eulogy fell to his lot during life, and the feelings which gave rise to both are still kept alive. When both alike have died, then we may be able to get at the truth in reference to his great merits.

There remain to be noticed, two departments of the art, Portrait painting, and that higher class of pictures, which are usually designated as Historical and Ideal, but are more commonly known by the appellation of High Art. It would be manifestly doing injustice to ourselves and our readers, to introduce these important subjects at the end of an article, already sufficiently extended. It is our intention, therefore, at some future day, to devote a separate paper to their consideration.

For the present, we shall content ourselves with having stated the general principles on which all art should be based, and with having thereby laid a foundation for any future remarks on this theme that we may deem worthy the attention of our readers.

ART. VI.—RUTH HALL; *A Domestic Tale of the Present Time.*

By FANNY FERN. New York: published by Mason Brothers. 1855.

NOWHERE is the present activity of the female mind more prominently displayed than in literature. Christianity reclaimed woman from the serfdom of barbarism and the sensualism of Gentile civilization, and modern enlightenment, if not yet permitting her the ballot-box, has welcomed her to the walks of poetry, romance and history; she has free use of pen and pulpit. English literature is especially rich in female authors, some of whom have shown as much force, tenderness and truth, as if they had been born sons instead of daughters of genius. "Penny-dennis" excepted, we know of no modern book more manly, more vigorous, or more impassioned than "Jane Eyre," or "Villette;" and certainly not one, save, perhaps, the finest parts of the "Caxtons" and "My Novel," to compare with the biblical pathos and simplicity of "Ruth," by Mrs. Gaskins. We are also disposed to rank Miss Strickland with any of the chroniclers and annalists of the day, and to place the name of Mrs. Jamieson high on the list of authors of the first rank. But such efforts and such successes are comprehensible, and within the province of difficult possibility. We can believe that woman, restored to speech after centuries of silence, should have something to say—some truths to utter, some secrets to reveal to her mates and her masters; and it is natural that we should listen to the opening of the sweet mouths sealed fast for all the ages since Sappho sang. We can even understand the momentary triumph of "Uncle Tom," (and such black saints are never bred out of the house of bondage.) The dramatic picturesqueness and home-life or nationality of Mrs. Stowe's book, to say nothing of its political interest and eloquent fanaticism, sufficiently explain its sale and popularity. But "Ruth Hall," the title of the book which we have quoted, is another matter. The volume itself, and its immense circulation, are eminently deserving the serious consideration of every Review that pretends to keep pace with the present fruitful steps of time.



“Ruth Hall” contains four hundred small but well-filled pages, parceled into ninety chapters. It is printed in good style, on good paper, in pretty binding, for a fair price. We fear to state the exact number of editions struck off, or copies sold; they are said to exceed those of any contemporary work, and, beyond all doubt, the work has proved an unquestionable and palpable hit. In the other volumes to which we have referred, and in every other book of equal size we remember to have read, there was more or less intrinsic evidence of cause and effect; but here, the cause of the effect is wholly extrinsic—and not merely extrinsic, but apparently non-existent, or so infinitely remote, as to be in reality imperceptible. If any one, after a diligent perusal of “Ruth Hall,” could fathom the secret of its power, and pierce the mystery of its spell, it would spare us the pains of the patient investigation we are now about pursuing. To foretell its success from the untried manuscript, would have been one of the few feats of prophecy vouchsafed to the present generation, and we shall salute such a seer with mysterious awe. If publishers were not in the habit of doing things with their eyes shut, Messrs. Mason Brothers would come in for a larger share of our reverence than we usually bestow upon our fellow-mortals. But, it is comparatively easy, when some impossible deed is *done* by apparently unequal agency, to explain the suggestive and illuminating fact by purely natural causes.

Almost all classes of men and women, almost all varieties of human beings, in every stage of civilization, and every occupation of life, have had books or ballads written or composed for their own especial and peculiar benefit. We presume, that the Pyramids were books in their way, immense folios, it is true, and not happily adapted for circulating libraries, but still lettered with language in which priest conversed with priest. Their standard works took form and expression in the graven obelisk. Athenian literature was early wedded to the plastic spirit of variety, and the sea-shore hymns and the mountain songs swelled into the primitive epic, which branched, in turn, into tragedy, comedy, ode, and pastoral. The performances at the games were as various as the tastes of the spectators. At those delicious feasts,

there was food alike for peasant and philosopher. Rome displayed equal variety. But when manuscripts were of such cost as to be only attainable by the rich, and only sought for by the cultivated, it was essential that a composition worth the parchment and the labor of copying, should be addressed to the highest class of minds, the highest order of intelligences. No matter whether the subject was logic or satire, didactic or dialectic, it was invariably for the highest possible tribunal. The song, the satire, the pastoral, the play, were penned, with most self-denying hand, to suit the exacting and delicate fastidiousness of the most refined taste. The author did his best, not merely from the imperative impulses of genius, but also from the necessity of the case.

When printing gave wings to the creeping manuscript, and instead of scattered torchlight, flashed broad daylight on the world, the same system was pursued. Variety became infinite. Books have been multiplying, with insect fecundity, for four centuries; there are books on every art, on every science, on every pursuit, for all ages, all tastes, and all employments; books on farming, on statistics, on dancing, fencing, boxing; books on the thumb, on the eye, on the hand, on the foot; books on horses and cars—books on every thing. But their authors have steadily adhered to the fundamental principle of writing their best, of addressing the very highest audience they hoped to gather, of speaking to experts in the art they professed to treat of. Every blacksmith and every tailor has his own book; all classes have been written to, all but one have been fairly represented in type. The almost universal ability to read, and the consequent love of reading, have developed, in this nation of readers especially, an immense middle class of ordinary readers of average intelligence. This great middle class is composed four-fifths of women, inasmuch as the hard-worked men of the day have little leisure and less taste for any thing beyond the sphere of the counting-room. Although not entirely overlooked, this mighty audience has been sadly neglected by those who pretend to write for the instruction and delight of society. Thousands of common-place volumes have undoubtedly been circulated, a milk-and-water diet has been abundantly prepared—works of uncontroverted weakness and stale pulseless passion have teemed from every press.

But flat insipidity is not tolerated even by the middle class. "Ike Marvel" came near the mark once or twice, but the "Reveries of a Bachelor" was just a flight beyond *his* audience, and not quite the thing. Until the advent of "Ruth Hall," no writer had hit the nail precisely on the head; the small intelligences were yet without a pet-book, and gleaned but a scanty, precarious subsistence from annuals, albums, scrap-books, magazines and weekly newspapers. And when we consider the difficulty of reaching the sympathetic of this massed mediocrity, how many things must be attained and avoided in the composition of a suitable book, the nicety of casting exactly to their mould, it is not surprising that they were so long ungratified. In such a work, there must be nothing too abstruse or hidden for Nancy's penetration, or Nancy will either be bored to death and vote you an ass, or else shrewdly whisper to herself, "a little beyond my depth," and shrink back to shore. Again, the situations of the book must be such as are within the experiences of William. Is not the man to step out of himself and cultivate new postures? William will never know how to feel in an attitude in which he has never been, nor will he sympathize with those who are in such impossible positions. The scene must come home to his own little beat—he will not, he cannot enlarge his circle one inch beyond his daily round.

All the shadowy, subtle hinting, such as that which redeems "Hard Times" from littleness, must be studiously shunned. To the intellectual middle class, such things are in the nature of mocking side-winks, thumb-to-the-nose, and theatrical asides. Not the voice of a syren, or the flutter of an angel's wing, can lure Nancy beyond her depth. She is quick and sensitive too—she knows that Hawthorne's *Psychology* was never meant for her; she has a disagreeable sense of insecurity and ridicule; she will never extend her hand to pull a flower in such a suspicious-looking garden, lest it should be laughed at as a weed. The work in question must be uniform, all of a piece and cold; no unequal surging, no throb of genius swelling the dead leaves; all must be smooth as an English lawn—the very flowers must not grow beyond a given height. What has Nancy to do with the storm-

gusts of passion that heave and vex the pale governess of Miss Bronte? What has Nancy to do with Lucy Stone's deep, fiery heart, and uncontrollable eloquence? Perhaps, they dimly show her heights she has but guessed of, or depths which her nature has instinctively shunned. Perhaps, they may awake her awhile to a suspicion of her own comparative littleness; for Nancy is humble. But the impression is not a pleasing one—the volume is shut in the middle. *Terra incognita!* Nor will William believe any of those grim truths which steadily front a full-grown man until they force conviction down his throat. Talk to William of the clinging of beauty to deformity, of the myriad delusions of love, he will cry “pshaw!” for he has wandered through life, as well as you, with his eyes open, and he knows that she who loved him, loved him alone—that he was never unfaithful or dishonest, and that no one who was dear to him ever wept a tear for Burke, who died in the gutter.

Our book must be pious and truthful—virtue must be applauded and vice condemned; for, praised be the Heavens, most of those who sit at our city hearths or feed the smoke that curls from our country cottages, have good and pure imaginations—they have no relish for the impurities of Sue, or the heartless worldliness of Hugo, or the sublimated sensualism of Lamartine, or the poetic voluptuousness of George Sand. They are christian in heart and soul; they prize honor more than life, and will never affect to countenance immorality in any shape, or sneer down the sacred household truths at the bidding of one who would ruin all that renders life holy. Nancy is pious, she goes regularly to church twice a day, not to be looked at but to pray—she has sweet prayers to utter and she will not be cheated out of her faith. But the book must not be too ascetic, because Nancy is no recluse—she has other and abler texts for meditation than can ever be supplied again—she will not listen to long sermons, under the name of light reading—she likes a little fun as well as the next one, and though perfectly impervious to humor, she has an undeniable eye for wit. To achieve such a book—a book demanding all these varied elements—a book so systematical and equal—a miracle is required—a miracle, such as the publication of “Ruth Hall,” the miracle



of *inspired mediocrity*. It is inspired mediocrity alone that could have produced this wonderful work; inspired mediocrity revealing its hallowed secrets and visions to the small intelligences. Ruth Hall, complies with all the conditions demanded by the middle class; it is rather every body's experience; it is pious, pathetic, funny, and dramatic—it is equal from first to last—never rising above the key note, never sinking below it; always intelligible; always correct and proper; not one new thought is introduced from first to last; the heroine is within the scope and reach of every honest woman, the hero is within the grasp of every honest man. The villains, are every day villains, to be met with in every square and on every wharf; there is nothing astounding, nothing incredible, and to crown all, virtue is seen to bring its own reward. The story of "Ruth Hall" might be well told by "Punch Headings," illustrated by Leech; twenty lines so illustrated, would tell the whole tale, and vastly more. The scene opens the night before Ruth's wedding day; she had been "very plain," as a child, "odd and queer," as most heroines are, now-a-days, in fiction as well as fact. But she improved so much at boarding school, that her exquisite brother, Hyacinthe, declares "'pon honor, she has made a narrow escape from being handsome." We doubt, whether that face ever existed, which did not, at times, discover in itself, an approximation, at least, to its own ideal of beauty. Ruth marries Harry, a noble looking fellow; as indeed, all Harrys seem to be in the bridal mind—"his manly form, dark eye, chisselled lips and swelling throat." The charm, or exact meaning of "swelling throat," we do not profess to understand. It may, perhaps, have some relation to the heavy Greek chin and massive under jaw. She experiences an odd sensation, (and here is a touch of genuine nature,) "to see that shaving brush and those razors lying on her toilet table! Then that saucy, (dear, fascinating *saucy*!) saucy looking smoking-cap, those slippers and that dressing gown, those fancy neck ties, too, and vests and coats, in unrebuked proximity to her muslins, laces, silks and de lanes." Her sorrows, as well as her joys, commence at the altar. Her father-in-law is a heartless miser and her mother-in-law, of course, jealous of her influence over Harry.

Her own mother in heaven, her own father an improvident spend-thrift, and her own brother a conceited fop, she has no resource but in her handsome husband. She remains awhile in patient martyrdom with Harry's parents ; a tiny wail is heard ; Ruth is a mother, the world is richer than it was. Harry is revolving plans, for a separate home, for his little family—a country cottage five miles from town, amidst gray rocks, and drooping elms, and bees, and humming birds, and sweet briar, is provided. The swift seasons come and go, and life leaps lovingly on in that tranquil resting place. But the snows of the first winter whiten little Daisy's grave—their first child is dead and the mother is, for the first time, presented in her deep grief. But a second and severer trial awaits Ruth. Harry is ill with typhoid fever—his powerful frame is unstrung. Ruth is never absent from his side ; his father is also there, with the indifference of a demon, and the imbecility of a man, predicting Harry will never get better. He is dead and Ruth, with fearful calmness, wipes the death-damp from his brow and the oozing foam from his pallid lips. After his burial, her poverty and trials begin in earnest ; it is a struggle for bread with an unusually unsympathetic world. The old people, who have always regarded her with mysterious antipathy, which crabbed old age, sometimes evinces for suffering youth and beauty, squabble among themselves how to get rid of her, and finally succeed in washing their hands of the unprotected widow. They would have kept the children, but the mother had some ridiculous cleaving to them, so let her take the consequences of her folly. She will soon be brought to her senses. Harry's mother doubts the last fact, however, for she has discovered, and her remark is a profound one, that whenever you meet " a blue eyed, soft voiced, gentle woman, look out for a hurricane."

Ruth and her children are in a tall, dingy New York boarding-house—companions of clerks, market-boys and apprentices, where soiled table cloths and sticky crockery, oily cookery and bad grammar predominate, kept by the Skiddys, one of the many families created by Dickens. She applies to her father for money to pay her rent, receives a dollar and much abuse ; her little Katy meets a gentleman in the street, who remembered her tall, handsome, black whiskered father, and gives her *one* bank note in his

name. The amount of the bill is not specified, but we wish it was as large as Becky Sharpe's *one* note. The mother is waiting for the little daughter's return, enjoying the view from her one window. The prospect here presented, is so life-like, so characteristic of New York, and so happily executed, that we shall insert it as a specimen of what inspired mediocrity can sometimes accomplish :

"Katy had been gone now a long while. Ruth began to grow anxious, she lifted her head from the pillow, took off the wet bandage from her aching forehead, and taking little Nettie upon her lap, sat down at the small window to watch for Katy. The prospect was not one to call up pleasant fancies. Opposite was one of those large brick tenements, let out by rapacious landlords, a room at a time, at griping rents, to poor emigrants and others, who were hardly able to prolong their lease of life from day to day; at one window, sat a tailor, with his legs crossed and a torn straw hat perched away upon his head, cutting and making coarse garments for the small clothing stores in the vicinity, whose Jewish owners reaped all the profits. At another, a pale-faced woman, with a handkerchief bound round her aching head, bent over a steaming wash tub, while a little girl of ten, staggering under the weight of a basket of damp clothes, was stringing them on lines across the room. At the next window, sat a decrepit old woman, feebly trying to soothe, in her palsied arms, the wailings of a poor sick child. And there, too, sat a young girl, from dawn to dark, scarcely lifting that pallid face and weary eyes, stitching and thinking, thinking and stitching. God help her. Sometimes the face was young and fair, sometimes it was wan and haggard; but never without the stain that the bitterest tear may fail to wash away, save in the eyes of Him, whose voice of mercy whispered, "Go, and sin no more."

"Still, tier above tier, the windows rose, full of pale, anxious care worn faces—never a laugh, never a song, but instead ribald curses and the cries of neglected children. From window to window, outside, were strung on lines articles of clothing, pails, feather-beds and torn coverlets, while up and down the door steps, in an out, passed ever a procession of bare-footed women and children to the small grocery opposite, for a pint of milk, a loaf of bread, a few onions or potatoes, a cabbage, some herrings, or a sixpence worth of poor tea, a pound of musty flour, a few candles, or a peck of coal—for all of which these poor creatures paid twice as much, as if they had had the means to buy by the quantity."

This is incomparably the best written passage in the book, and was drawn from nature, with a firm, correct hand. It is a favorable specimen of that studied word-painting, which sometimes passes for genius, and is poetic and picturesque withal. Its effect is heightened by coming in the midst of feebly conducted and unnatural dialogue, bits of originality, sentiment and scraps of pointless satire. Ruth applies for needle-work, but not very successfully, and after that presents herself as a candidate for a teachers' vacancy, in the Fifth Ward Primary School—she was rejected because she had studied out of Webster's Dictionary, instead of Worcester's. Ruth changed her lodgings, with a view to still more rigid economy, hires a room without board from Mrs. Waters, another character extracted from Dickens' immense repository of puppets ready-made. A thought strikes her—how odd it never occurred before—why could not she not write for the papers? Like the rake's last refuge, divinity now dawned the starveling's last hope—"newspaperial" celebrity. Hyacinth, (supposed to be Willis with how much truth we know not, as it is a feature in the sale of the work)—Hyacinth discourages her and advises some unobtrusive employment. But a bitter smile disfigures her gentle lip—she *feels* she *can* do it, and *will* do it! There will be scant meals, and sleepless nights, and weary days, and a throbbing brow, and an aching heart—but it shall be *done*!

She clasps her hand over her heart—a hot tear falls upon her cheek—a bright spot burns on her temple—her eye glows like a star, *mediocrity is inspired*! She writes; she wanders about the streets, looking into office entries, reading signs, and trying to gather from their hieroglyphics some light to illumine her darkened pathway. Day after day is only chronicled by repeated failures—the fare is meagre and the purse empty. Employment is found at last and Ruth's mss. is accepted at the office of the Standard; an article of hers is to be published in the very next issue.

Before its appearance a kind Homœopathist (gentle spirit of Hahneman befriend us!) cures her little Nettie. Her eldest daughter Katy, who has been on trial at her father-in-law's is returned, found deficient in business talent. Her first articles under the signature of "Floy" are copied into all the Exchanges. She has



bread to give her children—she drives bargains with editors—is familiarized with stale tobacco smoke—Hyacinth grows jealous; she receives complimentary letters from John Stokes, and endearing communications from Mary R——. Her children spend their first miserable endless day at school, the editor of the Household Messenger pronounces her a genius, she writes four pieces a week for the Standard and Pilgrim—ah, could he secure her and have those four condensed into one for the Household Messenger! He writes respectfully, she replies sisterly; he answers, offering triple pay; she rejoins at once, accepting it. Her discarded publishers are indignant; a long correspondence ensued. Mr. Walter is put off; letters multiply from all quarters, from north and south, east and west; her autograph is repeatedly solicited; her hand and heart are more than once fervently sought. The longest chapter in the book is a phrenological examination of her head for the benefit of Mr. Walter. But the butterfly-life of the “news-paperial” contributor was not enough for the soul of inspired mediocrity. She must write a book. The book is written and published, it sells freely, her fame and fortune are made, widowers sigh for her hand, gentlemen of fortune request her to sit for her bust to be grouped with those of the Hemans and the Landon. The production and triumph of “Life and Sketches” is the grand climax to which “Ruth Hall” had been tending. And that grand fact happily performed, the volume expires, giving birth to the inner book. Hyacinth is proud of his sister, her parents are astounded into love, and the heroine departs, wearing by way of a flag, a printed certificate of a hundred one hundred dollar shares in the Seton Bank.

We think we have fairly and conscientiously presented an outline of this celebrated work. We would imagine that it required the touch of genius to spread such meagre incident over a surface of four hundred pages, in a way to captivate a rational being’s attention from first to last. Such a fact would appear to require burning eloquence, artistic finish, dramatic power, pungent wit, and resistless humor, all of the highest order. A bright intellect, proud in its conscious power, would glance contemptuously at “Ruth Hall,” and promise to dash off twenty such barren trifles

a year. But, oh! the pity of it. Genius could never produce such a book from now till dooms-day. Genius could never keep the heroine so remorselessly within reach of every damsel whose first literary dreams are dawning. Genius could never conjecture what mighty charm lurked for the million poetesses of the land, in those tributary letters from Billy Sands, and Thomas Pearee, and Kitty. Genius could never have forgotten and lost sight of the woman Ruth in the authoress Floy, and parted from her with that triumphal wave of the Seton Bank stock banner, an exit more impressive than Fanny Kemble's from Niagara. For all these things, the miracle of inspired mediocrity was needed. Genius never could have invented those short and deliciously small chapters, deposited as careful mothers deposit a tea-spoon-full of preserves in a bounteous margin of white plate; genius could never frame those delicate chapters, so exquisitely with choice sentiments, fringing the dialogue like a border of flowers! Genius could never point those same pet chapters with initial or final exclamations, recorded in isolated and independent beauty such as "Ruth liked it!—Ruth sleeps!—Fate folded her hands! Hark to the Sabbath bell! Oh vanity, thy name is William Sterns!"

The miraculous power already mentioned, was alone equal to this. Genius, with all its daring, would never have ventured to lasso in characters hap-hazard from the herd, at such a fearful rate; and great as is its power of taking up and dropping its creations at pleasure, it will not part with them until it has given them a sure but brief impress of its fiery seal! Genius could not possibly make so much and get so little of the wet nurse, of the predictions of the step-mother respecting the probable loss of Ruth's hair; of the critiques on Harry's summer-house and parlors, *fragrant* with wild flowers; of the parental persecution of Pat, the Irish gardener; of the counting-room of Tom Develin; of the intended, but postponed visit of the two fashionable ladies to Ruth's poor boarding house; of the compulsory parting with Harry's old clothes; of the proposition to buy Harry's coral pin; of the California flight of Mr. Skiddy; and, last of all, so much and so little of brother John Walter and sister "Ruth Hall." Genius would eternally be either above or below the mark—dodging round and

round, hovering about, high and low—but never exactly right. Genius may fume at the golden success of “Ruth Hall” and fancy that it could go and do likewise; but, never, never, though its heart broke in the effort. Never, even though urged on by the trim spurs of starvation and inspiration will it be able to accomplish such a work. There would be rough ugly diamonds instead of that glittering string of inflamed paste. “Fanny Fern” has not lowered her flight one inch to gain her hearers—she has flown at the top of her bent, to just the very elevation required—neither high nor low—but even on—straight ahead. Nancy is never once puzzled, William never once drawn out of himself. The small intelligences have it all their own way from preface to exit. How much of auto-biography may be found in the work, we know not, inasmuch as we have no inkling of who is meant by the vegetable pseudonym of “Fanny Fern.” But there must be much self-infusion in the book, or even inspired mediocrity could not have so completely forgotten and merged the woman Ruth in the authoress Floy. From the commencement of her literary career to the publication of “Life and Sketches,” Ruth Hall ceases to be an interesting woman. To be sure, she had done or said nothing particularly great or astonishing before, but from that moment the sympathy excited by her sorrows ceases and is expected to give place to admiration of her success. Ruth does absolutely nothing but write. Letters from publishers, and lovers, and admirers compose the last third of the book. She is nothing but a woman who has perpetrated a book; as if that astonishing merit, like the birth of a child, was the crowning feat of her existence—a final catastrophe, a wondrous development. We, therefore, imagine that Fanny Fern having embarked so faithfully in auto-biography, refrained from self-praise and extollation, although she has continued to give an equivalent for her own silence, in the phrenological examination and in the adulatory epistles so freely introduced.

Ruth Hall has, also, dodged the whole critical and reviewing world, and gone, right straight, to the homes and hearts of the small intelligences without the aid of endorsers. It was placarded, in the daily papers, as the miracle of the age, as, indeed, it is, and distributed by a thousand carriers, wherever Yankee in-

genuity or Yankee tact could penetrate. The gigantic porters keeping watch and ward at the castle gates against all comers of ordinary size, found this little liberty-gibbet skipping in between their colossal legs. Fanny Fern became famous in a day. Her *Life and Beauties* are already given to a gaping world, and all the newspaperial essays, the first effusions, the dead letters, will probably have a speedy resurrection. All this is well enough once—it is something to have the existence and possibility of inspired mediocrity fully and conclusively established; but in the name of Horace, let it not go on whispering, and posturing, and whining forever, until genuine inspiration, true genius and power are mute. Let mediocrity content itself, with once having made a pleasant story, without plot or incident, with having made attractive the conversations between mothers and children, and enemies and patrons, such as you cannot escape in a morning's business and an evening visit, with having made a heroine of a good, pious, single-minded widow, by marrying her to literature, and making her the mother of a book. We are heart-sick of the crude, hasty, undigested things that pretend to the unity and completeness of books; we are intellectually insulted almost every time we dare to open a work of fiction. It seems to be a hopeless task for any mortal man or woman to wade through the putrid sea of imbecility, now flooding us with books, as numerous and small as shoals of minnows, and emerge with any thing like a respectable prize in hands. It seems impossible, even to obtain a hearing amidst the hum of small voices—this buzz of the bee hive. But let genius once more sing at heaven's high gate, and the sweet notes will reach us even through the uproar; let its clarion be pure gold, and its voice clear as the ice-brook of the Samosierra, and it will not speak in vain. There is yet no farewell to literature, the last of the lingering arts, as Hope was the last of the Gods; there is yet amongst the nations, an audience of taste, more appreciative, more rewarding, than even the massed enthusiasts of inspired mediocrity; the audience that now harkens to Thackeray and still clings to Dickens; the audience that thrilled to Jane Eyre, and melted at Ruth, and brooded over the "Scarlet Letter;" the audience that turn abashed and insulted from the presumptuous littleness of "Ruth Hall."



ART. VII.—AMERICAN EDUCATION: *Its Principles and Elements*. Dedicated to the Teachers of the United States. By EDWARD D. MANSFIELD. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

OF all the questions that have been agitated at the present day, few have attracted more attention than those connected with the important subject of education, and, by a remarkable, but not uncommon fatality, no topic of debate has been more disfigured and obscured by blunders of the gravest character. The mistakes alluded to are not confined to mere matters of detail, though here they are sufficiently numerous and mischievous. The fundamental ideas of education entertained by the majority of our people are essentially and absolutely erroneous. If we divest these notions of their surroundings, their rhetorical and poetical disguises, and show them in their unadorned character, we shall see how quickly their falsity will be detected, without the aid of any very profound investigation or elaborate argument.

One of the most prominent of these errors is, as we conceive, the unreasonable confidence reposed in the efficacy of education, and the unbounded advantages expected from it. Pope's couplet:—

“ 'Tis education forms the common mind,  
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,”

so often quoted, that it is familiar to those who cannot claim acquaintance with any other portion of English literature, has been expanded, of late, to a breadth of meaning, which that poet's sound, and somewhat cynical good sense, could never have intended or foreseen. Pope, certainly, as the context will prove, meant nothing more than that the external circumstances to which men were subjected, exerted a modifying influence over their tastes, habits, and pursuits. But this is, by no means, the sense in which the phrase is ordinarily quoted. Open any book, read any editorial, listen to almost any harangue, on the subject we are discussing, and the truth of this assertion will stare us in the face.

Education is expected not merely to mould, direct, and exercise the human mind, but to re-model it and almost to create it anew. It is not enough that it should balance the various faculties and powers of that wonderful creature of the Almighty's wisdom, but it is to revolutionize them, to institute new faculties, and to eradicate old ones; to pull down and to build up, to create, not to eliminate power. By this irresistible agent, the fierce temper of the assassin, is to be transmuted to the loving gentleness of the saint; the insatiable rapacity of the robber, into the active benevolence of the philanthropist. We confess, for our part, we have no faith in any such results. We believe the old story of the scoundrel who picked the priest's pocket at the confessional, to be a very fair exposition of this superficial penitence in the mass of mankind. A temporary change is effected in the outward conduct, but the inner heart is the same. Without is the harmless wool of the sheep, but under it, the sharp fangs and the fierce appetite for blood. To effect any permanent and real change in the human character, we plead guilty to so antique a habit of thought, as to believe something more to be necessary than any mere process of education, how sound soever it may be. The venerable doctrine, of the necessity of the interference of a superhuman power to effect any such result, a doctrine held by so many saints and sages, and illustrated by so many glorious lives, is, to our mind, far from antiquated.

No less extravagantly overrated, are the ultimate effects of education upon society. It is to eradicate superstition, to abolish prisons, to revolutionize the world. Under its benign influence.

“Time will run back and fetch the age of gold,  
And speckled vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous sin shall melt from earthly mould.”

Such is the good time, which, according to these sanguine philosophers, is to be ushered in by the extension of education. But, alas! “where is the promise of its coming, for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were.” Education, such as it is, has certainly become more diffused. At the present day, there are more people in this country who can read, than

there were twenty years ago. There are more pupils, more teachers, more schools, more books—but is there more morality? Has crime diminished? Ask the records of your courts? Has virtue increased? Count the corrupt prowlers in our great cities. Are public morals purer? Look round the nation, and see, each for himself. Observe the shameless traffic in votes, the constant frauds upon the ballot box, which, in some States, have become the rule of elections, honesty being the exception, till the very name *election* seems to be applied satirically, there being so little of unbiased choice in the act. Contemplate the shameful violation of public faith, the absolute and increasing disregard of solemn compact. Go to the Senate Chamber and hear a man, sworn to maintain the constitution and laws of his country, from the very spot which has just witnessed that oath, from lips yet pale with their pressure upon the sacred book that sealed it, audaciously invoke a “higher law,” dictated by passion and interpreted by prejudice, to overthrow and trample under foot that very constitution and those very laws. Worse than all, this is not the isolated case of a solitary man. Thousands endorse his sentiments; thousands of infuriate hands eagerly stretch forwards, contending for precedence, in the congenial task of stabbing their country’s honor to the heart. Does this look any thing like a great advancement in morals, like a great improvement of the heart, like a decided amelioration of the social condition.

Bear with us still further, while we cite two very significant facts. During the preparation of this very paragraph, our attention has been called to two “items of news,” thrown into accidental juxtaposition, by the mere exigencies of “making up” a daily paper. The first of these casual paragraphs is an estimate of the number of public schools in Massachusetts, clearly proving that in this respect she is far in advance of most, if not all the states of the union. The second conveys the startling intelligence, that the state prison of this highly favored people, is crowded beyond all precedent, that after putting two convicts into cells designed for one, the hospital itself has been taken as a place of confinement and accommodation, for the constantly increasing number of criminals. An extension of the building

by the addition of a new wing, has become absolutely necessary. Slightly as these items will be passed over by the majority of readers, they are more than significant of the great moral turpitude existing, in this so called literary state. They made a very powerful impression upon our mind, it may be, because our thoughts were already strongly directed to that very topic. They are particular illustrations of the same great truth, to which our general facts have already given probability. They are facts, which cannot be reasoned away, explained away, sneered away, nor, by any trick of rhetoric, talked down. There they stand, stern, stubborn, inexpugnable, pointing like the hand which wrote upon the wall to a certain deadly truth which lies behind them. It is idle to shut our eyes against them, and persuade ourselves that they do not exist, or that, if they do, they are very innocent, accidental and unmeaning things. Let us then stop a moment to inquire, what meaning lies under their dumb significance. They write very plainly to all eyes, but the wilfully blind: "TEKEL, it is weighed in the balance and found wanting." They declare that not only is education unable to do what is claimed for it by its wholesale panegyrists, but that the prevalent system is, for any good purpose, valueless. In all this darkness, this judicial night we see no streak to harbinger the promised day.

The discovery of so fearful a truth should lead us further, should prompt us to inquire if there be any special reason for this signal failure. Happily for us, the answer to this question lies upon the surface. We have but to glance around us to discover another egregious blunder in most modern estimates of education. The very men who so loudly eulogize it, practically degrade it. They limit it to the mere process of instructing and exercising the mind. The morals, in most of our schools, are totally neglected, beyond an occasional corporal punishment, for the most glaring outrages upon propriety on the part of the pupils. Such a condition of things could not help disappointing the expectations of its supporters. What are we not promised, from the extension of the common school system? Peace, happiness, perpetuity of all the institutions which we hold most dear,—these are the blessings to be secured to us, as we are assured by orators, school commis-



sioners and editors innumerable. But how immeasurably ridiculous do such lofty pretensions appear, when we consider the means by which these amazing results are to be accomplished. What is the instruction in nine-tenths of our common schools? Reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar and geography. This is the full extent of the curriculum. But how can this bear upon the results to be obtained? How much English grammar will it take to purify the public morals? How much geography to teach the nation moderation and equity abroad, and justice at home? How much arithmetic is necessary to teach us the necessity of unity! Is it the rule of three that is to make us one, or are fractions to preserve the union?

The smallest reflection on the nature of man, would be sufficient to show the fallacy of the expectations to which we have alluded. Reason and fact both proclaim the impossibility of effecting any *moral* reform by mere *mental* instruction. A complete intellectual education does but furnish the unprincipled man with so many more powerful weapons to use against his fellows. His power to do mischief is increased, while his evil disposition is not by any means diminished. Such a mode of education as this, would do more harm than good to the community, for, while the scoundrels in it, would retain all their old depravity, they would have gained strength. Take an example. Suppose you were to make an experiment, upon an ignorant petty thief, who steals handkerchiefs and such little things. Give this man instruction, teach him to read and write, enlarge the sphere of his knowledge and observation, without caring to mend his morals, and what will be the result? Ten chances to one, the first use he makes of his newly acquired knowledge, will be to forge a check. But we have need to apologize for dwelling so long upon such truisms as these. Our only excuse is that they are so lost sight of, so hidden and buried, under a mass of false and glittering rhetoric, that it becomes the duty of every true friend of education to disinter them.

Having thus endeavored to clear away some of the rubbish which obscures our subject, let us next proceed to inquire what is the legitimate sphere and true nature of education? Its etymology, founded on what we believe to be a sound judgment of

the real condition of things, furnishes us with an answer. Its business is to *educate*, to lead out, to arrange, in the best possible order, all the powers and faculties of a man, so as to bring him as near, as the capabilities of his nature will permit, to the full perfection attainable by his species. The best educated man, is he who has the fullest use, and the most perfect command of all the faculties, with which it has pleased God to endow him. Of course, we do not expect to make every man an admirable Crichton. There are wide diversities of mental, moral and physical power. It would be as idle to expect to transform a Melancthon into a Luther, or a Keats into a Milton, as it would be to train a consumptive patient to the power and energy of a Samson or a Milo. Yet education can do much. It can strengthen some faculties by exercise, and weaken others by disuse. It can awaken the will to the weaknesses of the mind, that it may be ever on the watch to restrain them. It can so drill and exercise all the faculties of man, as to enable him to put forth his utmost power. This education can do—but it must be no petty, one-sided, single-ideal system. It must come to its task, after mature deliberation, with a full knowledge of the entire nature of man, and a thorough acquaintance with its own strength and the sphere in which that strength is to be exerted.

Man is not a simple being, like the lowest animals, which are mere vitalized automata. He is compound in his nature, made up of body, mind and spirit. By the first, he is connected with the material universe which surrounds him, and from which he is to draw stores of knowledge, for the use and training of his mind. By the second, he explores the secrets of creation, and learns those facts which are to guide his conduct here and hereafter. By the third, he is brought into immediate relation with eternity, with its terrors and its joys, with the Maker and Judge of all the earth. These are the elements which make up a human being, and to all these, must education address itself, if it would fulfil its destiny. It must, therefore, be at once physical, mental and moral. Nor do these conflict, as many pretend to believe. They harmonize completely and thoroughly, and adapt themselves to man and his wants. As the system itself goes on harmoniously, with all its

various elements; so does real education, through all its branches. Though they must be begun and carried on simultaneously, yet in studying them, it is convenient to isolate the different elements and consider them one by one.

Of all the branches of education, none is so profoundly neglected, as that which regards the physical condition. The morals are attended to by the mother and the pastor, even if the daily teacher neglect them; the mind receives some sort of training and discipline; but the poor body is left pretty much to take care of itself, as it best can. This is strangely at variance with the spirit of the age, which busies itself mainly with physical subjects and labors earnestly after physical luxuries and comforts. It was not so among our fathers. They attached the utmost importance to physical prowess. Read the old ballads of our mother country, and see the traits which won the applause of the warlike rhymers of that remote day. It was the strong arm, and the steady eye, the heavy sword thrust, the well aimed shaft, which called forth the enthusiasm of our half barbarian poets. The body was to them a most useful part of man. Wild beasts were to be destroyed, waste land to be reclaimed, ferocious enemies to be repelled. No man, who could not or would not wield a weapon, was safe. Any house might be invaded, any hearth-stone reddened by the blood of its owner. In such unsettled times, happy was the sturdy fellow, whose brawny arm could wield the sword, or bow or spear. No wonder, then, that the only education which was at all esteemed, was that which filled the muscles and taught them how to act. Carefully, were the youths of that day, instructed in all warlike exercises. And what was the consequence? Trained to war, and accustomed to despise every thing which could enfeeble their bodies, or enervate their minds, they were true models of manly vigor. Cased from head to foot, in solid steel, they not only endured the weight, but sported under it. Over the burning soil of Palestine, under a scorching sun, these stalwart old warriors spurred their sturdy horses, hardly lifting their barred vizors during the day. How many of our modern soldiers could, if clad in a complete suit of ancient armor, march five miles in it, much less vault into a saddle from the ground without touching

the stirrups? It is not because the old Norman vigor has left our degenerate limbs. It is not because we are more effeminate and unwarlike than our heavy-fisted sires, but because we take no heed of proper bodily training. Carefully housed from childhood, petted like girls, fed on sweetmeats, caressed and indulged in every whim, what wonder is it that so many of our youths should grow up pale and thin, indisposed to exertion, and wholly incapable of those violent muscular efforts, which formed at once the business and the recreation of our fierce progenitors? If we would improve our physical condition, we must pay more attention to the education of our bodies.

By physical education, we mean that sort of attention to hygienic precepts, that exercise of the bodily faculties, which shall bring them all to the highest possible perfection. Every man, of course, cannot attain the same physical condition. An Apollo Belvidere could scarcely be trained to a Farnese Hercules, though he might be made to approximate that sinewy bulk. But all are capable of improvement. Numberless beneficial alterations can be made in our houses, our churches and our schools. Sleeping apartments can be thoroughly ventilated, so that the lungs may always have an abundance of fresh air. Rooms can be kept at a proper temperature, so that a public assembly need not be a necessary prelude to inflammations, fevers and catarrhs. Benches can be made on a model different from that of the pillory. Knowledge will not flow faster into a child's mind by reason of his body being suspended in the air, on a bench which forbids him to rest his feet upon the floor or to support his weary back. A walk along the promenade streets of our large cities, will show the physical consequence of those diabolical contrivances, the high benches without backs. An anatomist, who looks at people with an eye to their physical proportions, will tell you that not one out of five young ladies, taken at random from all these gay promenaders, has a straight spine. In nearly all, it is tilted to one side or the other, as is betrayed by the inequality of shoulders, not to be entirely concealed from his penetrating eye by any art of the dress maker. Our girls can be allowed to exercise their muscles as efficiently, if not as boisterously, as our



boys. There is no reason that they should be doomed to pallor, to feebleness, to "delicate health" and the thousand and one real and imaginary sufferings, which that phrase implies, merely because they belong to the softer sex. Still further, our diet can be regulated according to the wants of the system, so that all the requisites to a healthy body may be obtained. Such are the reforms which this form of education is capable of introducing.

Nor will this bodily soundness at all militate against the action of the mind, whatever may be thought to the contrary. Indeed, the experience of all men, who have been engaged in literary or scientific pursuits, will sustain the assertion that the mind works to great disadvantage when the body is oppressed by ill health. An aching head, or a giddy brain, or unsteady nerves are wretched preparations for the associations of an author, or the daily duties of the student. The better the physical health, the more readily will the mind respond to any demand upon it. The clearer the brain, the steadier the nerves, the more comfortable the outer man, the more vigorous will be all his mental faculties, the more certain all his intellectual operations. We know that we are running counter to all romance in these statements. We have heard of the active mind, like an over-sharp sword, wearing out its bodily sheath. We know that many a youth has gained credit for high intellectual ability, in consequence of a pale face, induced, in all probability, by tobacco, late hours and hot rolls. This interesting pallor and affecting lankness, may do well enough to attract the attention of very young and very romantic ladies; but it can hardly subserve any other good purpose. Let a man of this temperament enter into competition with a sturdy, robust fellow, in any serious or severe mental exercise, and he will be very speedily distanced. Long after his aching head and burning eyes put an absolute interdict to his labors, his more healthy competitor is unweariedly plodding on, clear in mind and comfortable in body.

Not only does the experience of literary men contradict this notion, but the whole history of literature itself endorses the negation. The greatest names in literature, almost without exception, have belonged to men of sound health. Wherever a sickly

poet has existed, his verse seems to have caught the infection. What a growling irascibility, for instance, predominates in Lord Byron's works. What a morbid sensitiveness in Keats's exquisite fragments. What a depression and melancholy in Cowper's verse, stifling the natural vivacity of the man and dimming his sparkling wit. Besides, these are all second rate poets. The great names in British literature strongly corroborate our opinion. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, these are the mighty poets of England, and they were all healthy men. We cannot read a page of their writings without being thoroughly convinced of this fact. Chaucer's verse, especially, is of that genial, hilarious, almost boisterous cheerfulness, which never accompanies any other condition, than that of complete bodily health. The history of the man and his long and active life bear testimony to the same fact. Spenser, too, was a healthy man. Shakspeare's bluff, burly bust, at Stratford upon Avon, admits of but one opinion on this subject. Milton's temperate habits, and the calm quiet health which they secured him, are well known to all who have read his own writings with attention or who have perused the accounts of him which Elwood has left. If, from the poets, we turn to the philosophers and theologians, the multiplicity of examples embarrasses us. The longevity of men of eminence in the quiet walks of science is proverbial.

Independently of these considerations, the body is a very important part of every human being. Upon its continuance depends the length of our spiritual probation. By its senses, the mind gains information of the outer world. Through them flows into the intellect all the knowledge it can acquire. Without these very senses, which the pure metaphysicians affect so cordially to despise, where would be the happiness of our mortal life? Banish all those pleasures, for which the mind depends upon the body, and our intellectual delights would be few indeed. The glories and harmonies of nature, the lessons of deep import which all things read to us, would be nonentities. No music of nature, or of art, no voices of affection, no tidings, even of the spirit world, could reach us. Selfish, isolated, useless, each soul must develop itself by its own inner and unprofitable expe-

rience alone. In a purely spiritual point of view, therefore, the body needs caring for, since its disturbances induce mental imbecility, and its health is favorable to the development of the utmost intellectual vigor.

Fortunately, however, for us, pure metaphysicians did not have the planning of this world of ours. Fortunately, there is still abundance of occupation for the physical man. There are forests to fell, mountains to level, oceans to cross, continents to span, empires to found. There are wide dreary wastes to redeem from the curse of desolation. Grass must be taught to clothe the bare ribs of the mountain, deserts must be subjected to the plough, and the wilderness is to wonder at new towers, and steeples, and cities arising in its primeval solitudes. Room is needed for the growing population of the world, room here, in this republic, the sanctuary of nations, for the crowds of the oppressed, who are constantly taking refuge under the shadow of the outspread wings.

The world knows this, the age recognizes its destiny. Every where, except in the wild fastnesses of lingering barbarism, and within the charmed circle of oriental despotism, the human mass is moving. New seas bear the unwonted weight of civilized keels. Nations are drawing nearer one another, by improved facilities of intercommunication. Britain laughs at the Atlantic that vainly strives to separate her from us by his multitudinous and boisterous waves, and ancient and decrepid China timidly reaches her feeble hand across the Pacific, to grasp the youthful and sinewy palm, which guards this western land.

Physical improvement is every where the order of the day. Science, art, and labor all select this domain for the exercise of their fullest powers. While the student is daily discovering new properties and hitherto unknown combinations of natural forces and elements, the practical man is seizing upon them and using them for his own purposes. Nature is every hour becoming more and more obedient to man. The sun consents to paint our portraits, the lightning to carry our messages. And how have all these wonderful results been accomplished? By the exercise of physical power, aided, indeed, by mental research. The day then for

physical education has not yet passed away. We need able-bodied men, elsewhere than in the army and navy, and we must have them. We can get them only by a proper system of training.

It forms no part of our design to point out the mode in which physical education is to be conducted. Suffice it to say, that it should include all the functions of the human frame. Having carefully studied the effect of all external and internal influences upon man's physical nature, it should seek to modify and control them, so as to secure the greatest possible benefit to that nature, from the various action of these numerous and opposing agents. Not only so, but the structure and functions of the frame itself should be thoroughly understood, and its various powers developed to their fullest extent. In that way only can physical education accomplish all that can be reasonably expected from it.

To mental education, which is, indeed, the sole object of too many, we shall now direct our attention. Here, again, our views and opinions come in collision with the common practice of instruction. The theories of mental education have been sufficiently numerous and diversified. Thus we have some who believe or seem to believe that the whole business of teaching is to cram the mind with the greatest possible number of facts without reference to their order, connection or natural arrangement. We doubt, however, if any one who has ever really thought of the subject, who has ever presented it fairly before his mind and given it any examination, even the most cursory and superficial, could be brought deliberately to adopt such a theory as this. The majority of its practical supporters, have, in all probability, never given the subject a moment's calm consideration. They float along upon the current of events, passively drifted by it in its rapid course. This notion, nevertheless, does prevail over their minds, though they do not acknowledge it, and perhaps do not know of its existence, and it influences and often entirely controls their practice, giving a singular tinge of humbug to many of our prominent systems of teaching. Springing from this unacknowledged opinion, and resting upon it as a basis of support, we have those pantological establishments in which every thing is taught



from A B C up to universal grammar, from the interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics down to the equally mysterious but less significant pot-hooks and hangers of modern juvenile chirography. These are the institutes that astound old-fashioned good sense and delude unreasoning ignorance by the multiplicity of their studies, and the alarming array of text-books which figure so largely in their circulars and advertisements. Books which demand the full attention of the best drilled minds, which require a thorough preliminary education for their apprehension, are given to children to exercise their "raw and unfledged wits" upon. We have seen Say's Political Economy, and Kaime's Elements of Criticism, and even Guizot's History of Civilization entered on the list of text-books in a school, few of whose "graduates" could construct the commonest English sentence without some egregious blunder of grammar, rhetoric or pronunciation. Yet this school was largely, munificently supported, and a thinking man would be as much amazed at learning the character and standing of the men who were gulled by its lofty pretensions as were the ignorant spectators of its public examinations at the grandiloquent and polysyllabic learning there so cheaply yet so brilliantly displayed. The public, however, not getting behind the curtain, and consequently knowing nothing of the hours and days wasted in drilling classes, and hammering into the pupils' minds isolated scraps of knowledge, which, severed from all connection with any thing that went before or was to come after, lay so much dead, useless rubbish in the children's minds—the public, utterly ignorant of all this, was uniformly delighted, the editorial puffs were always ready, and a full class insured for the following term. One object at least was attained, the proprietors of the establishment grew rich.

Another notion so nearly allied to the last, so intimately connected with it that it is scarcely separable or distinguishable from it, is the opinion that it is the business of primary education to furnish to the pupil the elements of all the sciences which he may be at all called upon to use in after life. To satisfy such impossible demands, we have those petty and contemptible treatises so constantly dribbling from the press, entitled Elementary Lessons,

and compendiums and abridgments of the different sciences for the use of schools. The best of these communicate nothing to the pupil's mind that greatly facilitates the acquisition of those sciences which they profess to teach, while, of the majority of them, a conscientious man cannot even speak so well as this. Most of them inculcate positive error. Made up often in slovenly haste by men whose first acquaintance with science was contemporaneous with the first pages of their book, they cannot contain any comprehensive survey of the subject. From their imperfect apprehension of it, Truth itself transferred to their pages communicates erroneous impressions. They are never safe when they depart from their own text-books, and the only reliable portions of their books are those included in quotation-marks. It is remarkable that the advocates and victims of this system do not see and know that there is a preliminary education necessary here too, not merely a proper mental training to fit the pupil for comprehending the new facts he is required to contemplate, but the actual knowledge of certain fundamental sciences. Time spent upon the higher and more complex studies before the lower ones have been thoroughly mastered, is, for the reasons already stated, worse than thrown away.

The third, and by far the most rational, but unfortunately not the most popular of these theories, is that which regards the true object of early education to be the exercise and drilling of the mind. The intellect, according to this view, is to be made so thoroughly acquainted with its own powers and so completely trained to their use, that it shall be able to exercise its full strength upon any subject to which the will may direct it. This is, undoubtedly a correct and philosophical view of the subject, but even this may be carried to an injudicious and injurious extent. Utility may be entirely neglected, and thus much valuable time may be wasted, which otherwise might be improved, greatly to the pupil's subsequent advancement.

It seems to us that the education demanded for the present time should be based upon the last, varying from its strict requirements so far only as to introduce such modifications as are imperatively demanded by the existing condition of society. While it

should carefully and thoroughly drill the mind, it should also at suitable stages of its progress communicate to the pupil information which he will positively need in his after life. It should not commit the egregious error, which, till very recently, was the reproach of the English universities, of entirely neglecting all those studies which have so completely interwoven themselves with the fabric of modern society.

An important question meets us *in limine*: "At what period of life shall this mental education be begun?" The answer to this question will vary with the ideas entertained by the propounder. If he be one of those who believe all instruction to be shut up within book-covers, or to be identified with the school-room, or to be inseparable from confinement and formal lessons, we answer, the later the better. No such penance should be inflicted upon a child before its seventh or eighth year. The body must have some vigor before it can bear the necessary confinement. The nerves and brain must have parted with some of their early irritability before they can endure the labor which regular lessons force them to perform. Fortunately, however, the true and vital discipline of the mind is not at all dependent upon such aids as this.

Mr. Caxton, in Bulwer's admirable novel, utters much sound wisdom upon this theme. "A mother, sir," says he, "a simple, natural, loving mother, is the infant's true guide to knowledge. I agree with Helvetius, the child should be educated from its birth, but how?—there is the rub: send him to school forthwith! Certainly, he is at school with the two great principles, nature and love. Observe, that childhood and genius have the same master organ in common—inquisitiveness. Let childhood have its way, and as it began where genius begins, it may find what genius finds. A certain Greek writer tells us of some man, who, in order to save his bees a troublesome flight to Hymettus, cut their wings, and placed before them the finest flowers he could select. The poor bees made no honey. Now, sir, if I were to teach my boy, I should be cutting his wings, and giving him the flowers he should find himself. Let us leave nature alone for the present, and nature's living proxy, the watchful mother."

It is this very trimming of the wings, this constraining the child's intellect, while we thrust the flowers that we cull before the mutilated mind, that constitutes the sum of the common education of these tender years. Precious little honey for the future is to be expected from such management as this, whereas, by a judicious training during the early years of life, much valuable "seed for the coming days" may be sown.

Consider what a world of knowledge to be acquired there is before the little immortal. It is ushered into a bright and various creation, which its mind must learn to comprehend and its hands to mould. Those feeble fingers are called upon to wield the sceptre over the lower creatures, that brow to wear the invisible coronet of God's vicegerency upon earth. Who can tell what possible heroism, majesty, and intellectual might lie slumbering under the smiling tranquillity of childhood? Who can tell what beastliness, what brutal ignorance, what selfishness may result from a narrow and misjudging education? Who can tell into what dark and devious paths that budding energy may be shot, or what long series of ages may be illumined by the splendor of that intellect? Much, very much will depend upon the early training of the mind. Its future career gets its direction from that primitive age. The touch of a child may swerve the rifle from its aim, but what force can turn the ball back to its course when it has once left the muzzle? It is the bent of the mind then, and the due balance of its powers, which is to occupy our attention from the earliest date. Dogmatic assertions may be poured into youthful ears and form the basis of their future habits. In unquestioning confidence, the child receives the statements of its parents and instructors. No mental act takes place, no mental faculty but memory is called into play. This is well enough in most instances and would answer our purpose fully, if we only intended to fill the mind with facts and maxims. To exercise it, however, to any advantage, we must do more.

A child's memory is sufficiently taxed during its early years. It has abundance of arbitrary facts to learn. The words of its native language, the physical characteristics of surrounding ob-



jects, the usés and abuses of common things, the fallacies of vision, the complexity of numbers, all throng upon it in irregular bands, in apparently inextricable confusion. The intellect has many an arduous task at this early age to labor under. Yet cheerfully does it assume the burden and nobly does it bear it. Such a complex and varied host of subjects for thought, crowding an adult intellect, would almost fill it with despair. Certainly, it would accomplish little, if any more than the infant mind, if placed in the same circumstances. In view, then, of this inevitable burden, do we act right in laying more upon the youthful mind than is already imposed upon it by the necessities of life? Would not humanity, as well as common sense, induce us to show it some sort of order and harmony among the disconnected facts? The desire to classify facts, to arrange them in a certain order, to generalize them, is very early manifest. It is an inherent, instinctive impulse, which urges the mind, and it will obey this impulse in spite of our injudicious efforts to prevent it. We may, indeed, ultimately stifle this last spark of vitality and reduce it to the condition of a mere sink, into which knowledge flows and settles by its own gravity. Our duty, however, is to encourage the budding reason. The faculty of observation, and the power of combining and arranging different facts, should be assiduously cultivated. The child should be taught to see things and to think about them. While he should be always taught to submit his judgment to his seniors, his mind should never be enslaved. Servility and obedience are totally distinct.

To illustrate our meaning, let us suppose a case. We desire to convey to a child the idea of the spherical form of the earth and its rotation on its axis. Now we may do this in two ways. We may call the child to our side, and tell it in the phrase of the geographical school book: "the earth is round like a ball or apple and turns on its axis once in every twenty-four hours." The child listens with impatience, but finally, thanks to its good memory, repeats the phrase and we dismiss it, satisfied with the first lesson in geography. But what does it know? Positively nothing. In the first place, it has no idea of what the world is, and does not care a pin whether it is round or square. Again, it

neither knows nor cares what an axis is, and is far more concerned about the spinning of its top or tee-to-tum, than all the movements of the spheres. We have evidently wasted our time and labor, and the fault is ours, not the child's. We must always interest the young intellect, before we can instruct it. Coercion does well enough for parrots, but to impart knowledge to rational beings, we must first concede the point of intellectual liberty. The same fact might be communicated in a far different way. Advantage might be taken of a walk to a high hill, or a view from different stages of a height, gradually changed and afterwards combined with views from other eminences at a distance from the first, to impress the young mind with an idea of the magnitude of the earth, and with a curiosity to inquire about what lay beyond the circle which the eye could not take in. Having thus awakened an interest in the extent of the world, the child's attention might be called, first to the position of the sun in the morning, and then to his opposite position in the evening. Here would be two facts, which would appeal strongly to his inquisitiveness. His desire would be roused to know more about it. He should be suffered to reason awhile, before the connection between these facts should be explained to him. The explanation, when made, also, should not only adapt itself to his capacities, but should be so gradual, that his mind should closely follow and even partially work out the several steps of the problem. The advantage of this method is so manifest, that it would be downright waste of time to make any comments upon it.

It is surprising, how much a child, thus left to his own natural inquisitiveness, or gently led, not forcibly dragged along, will learn. It is perfectly easy during the first six years, to acquire a colloquial acquaintance with several languages. We have known children of seven years, speak English, German and Dutch, and we have been surprised at the facility with which a new language is acquired. A circumstance occurs at this moment to our memory. At a manufacturing establishment where Welsh was almost exclusively spoken, Americans came to reside. Their children played with the Welsh children, and without any further instruction than they received in their sports, were, in a few months, able to talk Welsh with as much fluency as their teachers.

During the time which we have allotted to this irregular and incidental, but highly important education, the child will have acquired much that is of the highest practical importance. He is now to be formally set to work. He is to have his set lessons, and his regular hours for study. The young mind, however, should still be directed, not driven. The same judicious medium between absolute despotism on the part of the teacher and absolute independence on the part of the pupil, is still to be carefully observed. Upon the elementary studies for this portion of life, it is unnecessary to comment. They are, of course, to be the same for all pupils, regulated by the rules which guide us in the earliest stages of instruction.

Mental training being the prominent object of education, we should, of course, bend all our energies to the task of making it as thorough and as perfect as possible. Now, there is a time-honored plan of accomplishing this result, which has, of late days, met with much opposition. The study of the classics and of the pure mathematics was, for ages, considered the only method by which it could be obtained. Of late, however, a different opinion has been urged upon public attention. It has been said that the first of these studies, the classics, are wholly useless, that they occupy time which had better be spent on something likely to prove valuable in after life, that all the knowledge and enjoyment attainable from them, can be had at a cheaper rate through the media of translations. The very statement of these arguments furnishes their refutation to the mind of a classical scholar. They clearly betray their origin. No man, who has been properly instructed in these delightful studies, could possibly talk in this manner or use these arguments. Dr. Arnold, the well known classicist, has so satisfactorily answered these objections, and so clearly stated the advantages of the old method of education, that we cannot do better than quote some of his remarks :

“ When Latin and Greek were almost the only written languages of civilized man, it is manifest that they must have furnished the subjects of all liberal education. But although there is not the *same* reason now, which existed three or four centuries ago,

for the study of Greek and Roman literature, yet there is another no less substantial. Expel Greek and Latin from your schools, and you confine the views of the existing generation to themselves and their immediate predecessors. You will cut off so many centuries of the world's experience and place us in the same state as if the human race had come into existence in the year 1500. For it is nothing to say that a few learned individuals might still study classical literature; the effect produced upon the public mind would be no greater than that which has resulted from the labors of our oriental scholars; it would not spread beyond themselves, and men in general, after a few generations, would know as little of Greece and Rome, as they do actually of China and Hindoostan. But such an ignorance would be incalculably more to be regretted. With the Asiatic mind, we have no nearer connection or sympathy, than that which is derived from our common humanity. But the mind of the Greek and Roman, in all essential points of its constitution, is our own; and not only so, but it is our own mind developed to an extraordinary degree of perfection. Now, when it is said that men in manhood so often throw their Greek and Latin aside, and that this very fact shows the uselessness of their early studies, it is much more true to say that it shows how completely the literature of Greece and Rome would be forgotten if our mode of education did not keep up the knowledge of it. But it by no means follows that when a man laid aside his Greek and Latin books, he forgot also all that he ever gained from them. This, however, is so far from being the case, that even where the results of a classical education are least tangible, and least appreciated, even by the individual himself, still the mind often retains much of the effect of its early studies in the general liberality of its tastes and comparative comprehensiveness of its views and notions.

“The study of Greek and Latin, considered as mere languages, is of importance mainly as it enables us to understand and employ well that language in which we commonly think, speak and write. It does this, because Greek and Latin are specimens of language, at once highly perfect and incapable of being understood without long and minute attention. The study of them, therefore, naturally involves that of the great principles of grammar, while their peculiar excellencies illustrate the points which render language clear, forcible and beautiful. Every lesson in Greek or Latin may and ought to be made a lesson in English; the translation of every sentence in Demosthenes or Tacitus, is properly an exercise in English composition; a problem how to express with equal brevity, clearness and force, in our own language, the thought which the original author has so admirably expressed in his.”



It is undoubtedly true that minds, which have been properly trained in the classics, acquire a peculiar tact, which can be attained in no other method whatever. There is a certain keenness of mental vision, a readiness of analysis, a graceful facility of thought and expression, not to be found in persons otherwise educated.

The absolute necessity of the pure mathematics to the understanding of the mechanical arts and sciences, and their acknowledged power of improving the reasoning faculty, render it unnecessary that we should put in any special claim for them.

To us, who are born citizens of a great republic, who are to assist in ruling a great nation, there is another class of studies, not only highly desirable, but absolutely necessary. History is needed to hold her beacon light along our path, to warn us from the rocks and shoals, upon which many a noble ship of state has been dashed to pieces. The history of our own country, of its early settlements, of the struggle for existence with the savages and the French, and the subsequent great struggle for independence, with the British, should be the study of every school boy in the land. Nor is this enough. A far more important portion of our history there is, which is utterly neglected. We allude to the constitutional history of the nation. The various elements, from which this Union sprung, should be exhibited to the student. He should understand the principles upon which the first imperfect confederation of a few Northern provinces was based, and the necessities which gave rise to it. He should trace the instinct for union, growing stronger and stronger, year after year. He should watch the gradual expansion and development of this great idea, and its slow elaboration through the various congresses down to that memorable one of 1776, which first organized American liberty. He should study the painful and unnatural life of the old confederation, and see for himself the incurable congenital disease which killed it. Then he should thoroughly acquaint himself with the state of public feeling and the clashing of the countless views and schemes of government, out of which the present constitution was born. The substance of the debates, in the convention which adopted it, should become familiar to him, and

last of all, he should know the various interpretations which have, from time to time, been put upon that instrument, and the explanatory decisions which have, from time to time, been made by the supreme judicial tribunal of the nation. The book which is to teach this, is yet to be written, and yet a work might be written, which would make all these topics easily comprehended by the advanced pupils of our common schools. It is only after some such instruction as this, that a man is fit to take upon himself all the duties involved in the phrase, "citizen of the United States."

It may be asked, are all youths to be educated in the same principles and in the same studies? Up to a certain point, it is undoubtedly desirable. The training of all minds must at least, at the very foundation, be the same. But is it proper to carry all the pupils of a school through the same route up to its very conclusion, and then turn them adrift upon the community, without any preparatory instruction? The farmer should certainly be taught the elements of agricultural chemistry, of botany, and of other sciences, bearing especially upon his pursuits. The future lawyer should have his attention directed to a different class of studies from the youth intended for medicine. Some attempt, but a very feeble one, has been made to build upon the foundation of an ordinary education, the commencement of the superstructure of the future life. Thus, the boy intended for commercial pursuits is indoctrinated in the elements of book-keeping, and the future engineer gets an insight into the principles of surveying. Beyond this, however, no one goes. The consequence is much waste of time. When a young man goes to learn his chosen profession, he finds himself retarded by an imperfect knowledge of its elementary principles, and he spends time in conning these elements, which ought to have been occupied in immediate attention to the practical details of his business. This is only to be obviated in one way. At the close of a young man's pupilage, he should be taught these elements, and for this purpose there should be established, under the care of competent teachers, a polytechnic school. For such an institution, we believe there is room in this country, or at least there will be, when

the people begin to have more extended and liberal views of education.

It is not, however, sufficient that our instruction should extend itself to the task of training the intellect alone. Such a system would make a cold, hard, dry character. Man has other faculties and other powers in his mind besides the impassive understanding. He has the faculty of perceiving and of re-creating the beautiful, of being raised to ecstasy by the beauties of nature. He has also the imagination, that power by which he combines into a thousand varying creatures the separate impressions he has received from the outer world. He has fancy, by which he perceives countless analogies and subtle resemblances among the objects of his sense and of his thoughts. He has taste, by which he sits in judgment upon these creatures of his mind and enjoys their perfection.

The combination of these faculties constitutes not only a source of great enjoyment, but of power over other minds. We are all so constituted as to be more or less impressed by the objects that surround us. The rudest man has his seasons of high feeling when the majesty of nature descends upon him and translates him for a time from his petty cares and hard unpoetic duties, to a higher and a purer region. To the dullest and most prosaic of mankind there must come moments of more intimate communing with the universe; moments when nature embraces him in her motherly arms and whispers sweet comfort or solemn warning to his spirit. All things then have to him a deeper and more intense significance. The blue sky bends over him its awful loveliness, and seems to him beautiful yet sacred, like a dream of eternity. High mountains then become to him "a feeling," and all nature sheds upon him benign and solemn influence. At such moments he feels that he is a greater and a better man than at the ordinary periods of his existence. He longs to recall them and thanks any one who can awaken within him those purifying emotions. Now it is only that mind which is possessed of imagination, fancy and taste that is capable of touching the chord which shall bring out this dormant melody. Nay, it is the mind only which is to some extent possessed of these faculties, that is capable of experiencing these

emotions in their fullest ecstasy. To the culture of these, therefore, our attention should be directed, if we wish to get the full development of the human mind. The useful or the beautiful alone cannot furnish out a perfect mind, they both must be combined to fill up the measure of a finished man. The useful, as Goethe truly says, encourages itself and cannot be neglected; the beautiful, however, needs to be sought after, for few can set it forth, and many need it. It is to the disregard of this essential part of mental education that we owe so much of the puerility, inactivity and absurdity which is constantly palmed on the public and received by it as the perfection of literature.

But after we have done all this, what have we accomplished. If we have neglected the morals of our pupil, what does it all amount to? An immoral man thus tutored is but "a glorious devil, large in heart and brain." His wisdom, his knowledge, his intellectual power, wielded by a perverse and impure will, become so many weapons of tremendous destructiveness with which to wound the blessed form of truth. These mental qualities are not absolutely good, good in the very essence of their nature, but only good so far as they are used for a good purpose and with a good intent. The fire of genius may be fierce, vivid, deadly, like the lightning, scathing what it glares on, or it may be strong, steady, benign, life-giving, like the spring-sun, calling up from the soil of the heart all the flowers of loveliness and grace and virtue which are its best and brightest adornment.

Nor is intellectual vigor at all comparable with moral force in its influence upon the world. What is the secret of Washington's unparalleled influence over the mind of man? His moral grandeur! What is it which hallows the memory of all those heroes who have poured forth their blood for freedom, which makes them all cosmopolites, kindred of our hearts, whether their bones have mouldered away upon Thermopylæ, or their blood still cries to heaven from the gory soil of Hungary? It is the moral of their death which embalms their memory. In mere geographical and material value, Greece is no more to us than Persia, and Hungary is nothing better than Austria. But in our heart's estimation, one urn of sacred dust from Marathon, one pebble from the valley that rang with



Hofer's rallying-cry, is worth all the inscriptions on the yellow walls of Assyria, and all the stars and ribbons in the gift of Russia. And why? simply because these are the battle-fields of human freedom, simply because the blood that they have drunk was poured out a libation to the sacred cause of Truth and Right. It is their moral power that sways the world. It is this which gives to Kosuth, a needy exile on a foreign shore, more real influence than is possessed by the Imperial Autocrat who banished him.

It is so with the movements of nations. What but a moral power could have sustained the Israelites in that dreary march over the wilderness, so long and weary that the very voices which, on the shores of the Red Sea, wailed forth the feeble cry of infancy, sent up on the banks of Jordan the loud shout which heralded their certain victory? What but a moral power could have brought about the Crusades, that avalanche which swept from the cold hills of Europe upon the plains of Asia? In Europe, kings and barons and people were confusedly scuffling for something, none knew exactly what. In the midst of all their confusion comes a Priest-warrior from far Palestine, and tells them what he has seen in that far off land. The Paynims there oppress the Pilgrim and drive him from the home of his heart. The cry of the Muezzin sounds through the sacred streets of Jerusalem; mosques profane the sanctity of the "Altar of the world;" and the unhallowed feet of a Saracen guard tramp round the sepulchre of our blessed Redeemer, while sneering lips deride his name on the very summit where he consummated his tremendous sacrifice. All Europe feels the wrong. Petty quarrels are hushed, all hearts burn to avenge the daring insult, and soon triumphant Frankish swords are glittering in the courts of the ancient temple. We might cite instances from every page of history to prove the point which these illustrate, viz: that the only force which has ever produced a really great event, has been a moral one.

What but a moral force could have produced that great mental and spiritual revolution to which we are all so much indebted, the Reformation? One of the grandest scenes in all history is that which was enacted at the diet of Worms. On the one side were the great men of the empire, representing all that the world then

had of power, influence or authority. No human might could have added a particle of strength to the overwhelming physical potency which they represented. Emperors, kings, nobles, armies, priests, cardinals and popes, the terrors of ghostly power, and the force of prejudice and custom, and the might of superstitious dread swaying the great masses of the people,—these were the hitherto invincible legions that, visibly or invisibly, backed the assembled states of Germany. On the other hand, on the floor, alone, stood one poor obscure monk, strong only in his own heroism, and in the approbation of God and a good conscience. Calmly did those clear eyes survey the field of battle, and nobly did that brave heart gird itself for the fight—and those great words of his,—“Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise; God help me,” have come down to us, clear and strong above the turmoil of revolutions, still recognized as the trumpet-tones that called up a spiritual resurrection.

Why need we cite the fiery death-beds of the martyrs, at which truth rekindled her extinguished torch, and the contemplation of which drew from John Milton that noble eulogy on the great effects they produced by “the irresistible might of weakness?”

If then, as appears from these hastily collected facts, moral power is so tremendous—has such a terrestrial omnipotence—does it not behoove us to direct it in a safe and proper channel? If to any people this is a duty, it is to us. This nation is an association of kings. Every man has his share in the government, and in precise proportion to the morality of the individuals composing the nation, will be the justice of its government. The central government after all is but the will of the people concentrated and incarnate. If that will be pure and just, the government will be pure and just—if that will be perverse and blind, perverse and blind will be the nation. Let us then go to the fountain-head, let us purify all the streams at their sources, that the great river may flow on pure and bright, beneficent to all whom its influence reaches—giving and receiving blessings as it goes.

ART. VIII.—OBSERVATIONS ON THE HISTORY OF VIRGINIA: *A Discourse delivered before the Virginia Historical Society, at their Eighth Annual Meeting, December 14, 1854.* By Hon. R. M. T. HUNTER. Published by the Society. 1855.

WE give to our readers in this number the greater part of an admirable oration, delivered by Senator Hunter, before the Virginia Historical Society, at its last annual meeting. We do this simply because the matter of the address deserves the widest dissemination, not only among the people of the Commonwealth in which it was delivered, but also among the people of its sister States. Such productions serve the noblest use; they develop that love of country which is the true basis of all national character, by bringing home to our memory and hearts the early history of the people of whom they treat.

Mr. Hunter's discourse is an example, also, of the manner of truly presenting American history to the American people. The progress of our material prosperity has been so rapid, that men hitherto have taken but little time to look backward. Because the nation has grown to greatness, as it were, beneath our very eyes, we are apt to overlook the valuable lessons which may be derived from a knowledge of the beginnings of its prosperity. Now, however, the nation has reached that point which may be termed a resting-place of actual attainment. On this elevation, then, men pause, and reflection has, in some measure, taken the place of labor. We begin now to look with interest to the causes which have led to our present greatness and unexampled prosperity. We are no longer content to look to the history of Europe as the repository of our past. The poet and the historian, the orator and the novelist, are alike actively engaged in recalling our past, and in depicting the manners and customs of the men whose memory has faded in our minds before the ever-changing and exciting activity of our onward progress. The

agency of organized societies, too, has been called into action. Most of the older States have now their "Historical Societies." Church organizations have taken steps to have the history of *their* progress in America recorded also; and if the fact is considered, that many of the early settlers came to the New World for reasons of a religious nature, it must be evident that the Church History of the country will embrace the development of the social, moral, and political systems in many of the early settlements. Congress has done something, too, in this connection, by publishing the record of the experience of our great public men touching the difficulties of our early life, as a nation, in the Revolutionary and Constitutional eras. All this is a subject of mutual congratulation to all who cherish a love for national honor, and value the moral qualities of a nation more than its material growth.

An eminent American statesman said that "we need not read the records of antiquity, and be for ever ringing the changes over Greece and Rome, to find examples worthy of imitation." What nobler models could we desire than those which our own history affords? We read of the valor of the Greek, and the stern courage of the Roman;—where, we ask, can there be found examples of a higher development of such qualities than in our own colonial ancestors? Brave, hardy, enterprising and magnanimous, of unwavering faith, indifferent to danger, self-sacrificing, and of indomitable will—of such materials were the men that laid the foundation of that glorious structure of constitutional freedom, within which their grateful descendants now enjoy happiness and peace.

Mr. Hunter says—

"Surely there never started an argosy more richly freighted with human destiny, than the little fleet of three vessels which, on the 19th of December, 1606, left the shores of England in search of Virginia; for it was the venture which first planted successfully the germ of Anglo-Saxon civilization upon the continent of America. Had this enterprise been the favorite subject of an imagination as lively as that of the Greeks, who made so much of the voyage of the Argo—



nauts, and their first exploring expedition into the Euxine, it would long since have been celebrated as a chosen theme in history and in song. Each had its fabled dangers to encounter, and each gave a rich promise of real results. If the Symplegades threatened to inclose the ship of the one in their deadly embrace, the 'still vexed Bermoothes,' or 'Isle of Devils,' as the early adventurers called it,\* lay in the way of the other. The fleece of gold was the charm which attracted both.

"In the whole history of human adventure, perhaps, none ever beheld a scene more wild and strange than that which stretched before the eyes of the first settlers of Virginia, as they lay upon the quiet bosom of the James, whose silent waters rolled from they knew not where, and whose silver line made the only break in the vast and dark expanse around them. The painted Indian, in his wild array of skins and feathers, stood like some pictured figure in the silent scene of which he formed a part. Pathless forests stretched far away in boundless and unknown space, whose silence was disturbed only by the strange cries of animals as yet unseen, and whose eternal shadows seemed to rest upon mysteries as deep as the solitude in which they were hidden. Secrets of human destiny were there, and a future whose vast and manifold scroll was as yet unrolled even to the eye of imagination itself. Upon this vast field, the human race was to take a fresh departure, and they themselves were to plant the germ of a new civilization, whose growth was to be at least as rich as the lately discovered world around them. Had some one arisen, as of old, more prescient than the rest, to foretell the destiny which awaited them, like the Hebrew mother, they would have smiled with incredulity at the magnitude of the promise, and turned a faithless ear to the prophet and his prophecy.

"In all that crowd, perhaps there was one whose imagination might have been filled with such a conception, I mean Capt. John Smith, the true founder of the colony, and the first historian of Virginia, whose strangely chequered life had been such as to teach him a distinction between the unknown and the impossible; and who, with all the faith of genius, was capable of aspiring to great things. With the country itself, he seems to have been completely fascinated, for he declared that 'heaven and earth seemed never to have

agreed better to frame a place for man's commodious and delightful habitation.\* And Beverly, too, writing about a century after, says, 'the country is in a very happy situation between the extremes of heat and cold, but inclining rather to the first. Certainly it must be a happy climate since it is very near the same latitude with that of the Land of Promise. Besides, the Land of Promise was full of rivers, and branches of rivers, so is Virginia; as that was seated on a great bay and sea, whercon were all the conveniences of shipping, so is Virginia. Had that fertility of soil? so has Virginia, equal to any land in the known world.'† Again he says, in regard to it, 'The clearness and brightness of the sky add new vigor to their spirits, and perfectly remove all splenetic and sullen thoughts. Here they enjoy all the benefits of a warm sun, and by their shady trees are protected from its inconvenience. Here all their senses are entertained with an endless succession of natural pleasures; their eyes are ravished with the beauties of naked nature; their ears are serenaded with the perpetual murmur of brooks, and the thorough-bass which the wind plays when it wanders through the trees; the merry birds, too, join their pleasing notes to this rural concert, especially the mock-birds, who love society so well, that often, when they see mankind, they will perch upon a twig and sing the sweetest airs in the world.'‡ So wrote, a hundred and thirty years ago, a Virginian, enamored of his native land. His picture may be extravagant; but who does not admire the spirit in which it is drawn!

"It is not my purpose to attempt to trace the history of Virginia from its first painful beginnings, through all the stages of its growth, up to its present state and condition. If the proper limits of this address did not forbid it, I should be prevented by my want of qualifications for the task. But the history of every people has a moral which it may be profitable to study, and not only teaches the mode in which its national character has been moulded, for good or ill, but also the means by which it may be strengthened and elevated. To this extent the history of each people becomes a matter of general interest to all. The title a State may have to the respect of mankind must depend upon facts, and to preserve the historical evidences upon which they rest, ought to be a labor of love to its sons. To cast a passing glance at each of

\* Smith's Hist. of Virginia, p. 114.

† Beverly's Hist. of Virginia, p. 256.

‡ Ibid. p. 258.

these views of our history, perhaps, may not be inappropriate on the present occasion.

“To stimulate individual energy, and to extend individual liberty, seems to have been the great object of the Virginia colonists. Social strength was sought as the means for securing the opportunities for such a system of culture, rather than as the end to be attained by the development of individual freedom and energy. Accordingly, the largest liberty of individual action was sought, which in that day was deemed compatible with social order, and the due protection of persons and property. A knowledge of this their great desire, and of the circumstances under which it was modified and exercised, will afford the key to the colonial history of Virginia. ‘Existence without government,’ says Bancroft, quoting from Jefferson, ‘seemed to promise to the general mass a greater degree of happiness than the tyranny of the European governments.’\* The establishment of an ordinance for common property, and the regulations of the home government, threatened to disappoint the Virginia colonists of their destiny; but the instinct of national character, and circumstances favorable to its development, by which they were surrounded, were too strong for artificial restraints. Says Bancroft, ‘They were Anglo-Saxons in the woods again, with the inherited culture and intelligence of the seventeenth century. The Anglo-Saxon mind, in its severest nationality, neither distracted by fanaticism nor wounded by persecution, nor excited by new ideas; but fondly cherishing the active instinct for personal freedom, secure possession, and legislative power, such as belonged to it before the Reformation, and existed independent of the Reformation, had made its dwelling-place in the empire of Powhatan.’†

“It was this spirit which enabled them not only to surmount the difficulties which so embarrassed them at first, but in the end to convert them into auxiliaries of their growth and progress. The Indian power which was so near annihilating the colony in 1622, after it was placed under proper restraints, often served as a useful barrier to the too rapid dispersion of the white population in the wilderness. When we survey all the difficulties encountered by the early settlers, it is surprising that they survived the perils which surrounded them. Sometimes it was domestic dissension that disturbed them, then the famine stared them in the face, and to crown the whole, on one day they were nearly all annihilated

\* Bancroft, vol. ii, p. 213.

† Ibid. 454.

by a general Indian insurrection and massacre, with all the cruel accompaniments of savage warfare, 'sparing neither age nor sex, but destroying man, woman and child, according to their cruel way of leaving none behind to bear resentment.\*' In 1609, they were reduced by a famine of uncommon horrors from five hundred to three-score men, when Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers and Captain Newport arrived with their two little cedar vessels, the 'Patience,' and 'Deliverance,' built by themselves in Bermuda, where they had been shipwrecked, and offered either to stay with them and divide their provision, or to take them away, and put to sea again. This, and the opportune arrival of Lord Delaware, saved the colony upon that occasion, but the 'starving time,' as it was called, was long remembered in their annals.† Still more startling was the massacre in March, 1622, when, according to Beverly, 'of Christians there were murdered three hundred and forty-seven, most of them falling by their own instruments and working tools.‡'

"In grateful recollection of the preservation of the colony under so many difficulties more than one statute is to be found by which the 'old planters' were exempted from a portion of the public burthens, and the 22d of March, the day of the massacre, was set apart as a holiday, to commemorate their providential deliverance from utter destruction at that time. Of the feelings awakened by such events amongst a handful of settlers, environed as they were by so many perils, we can now form no adequate conception; but the colonial statutes of that period, and a little after, present some striking evidences of the condition of the people. A general war was declared against the Indians; certain periods of the year were fixed upon by law for hunting the savages, and falling upon their towns; persons were forbidden to work in the fields unless they were armed, and at least four of them together, and they were strictly enjoined to carry arms to church.||

"The trade between the whites and the Indians, and the terms of their intercourse to a certain extent, were regulated by law. The colonial government, of course, exerted to the utmost their feeble powers for the protection of the citizen, but after all, the main dependence was upon individual energy and resources. And upon that idea the whole policy of the government was based. With such means, and entirely by their own exertions, they were able to work out their de-

\* Beverly, p. 39.

† Ibid. pp. 21, 22, 23.

‡ Ibid. p. 39.

||1 Hening, 174, 317, 418, 319.



liverance so far as to enable Sir William Berkley to say in his answer to the Lords Commissioners of foreign plantations, in 1671, 'the Indians, our neighbors, are absolutely subjected, so there is no fear of them.'\* Of course this refers only to the settled parts, as history shows a very different state of things on the frontiers then, and long afterwards. It was, perhaps, well for the colony that it was forced to depend upon itself for protection against the dangers which assailed it, for it was this necessity which led to a social organization and domestic policy, upon which were founded the ultimate happiness and prosperity of the state.

"In 1619, the first colonial assembly that ever met in Virginia, was convened by Sir George Yeardley† and in July, 1621, a written constitution was first given by the London Company. The legislative power became thus vested in the Governor, Council and Burgesses of Assembly, elected by the people, the council, after 1680, sitting apart as an upper house in legislative matters, and also advising the Governor as to his executive duties. The acts of this assembly, when assented to by the Governor, became laws, unless negatived by the Crown. The committee, although appointed by the Crown, or in case of vacancy by the Governor, held by a tenure which was in fact, though not in theory, independent, and for the most part, like the burgesses, sided with the people, with whom they had common interests.‡ The right of representative government being once granted, a domestic organization and policy were soon moulded so as to meet substantially the wants of the people. In 1623, monthly courts were established, and likewise commanders of plantations were instituted to be of the quorum, and also to exercise a military control over the plantation for which they were appointed. The general court was composed of the Governor and Council, and appeals lay to the General Assembly.¶ The germs of the general and local governments of the colony were thus planted, and without going into the history of the various grants, and restrictions upon the power of the General Assembly, it may be said that the history of its legislation proves that, practically, this body controlled the domestic affairs of the state, the Governor and Council, in most instances, concurring, or else being overruled by public opinion, except in some of those cases in which the king interfered for purposes of his own. Indeed, the Virginia agents who were sent to London to obtain a new charter from the

\* Hening, vol. ii, p. 511. † Ibid. vol. i, p. 118. ‡ 1 Beverly, pp. 203-7.

¶ Sir William Berkley's statement, in 1671, (Hening, vol. ii, p. 512.)

king, in 1655, asked for a confirmation of the authority of the 'grand assembly,' consisting of Governor, Council and Burgesses, and said 'this is in effect, only to ask that the laws made in Virginia may be of force and value, since the legislative power has ever resided in an assembly so qualified, and by fifty years' experience had been found a government more easy to the people and advantageous to the crown; for in all that time, there had not been one law which had been complained of as burdensome to the one, or prejudicial to the prerogative of the other.'\*

"In an address made by the Governor and Council, in their legislative capacity, and by the House of Burgesses to the King, in 1752, it is stated, 'that as we conceive, according to the ancient constitution and usages of this colony, all laws enacted here for the public peace, welfare, and good government thereof, and not repugnant to the laws and statutes of Great Britain, have always been taken and held to be in full force until your majesty's disallowance thereof is notified here, and that the same may be revised, altered, and amended, from time to time, as our exigencies may require. But that when a law once enacted here, hath once received your majesty's approbation, and both been confirmed, finally enacted and ratified, the same cannot by the legislature here be revised, altered or amended, without a clause therein to suspend the execution thereof, till your majesty's pleasure shall be known therein, although our necessities for an immediate revival, alteration or amendment be ever so pressing,'† and accordingly they complain of the king's signing some of their own laws, because they were thus placed beyond their reach, without the tedious process which they describe. From which it is to be inferred that their domestic legislation was for the most part framed by themselves, with but little interference from abroad. Such interference rarely took place except in matters relating to foreign commerce and imperial interests, or the more selfish and personal schemes of the king, or his favorites, for purposes of individual plunder.

"The judiciary, too, was eminently popular; justices of the county courts practically filled their own vacancies, as the appointments were made by the Governor and Council, upon recommendations given by themselves. Appeals lay not only to the general court, but, as Sir William Berkley declares, to the General Assembly itself; this, with the trial by jury, which

\* Hening, vol. ii, p. 527.      † Hening 5th, p. 436.

was virtually given by the ordinance of the company in 1621, and secured by legislative enactment in 1642,\* constituted a system which was satisfactory to the people at that time. But these county courts, which formed so important an element in the government of Virginia, and so powerful an agent in moulding the character of her people, and in promoting her prosperity, were not confined to judicial functions alone; they had many of the powers of a local government, laying taxes, making roads, and sometimes even waging Indian wars, by the assent of the State first given, under their own management and with their own money. In 1645,† the counties of Isle of Wight and Upper and Lower Norfolk, were directed to make war upon the ‘Nansimon Indians.’ In the same year, certain other counties were associated to carry on war against the Indians,‡ under county lieutenants. In 1644, it was enacted that those maimed and hurt, should be relieved by the counties in which they resided. At first, the burgesses themselves were organized, to be paid by the counties which they represented. In 1662, it was enacted that ‘whereas oftentimes small inconveniences happen in the respective counties and parishes, which cannot well be concluded in a general law; the respective counties, and several parishes in these counties, shall have liberty to make laws for themselves, and those that are so constituted by the major part of the said counties, or parishes, to be binding upon them as fully as any others.¶

“In 1679, this system was further regulated§ by associating delegates from the parishes with the justices. The first road over Rock-fish Gap was made by the county court of Augusta, under the authority of a law of the Assembly. Nay, so far did the early Colonial Assemblies go in this division of power and duties, that in 1645, they entered into a contract with Capt. Henry Fleet for ending the war with Opechanca-nough, for a consideration to be given him, and directed the counties north of James river to raise certain troops to be placed at the disposal of Lieut. Fra. Poythers and himself.¶¶ The General Assembly thus acting, through and upon a sort of confederation of local governments, and stimulating, as I shall presently show, individual energy to the highest possible activity, accomplished results which were wonderful for its means. By dividing the powers and duties of government

\* Hening 5th, p. 436.

† Ibid. 5th, p. 315.

‡ Ibid. 1st, p. 292.

¶ Ibid. 2, p. 171.

§ Ibid. 2, p. 441.

¶¶ Ibid. 1st, p. 318.

amongst these local tribunals and by apportioning to each in his way the expenses and burthens of public operations, in proportion to the share of benefit received by its constituents, they obtained the largest command of the resources and revenues of their people, which, perhaps, any people ever enjoyed. But this was not all, for they thus trained up the whole body of the people to the early consideration and management of public affairs, and secured a class, the magistrates of the county, who were always ready and willing to maintain order and justice at home, and to organize for defence in time of war. A class which constituted for the state its ornament in peace and its defence in time of war. A more honorable and useful place in human society could not well be devised, than that which was held by the old Virginia magistrate. Commanding the entire respect of the people of whom he was one, and bound to them by ties of a common interest and mutual association, he could not fail to enjoy their confidence. Wielding as one of the court the power of the state, and interpreting its laws by judicial decision within the limits of his county, or else sitting, like the Druid, under his oak to administer justice between man and man, in cases upon which he might act alone, he learned to understand the relations of law to public and private right.

“In such keeping, the rights of himself and his neighbors were safe, and thus were trained up a class of men to whom the great body of the people might refer for counsel and assistance, in times of difficulty and emergency. Thus too, each county was provided with a local government, which provided the greatest possible security to persons and property to the extent of its jurisdiction. Under the existing circumstances of the colony, a more admirable institution for political and judicial purposes could not have been devised. But this was not the only local subdivision of importance to the economy of the province; the counties were subdivided into parishes, in each of which was a vestry, who took charge of the temporal interests of the established church. But this vestry, originally selected by the people of the parish, filled vacancies in their own body and chose their own ministers, who held their living at their pleasure, so that the same spirit for popular government, which was visible elsewhere in the institutions of Virginia, manifested itself here also.\* A government thus constituted over a people sparsely scattered in different settlements, or plantations, was forced to rely upon

\* Beverly, p. 227-8.



individual energy and action, to an extent perhaps never known before in the affairs of a regular organized society.

"The first thing was to settle upon a land system, which was finally moulded by the Assembly to suit for the most part the wants of the colony, although various obstacles were interposed by the selfish and unwise interposition of the crown.

"By the original charter, a 'right' to fifty acres of land to a person for removing to, and settling in Virginia, and as much for his wife, and each of his children, was given and secured.\* What constituted 'seating,' or settling, within the meaning of that, and subsequent laws, was the subject of legislative interpretation, as appears by many statutes to be found in Hening. So highly did the colonists value this mode of inviting immigration and settlement, that in the capitulation of the colony to the Commissioners of Parliament in 1651, this settlement right was specially reserved,† and in 1675, the agents sent out by Virginia, 'prayed that the usual allowance of fifty acres of land for each person imported, which experience had proved to be so beneficial, may be continued.‡' Indeed, this grant of land upon the condition of settlement, sometimes with, and sometimes without, a small price, became a favorite instrument in the hands of the General Assembly for extending the population into the wilderness, and for defending the new plantations. Forts were built at the heads of the rivers upon grants of land to the individuals building and settling around them, and armed occupation acts were early known to the Virginia land policy. When a new settlement was to be made, it was invited by an act of the Legislature, which generally exempted the settlers from public burthens and taxes, for a limited time, who, by an old and standing law, were entitled to a certain quantity of land for improving and 'seating' it.¶ In 1776,§ four hundred acres of land were given to each family settling vacant lands on the waters of the Mississippi, and to families, who, for greater safety, had settled together, and worked the land in common, a town site of six hundred and forty acres was given, and a further grant of four hundred acres, contiguous to the town, was made to every family upon *considerations of such settlement.*'

\* Beverley, p. 241. † Hening, 1st, p. 364. ‡ Ibid. 2, p. 524.

¶ Hening 1st, p. 253, for not permitting settlements on north side Rappahannock river. In regard to settlement on the Roanoke, see Hen. 5th. pp. 37-58. In regard to settlements on the waters of Mississippi, Hen. 6th, 258.

§ Hening, 9th, p. 356, and Marshall's History of Kentucky, vol. i, pp. 86-88.

“In some cases \$2 25 per one hundred acres, or a cent and a quarter per acre were to be paid by those claiming the settlement provisions. In fact, the settlement beyond the Blue Ridge, at least, seems to have been made by the grant of lands upon the condition of occupying, improving, and defending them. Of course in times of great difficulty, and to the extent of her means, the State contributed to that defence, but the chief reliance, after all, was upon individual resources. How far that reliance was just, may be found in the adventures of Boone, Logan, Harrod, Kenton and Clarke, and many others, whose heroic achievements upon ‘the dark and bloody ground,’ (as Kentucky was called,) might figure in romance, if in their case the reality were not even stranger and wilder than fiction itself. In the experience of such men, war or peace might depend upon the accident of an hour, and if time were given to warn his neighbor of the approaching assault, or to dispatch a runner to the nearest settlement, he would have as much opportunity for preparation as he could reasonably expect. The lives and fortunes of his family must mainly depend upon his own courage and address. The difficulties, dangers, and sufferings of forest life and Indian warfare, were all familiar to him, and he could use the hoe, the axe, or the rifle with equal skill to defend himself against them. Take Marshall’s account of the shifts to which the early settlers in Fincastle or Kentucky, as at different times the present State of Kentucky was variously called, and you will find that the contrivances of Robinson Crusoe were scarcely more primitive and simple. They encountered all this for what? To be *free*; free beyond all that was known in the experience of man; free to act and to feel, and to draw from the boundless stores of nature without let or hindrance from the competition of his fellow, and with no human opposition, except from the Indian, whose wild warfare seemed to diversify the adventures, in whose excitement he loved to live.

“In thus pointing out the extent to which the freedom and energy of individual action was developed and encouraged by our colonial policy, it is but justice to our ancestors to show that it was not done without some regard also to the rights and welfare of the Indian, who, in the general, seems to have been treated kindly, except in the exigencies of actual war, or under the provocation of some late massacre. In Hening’s statutes for 1661,\* may be seen a digest of laws previously passed,

\* Hening, vol. ii, p. 138.

in which are to be found many of the germs of the federal policy in regard to Indian intercourse. The boundaries between the Indian territory and that opened to the settlements of the whites, were to be marked out; if the whites intruded upon them within their settlements, their houses were to be pulled down, and themselves expelled. Their persons and property were secured by law, and none but licensed traders were allowed to trade with them, and, to prevent collisions, no Indians were permitted to come within the settlements, except such as had badges. Subsequently, it was prohibited by law to sell them liquor or arms, and various provisions were made for their education and civilization.\* After this review of the fundamental institutions of our colonial government, and of its policy in regard to the lands and the Indians, the two subjects of greatest interest to it, and which were so closely connected with the moral state and the necessities of the physical existence of the people, I think it will be admitted that our early organization, so far as it was of domestic origin, gave great efficiency to a society, whose members were so few and scattered. To settle the wilderness, and rear up a great people, were the main objects of their pursuit, and the chief ends of their mission. What progress was early made in this career, their history will attest.

“I have already shown how they laid the foundation of our subsequent Indian policy with most of the conservative checks upon the cupidity of the white man, which have been introduced into federal legislation in favor of the aborigines. I might have shown, too, that they introduced the essential elements which have characterized our federal land policy, its pre-emptions,† its discriminations in favor of the actual settlers, and not its system, but a system of surveys and records. The provision for the record of the sales of lands, is said by Sir William Berkeley,‡ to have been at that day (1671) the only innovation upon the laws of England. In 1271, Sir William Berkeley says, he does not much miscount in rating the population of Virginia at above 40,000 persons, of which 8,000 were Christian servants for a short time, and 2,000 were black slaves.¶ In 1688, Bancroft estimates the population at more than 50,000.§ Such was the people of whom it was asserted in 1671, that ‘both the acquisition and defence of Virginia

\* Stith's Hist. of Virginia, p. 217, and Beverly, p. 232.

† Marshall's History Kentucky, vol. i, p. 87. ‡ Hening, vol. ii, p. 512.

‡ Ibid. vol. ii, p. 515.

¶ Bancroft, vol. ii, p. 452.

have been at the charge of the inhabitants, and that the people at that time were at the expense of supporting not only the government, but the governor, which occasioned their taxes to be very high,\* and that these taxes must continue high for the maintenance and support of the government, execution of law and justice, and defence and ornament of the country, erecting and endowing of churches, maintenance of ministers of English ordination, doctrine and liturgy, building and furniture of forts, bridges, ships of war, towns,† &c. In the same document it is asserted, by the Virginia agents, that their goods yielded to the king in his customs about 100,000 pounds.

"This, too, was the handful of people who had commenced a contest for an enlargement of their liberties when their first assembly met, which they were still conducting at that time. In the very first assembly they declared that 'the governor shall not lay any taxes or impositions upon the colony, their lands or commodities, otherwise than by the authority of the general assembly, to be levied and employed as the said assembly shall appoint,‡ and in 1631, it was enacted that 'for encouragement of men to plant store of corn, the price shall not be stinted, but it shall be free for every man to sell it as dear as he can.'||

"In 1652, during the English Protectorate, they asserted that 'the right of electing all officers of this colony, should appertain to the burgesses,§ which they exercised during that period. Bancroft says: 'Virginia established upon her soil the supremacy of the popular branch, the freedom of trade, the independence of religious societies, the security from foreign taxation, and the universal elective franchise;¶ already she preferred her own sons for places of authority; the country felt itself honored by those who were 'Virginians born,' and emigrants never again desired to live in England.'\*\* If a re-action to some extent took place after the restoration of monarchy in England, 'it was not without an earnest struggle upon her part.' The agents sent by her to England to obtain a new charter, essayed by argument to show that they were entitled to the privileges of Englishmen,†† and said that "they humbly conceived it to be the right of Virginians, as well as all other Englishmen, not to be taxed, but by their

\* Hening, vol. ii, p. 525.

|| Ibid. p. 173.

•• Ibid. p. 232.

† Ibid. p. 526.

§ Ibid. p. 372,

†† Hening, vol. ii, pp. 525-6.

‡ Ibid. vol. i, p. 122.

¶ Bancroft, vol. i, p. 231.



consent, expressed through their representatives.\* Especially did they wish that the people of Virginia 'should not be canonized by grants given to particular persons, meaning the large and improvident grants to Arlington, Culpepper and others. It was during the delay of redress for these grievances, that Bacon's rebellion broke out in Virginia, caused partly by these large grants, which embarrassed the land titles of the colony, and still more by the delay of the governor to punish the Indian outrages upon the whites.†

"Whatever may have been the origin of this movement, it is plain from the action of Bacon's legislature, that their views extended beyond their first subject of complaint. They declared against plurality of offices, and for rotation in certain offices, disqualified all persons from holding offices except natives, or those who had resided in the country for three years, restored universal suffrage, required vestrymen to be elected every three years by the people of the parish, and prescribed that in each county representatives should be chosen by the people equal in number to the justices, to act with them in laying county levies, and making by-laws.‡ This movement, which was suppressed, caused much blood to flow, and great suffering in the colony. The author of the Northumberland tract says, it was whispered to have been said by the king, 'that old fool, Sir William Berkeley, had hanged more men in that naked country, than he had done for the murder of his father.' It was made an excuse, too, for denying the charter, and curtailing the privileges of the Colonial Assembly. Still, for all practical purposes, they continued to exercise more and more power over their domestic interests. The statute book proves it. They coined money, they laid duties for forts and light-houses, they made and managed Indian wars, authorized exploring expeditions, rewarded discoveries with a monopoly of the use of their inventions for a limited time, and maintained their right to appoint and control their own treasurer, and to appropriate by law the money raised by taxes. If a new territory was to be explored upon the Roanoke, or beyond the Blue Ridge, they offered an exemption from taxes for a limited period, and gave settlement rights and pre-emptions to the adventurers. If a new road was to be opened, as that over Rock-fish gap, the county was empowered to lay the ne-

\* Hening, vol. ii, p. 535.

† Account of T. M. of Northumberland; also Burwell's MS., and Force, 1st vol. Hist. Tracts.

‡ Hening, 2. Bacon's Laws.

cessary taxes, and execute the work. If the Mattapony was to be opened by private subscription, trustees were appointed, and their duties prescribed.

It was a Colonial Legislature which first projected the improvement of the waters of the James above the falls, and of the Potomac up to Fort Cumberland; and in these instances, for the first time, by way of compensation to the private subscribers, they were authorized to take tolls after completing their work. The first direct appropriation for a road, which I have found, was for one to connect the east and the west, for which the arrears of certain taxes, due to the State, in Greenbrier and other counties, through which it was to pass, were appropriated. Forts were built, and manned, at the heads of the rivers, at their own expense, and a large military force, compared with their means and population, was kept on foot through nearly the whole period of their colonial existence. They maintained and endowed an established church at public expense, and sustained the whole burthen of domestic government, and defence, in the most difficult times. It has been charged, upon the authority of some statutes, probably never very strictly enforced, that they were intolerant of religious dissent, and Sir William Berkeley's letter has been used as evidence of their neglect of public education. In regard to the first charge, Beverly says, 'Yet liberty of conscience is given to all other congregations pretending to Christianity, on condition they submit to the parish dues.' And of Quaker communities, he says: 'Tis observed by letting them alone, they decrease daily.\*' In regard to the other allegation, it is said by Beverly, 'There are large tracts of land, houses, and other things, granted to free schools for the education of children in many parts of the country, and some of these are so large, that of themselves, they are a handsome maintenance to a master. These schools have been founded by the legacies of well inclined gentlemen. In all other places, where such endowments have not been already made, the people join and build schools for their children, where they may learn upon very easy terms.†'

"But Spotswood," says Bancroft, 'a royalist, a high churchman, a traveler, revered the virtues of the people.' 'I will do justice,' he writes to the Bishop of London, 'to this country. I have observed here less swearing and profaneness, less drunkenness and debauchery, less uncharitable feuds and

\* Beverly, p. 226.    † Ibid. p. 240.

animosities, and less knaveries and villainies, than in any part of the world where my lot has been.\* When we come to consider the heavy burthens imposed upon the foreign commerce of Virginia by the British government, and its small population and resources at home, it is surprising to see how much was accomplished. Her settlements were constantly extending under the fire of the Indian rifle.

"Spotswood, the most far-sighted of our colonial governors, early turned the attention of Virginia to the country beyond the Ohio, and exploring the passes of the Blue Ridge mountains, and penetrating into the valley, is said to have extended his views to Kaskaskia itself, at that time a French fort, separated from the nearest Virginia settlement by almost a thousand miles of wilderness.† He but anticipated the day; the hint which he then gave was afterwards remembered. The progress of expansion went on until, perhaps, there was not a river or stream navigable to a canoe, from the James to Point Pleasant in Kanawha, which had not been the scene of bloody strife between the Virginian and the Indian. To make good her title within her chartered limits against not only the Indians, but the French, Virginia spared none of her resources, either in men or money. In 1746,‡ she contributed £4,000 to the expedition against Canada, and in 1754, she began to make provision in men and money for the French and Indian wars.¶ Ten thousand pounds were directed to be raised by loan by this act. In 1756, £25,000 were raised,§ and for the first time treasury notes, but notes bearing interest, were used.

"In process of time, as more and more money was raised, these notes were issued without interest, and made a legal tender, but, in all instances, specific taxes were laid for their redemption. That this sound policy was pursued is evidenced by the fact that, in 1768, the taxes laid to secure their payment were repealed, because, as alleged, a sum had been raised equal to the whole emission of treasury notes from 1754 to 1762 inclusive.¶ Bancroft was right in saying, 'it was an age when nations rushed into debt, when stock-jobbers and bankers competed with land-holders for political power; and Virginia paid its taxes in tobacco, and alone, of all the colonies, alone of all civilized States, resisting the universal tendency of the age, had no debt, no banks, no bills of credit, no

\* Bancroft, vol. ii, p. 455.

† Ibid. vol. iii, p. 345.

‡ Hening, vol. v, p. 400.

¶ Ibid. vi, 417.

§ Ibid. vii, 9.

¶ Ibid. viii, 297.

paper money.\* Until the French and Indian war, bills of credit had been unknown in Virginia. To sustain it, she spared none of her resources. The first movement in regard to the French occupation of Fort Du Quesne, was from Gov. Dinwiddie of Virginia, who dispatched Washington to ascertain their intentions. The first engagement, which opened the seven years' war, was between Washington and Jumonville, at the Great Meadows. At Braddock's defeat 'The Virginia companies (says Bancroft) showed the greatest valor, and were nearly all massacred. Of these companies, scarcely thirty men were left alive.† When Grant made his ill-advised march upon Fort Du Quesne with eight hundred Highlanders and the Virginia company, 'the behaviour of the Virginians was publicly extolled by Forbes.' Afterwards Washington was placed in command of the advance, which numbered amongst its forces 1,900 men raised by Virginia, and after the place had fallen, two regiments of Virginians were left to guard it.‡ No sooner was this expedition over, than we find Virginia, after being foiled in her attempts to preserve the peace by compensating the whites for spoliation made on their property by the friendly Indians during their march homeward, passing acts to raise men, and borrow £32,000 to relieve Fort Loudon, built at her expense,|| in the Cherokee nation, which had been invested by these Indians. "Of all the money thus expended by Virginia, not only from her annual revenue, but from the loans which she made, I do not find any mention of more than £30,000 which were returned to her by the crown. To have sustained these burthens, and to have borne so great a share of this war, as she did, with her sparse population, shows a command of the resources of the country, and an energy on the part of the people, not often witnessed in history. She must have owed this to her institutions and internal organization, but more to the spirit of her people. In referring to her institutions and policy, it must not be forgotten, that one of these institutions was that of African slavery, and that a cardinal feature in her policy was taxation in kind. That the existence of African slavery contributed much to the early settlement of this country, there can be but little doubt. Whilst the master was absent exploring the country, or defending the settlements against the Indians, the slave cultivated the land at home, and opened and improved what the white man had conquered. We find

\* Bancroft, vol. iii, p. 396. † Ibid. vol. iv, 190. ‡ Ibid. pp. 311, 12, 13.

|| Hening, vii, 62.



the slave following his master into the most distant and dangerous settlements, and many instances are to be found of his defence of his master's family against the assaults of the Indians. The effect which this institution must have had upon the national character of the whites, I must say nothing of here; that it made the spirit of independence and freedom still prouder and higher, than before, we have the testimony of Edmund Burke himself, and it is obvious enough that such a result would be the natural effect of such a cause.

"That the fear of danger from the slave at home restrained the master in his enterprises abroad, there seems to be no sufficient evidence in our history; that such fears at one time existed in relation to the white servant, we have proofs not to be disputed. Sir William Berkeley, in 1671,\* states the number of white servants to be 8,000, while of slaves he then counted but 2,000, and it appears† that the former plotted an insurrection in 1663, which gave so great an alarm to the colony, that the general court made an order that no more 'jail-birds,' as they were called, should be brought into Virginia, and requiring a Mr. Nevett to send out the 'Newgate birds' within two months, according to a former order of the court. Beverly says, in speaking of this movement, that they were led on by 'Oliverian soldiers.'‡ But the slave who provided food for the family at home, seemed rather to have added to the master's sense of security abroad. Whilst this institution probably increased the number of fighting men, which the colony could send to war, the taxation in kind added greatly to the means of supporting them abroad, and of maintaining the government at home.

"The people were thus enabled to bear the burthen of a taxation, which would have been intolerable if laid in money, under the existing state of commerce, and the circumstances which surrounded them. It is at once curious and instructive to see how they converted tobacco, their only great staple, into the medium for taxation, and a currency for domestic uses besides. I will venture to say that a more curious and interesting study could not well be offered to the political economist than the history of Virginia legislation upon this subject. Not only were the taxes laid in tobacco, but it was made a legal tender between man and man.

At first, if a dispute arose as to the value of tobacco, when thus tendered, it was determined by the arbitration of neigh-

\* Hening, ii, 510.    † Ibid.    ‡ Beverly, pp. 5-8.

bors, and afterwards by the county court. In process of time it was found more convenient to establish warehouses, where all the tobacco to be exported was deposited, and inspectors were appointed to ascertain its quality. For this a receipt or tobacco note was given, specifying the quantity and quality, and at a price fixed, I think, annually by the county court of the county in which it was situated.

"These notes became a currency, and were made a tender. But the price might vary from one year to another, and accordingly it was provided that it should be a legal tender only for one year, at the price first fixed; its value from year to year being determined according to the fluctuations in the price allowed by the county court itself. There was also another difficulty; a note given for tobacco deliverable at one public warehouse would not be so valuable as one issued from another more accessible to the foreign markets; a difficulty similar in its nature to that of keeping up the par value of the paper of different branch banks. This was remedied, as far as a remedy was practicable at all, by another contrivance. Centres of trade for the different counties were fixed, and the tobacco notes of certain warehouses were a legal tender only in certain contiguous counties which were designated by law. But in fixing these values of the tobacco, the county courts might err, not probably from interest, but possibly by mistake. To meet this, a debtor might sometimes pay his debt in money instead of tobacco, if it pleased him, and in special contracts at home; the farmers might fix the prices of tobacco for themselves. Having but one article of foreign export, the colonists made the most of that; they constituted a currency of it, and by a system of contrivances made its value fluctuate with the foreign price of tobacco, and virtually with the state of foreign exchanges themselves. The quantity could not be well increased, without a corresponding increase of the production of actual values in the shape of tobacco, nor could it be diminished without a like falling off in the supply of the article, on which it was based.

"As compared with the attempts of the other colonies to issue paper based upon credit, or, indeed, with some more modern and scientific attempts to create a paper money, how infinitely superior is this early contrivance of the old Virginians! Upon this subject the testimony of Bancroft is not less eloquent than true.\*

\* Bancroft, vol. iii, p. 39. For a series of acts on the subject of tobacco as a currency, see 1st Henning, 152, 190, 204, 209 to 213, establishing warehouses, 216, 206. Ibid. v, p. 168, allowing persons, not raising tobacco, to pay in

“Vanban, the celebrated engineer, who was a financier also, is said to have addressed a memoir to Louis XIV, to recommend that a portion of the taxes should be laid in kind, because the people could bear much greater burthens in that way, than in any other, and if the object was to extort as much as possible from the people for the use of the government, he was probably right. The early history of Virginia would seem to prove it, for no people of the same number and means have probably ever contributed so much to government with so little inconvenience to themselves. As I have said before, the whole policy of Virginia was mainly founded on a reliance on individual energies, which were fostered by more than an usual share of individual liberty. It is an old subject of complaint with those who have written upon Virginia affairs, that the Virginians devoted themselves too exclusively to agriculture and individual enterprises. Beverly reproaches them with their want of ‘cohabitation’ and towns; if such was their want, it was no fault of theirs, for their general assembly made all the attempts to foster trade and industry, which were suggested by the views of political economy prevalent at that time.

“In 1642 they declared ‘freedom of trade to be the blood and life of a commonwealth.’\* The history of our colonial legislation is replete with acts to encourage the establishment of towns. As early as 1657, the legislature offered premiums for the production of silk, flax and staple commodities.† ‘Adventurers in iron works’ were stimulated by exemption from taxation, and other privileges.‡ Acts were passed at various times to encourage the production of wine and silk. The State itself sometimes embarked in these undertakings, as in the manufacture of salt in 1776.¶ Sometimes individuals raised money by subscription, and the state appointed trustees to receive and distribute the money in premiums for the production of certain commodities.§ And yet the various forms of social industry did not thrive in Virginia. The genius and mission of the people were for other objects. In the north-eastern British colonies, they looked more to

money. Hening, vi, 159, 225, no crop notes of older date than eighteen months, a legal tender. 568, to allow tobacco debts to be paid in money for that year. 7th Hening, 240, debtors paying in money or tobacco, at their option, for that year. Such acts seem to have been frequently passed, but for a limited time only. 1st Hening, 210, 211, allowing parties to fix prices by contract by domestic trade.

\* 1 Hening, p. 233. † Ibid. i, 469. ‡ Ibid. iv, 328. ¶ Ibid. ix, 123.

§ 7 Hening, pp. 288 and 563.

the forms of association for the means of development. Settled originally as a church, and so governed, society was invested with large powers over individual action; social strength and privileges were the great objects of their culture, and social industry, in its various forms, received a large and early development. But natural taste, and the circumstances in which she was placed, gave to Virginia enterprise in another direction. She became the *pioneer colony* amongst all the British provinces. 'Like Massachusetts, Virginia was the mother of a cluster of States.\*' She sent exploring parties into Carolina, with a promise of a fourteen years' monopoly of the profits; and such expeditions she continued to send both to the south and to the west, but mainly to the west. Upon the remotest confines of the white settlement westward, the smoke of the Virginian's cabin ascended, and in the farthest fastness of the forest, or wildest gorge of the mountains, the crack of his rifle was heard. Upon the hunting-grounds of the Six Nations and the Cherokees, he was known and feared as 'the long knife;' with the axe and the rifle he made good his advance into the wilderness. Felling the forest, and driving the Indians before him in the course of his progress, he made the settlements upon which new states were afterward to be founded. Never turning her regards from the Mississippi, after they had been once directed to that quarter by her governor, Spotswood, Virginia pursued the dream of western empire with a determination which nothing could shake.

"As I said before, when the French made their appearance before Fort Du Quesne, it was Virginia who first demanded the cause of their coming. It was she who, at the Great Meadows, opened the first fire in the French and Indian war, and who, with all her aversion to paper money, for the first time conquered it upon that occasion, and strained her credit to the utmost to raise funds for the prosecution of that war. One of the first roads to which she ever contributed money directly, a small sum it is true, was to connect the north branch of the Potomac with the Ohio at Fort Pitt, and the preamble of the act declares this to be done both for military and commercial purposes.† And all the perils of the great revolutionary struggle, in which she bore a part as conspicuous and difficult as any, she was still faithful to the great aspirations which so long had guided her. The early history

\* Bancroft, vol. ii, p. 133.

† 8th Hening, p. 252.



of Kentucky, which is our history, shows that the people of that country, then a part of Virginia, with such aid as the State could afford, without assistance from any other quarter whatever, made good our possession of the country upon the Ohio, in a series of heroic struggles, whose interest was so deep, and often so tragic, that they seem to wear the air more of fiction than of fact. The Six Nations were the most warlike of all the Indian tribes, and Kentucky, their favorite hunting ground, they contested with more than their wonted energy. And yet on this 'dark and bloody ground,' did Virginia extend her settlements, in the fiercest period of the revolutionary conflict, and engage in one long struggle, not only for freedom, but for empire, from the shores of the Atlantic to the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi itself.

"In 1771, when Spotswood, the ablest of Virginia governors, proposed to strike at the French settlement of Kaskaskia,\* by the incorporation of a Virginia trading company, he was ahead of his time. The western boundary of Virginia settlement was then about the Blue Ridge, and hundreds of miles of wilderness formed an obstacle too great to be surmounted by such a power as she could wield. She could and did, bide her time. In 1744, she acquired by treaty the Indian title over the basin of Ohio,† and by 1778, she was seated on that river. George Rogers Clark, one of her greatest sons, and who for native military genius must rank amongst the distinguished men of the world, renewed the idea of Governor Spotswood. Then Kaskaskia, as before Fort Du Quesne, was the centre from which Indian incursions were directed upon the Virginia settlements. His comprehensive and active mind enabled him not only to appreciate the military value of the post, but to suggest the means by which it was to be conquered. The general assembly of Virginia lent him a ready and willing ear, and in 1778, a regiment of state troops for the service of the western frontier, was raised and placed under the command of Clark. In all the annals of successful military enterprises, none are more surprising than this; with two or three hundred men he prepared to attack the town of Kaskaskia, separated by a vast wilderness from the nearest Virginia settlement, and containing as many houses as he had men, and garrisoned by British troops, who could command the support of warlike and populous Indian tribes. The only hope of success depended upon

\* Bancroft, lli, 345

† Ibid. iii, 455.

surprising the enemy, and, in the face of every difficulty, he managed to do it. Breaking through forests, and wading through ponds, he marched two days after his provisions were exhausted, and appeared before the town at night. 'Not a scattering Indian had espied his march, not a roving hunter had seen his trail.\*

"So complete was the surprise, that the town fell without a struggle. The British were still so superior in point of forces that Hamilton, who commanded at Vincennes, upon the Wabash, took his time for organizing a scheme for not only driving him from Kaskaskia, but for cutting off the settlements on the Ohio up to Fort Pitt. So secure was he in the consciousness of his superior strength, that he dispatched his Indian auxiliaries to harass the frontiers of Kentucky, whilst he remained in garrison with his regulars, to commence operations upon an extensive scale, after the close of the approaching winter. But in the very depth of winter Clark, at the head of one hundred and thirty men, emerged from the swamps, through which he had marched for five days, and for the last five miles with the water up to their breasts,† surprised the fort, and captured it with the garrison and stores. Marshall well says: 'These expeditions of Col. Clarke were highly important, and beneficial in their consequences. They broke and deranged the plan of operations intended to pour destruction upon the whole population west of the Alleghany mountains; they detached from the British interest several of the Indian tribes south of the Great Lakes; their influence in Kentucky was immediate, extensive and salutary. And in all probability, they contributed essentially to fix the limits of the United States ultimately by the Mississippi; as those of Virginia were extended to that river immediately after one of these conquests.‡ That Virginia herself estimated her western possessions at their proper value, is proved by the exertions she made to preserve them. Mr. Jefferson, in a letter to General Washington, tells him that 'Virginia is obliged to keep on duty from five to six hundred men in the defence of the western settlements at a great and perpetual expense;|| and in another letter, to the same person in 1781, he says that 'she is obliged to embody between two and three thousand men in that quarter.'§ This, too, was at the time when

\* Marshall's History of Kentucky, vol. i, p. 68.

† See letter G. R. Clarke, vol. i, p. 451.

‡ Marshall's Hist. Kentucky, vol. i, p. 71. || 1st Jeff. 185. § Ib. vol. i, 222.

the British under Arnold, had invaded the State, and when the larger portion of her forces were with the southern army.

“Nor did Virginia forget the interests of the territory, thus painfully preserved from the British grasp after the treaty of peace. Evidences of the zeal and energy with which she struggled to maintain her right to the navigation of the Mississippi, are to be found in Mr. Madison’s correspondence, as published in his works, and Marshall’s History of Kentucky. And yet, again, by an act as magnanimous as can be found in the history of any people, she ceded away to the United States this immense territory, almost without any consideration, other than that of the benefit to be derived by the people who were to settle in it, and the general welfare of the Confederacy. Nor would the act have been unwise, if it had not been for the fatal provision, which excluded her own sons from an equal participation in the advantages of settling that country.

“In the course of this narrative of her relations to the western country, I have said but little of the part she bore in the Revolutionary War. This was so conspicuous as to be familiar to all. My object has been to trace the social system of Virginia to its elements, to show its origin, and point out the circumstances under which it grew and prospered. The great principle of a division of power amongst connected jurisdictions, so as to secure the responsibility of interests for the just action of each, has nowhere been presented so surely and so fully as in this State, and nowhere else has the action of government itself, at so early a period, been so proudly based upon individual liberty and energy as in Virginia. This is the key which will explain the nature of the part she bore in the revolution, and also the early preferences she displayed for the principle of confederation over that of consolidation. So well had Virginia been trained in this system of government, that the dissolution of the old form, and the disappearance of the governor in 1775, scarcely made a breach in her proceedings. To the machinery of committees of safety the convention of Virginia gave at once a distinct organization. ‘A general committee of safety was appointed by the Convention, which was invested with the supreme executive powers of government. County committees were elected by the free-holders of the several counties and corporations, from which district committees were deputed. On these committees devolved the appointment of the captains and subaltern

officers of the regulars and minute-men, and the general superintendence of the recruiting service.\*

"The origination of committees of correspondence between the legislatures of the different States, which partially led to the first Continental Congress, belongs, as Mr. Jefferson informs us, to Virginia.† By her delegates, too, was the resolution for the declaration of independence first moved in the Continental Congress in 1776,‡ and by her own distinguished son was that immortal document drawn. Of her may be said, what, perhaps, can be said of none of the other States, that there was no important theatre of military operations, and after Bunker Hill, no important battle, in which her blood did not freely flow. From the heights of Abram and Boston, in the north, to Charleston and Augusta, in the south, and from Germantown and Yorktown, in the east, to Vincennes and Kaskaskia, in the west, her sons were every where in the field. In 1780, Mr. Jefferson, in a letter to Gen. Washington, says: 'The number ordered from this State into the northern service are about seven thousand. I trust we may count that fifty-five hundred will actually proceed.'|| In a report, made at the first session of the twenty-eighth Congress by the Hon. E. W. Hubbard of our own State, it is proved that Virginia furnished sixteen continental regiments, besides Lee's light armed corps, and Bland's regiment of cavalry, and also seven State regiments, and a State navy numbering 1,500 men.§ Mr. Jefferson, in an application to Gen. Washington for a loan of some supplies from Fort Pitt for an expedition which Virginia meditated against Detroit, says: 'We think the like friendly office performed by us to the States, whenever desired, and almost to the absolute exhaustion of our own magazines, give well founded hopes that we may be accommodated on this occasion. The supplies of military stores which have been furnished by us to Fort Pitt itself, to the northern army, and most of all to the southern, are not altogether unknown to you.'¶

"Again, in speaking of the unarmed condition of the militia, he says: 'Yet if they (Congress) would repay us the arms we have lent them, we should give the enemy trouble, though abandoned to ourselves.'\*\* In the whole of this great and difficult contest, I believe there is no taint of selfishness, or illiberality, to be found in the conduct of Virginia. Her escutch-

\* 9th Hening, Preface. † Jeff. vol. 1, pp. 4 and 94. ‡ Ibid. p. 94.  
 || Ibid. p. 184. § Rep. p. 94. ¶ Jeff. vol. i, p. 199. \*\* Ibid. p. 210.



eon was borne-by her sons through that fiery ordeal unstained by aught save the blood of the battle-field, or the smoke of the fight. Hers, too, was that son of whom it was so justly said, after the scenes of his life were closed, that he had been 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.' Is it just to such men that so much of their story should be lost to mankind? These men undoubtedly had a proper regard to fame. Were they not entitled to it? Shall it be lost, from the want of pious care on the part of their descendants to preserve the evidences, and set up the monuments of their title to the love and respect of their race? And how much have we not already lost? The whole story of our State navy is now gone; it is not known even to tradition. And yet I myself once heard Commodore Barron, who was a midshipman in that service, relate some incidents in its career so stirring, and give so many reasons for deploring the loss of its history, as must make me ever regret that my countrymen should have been so insensible to the value of their own story, as neither to have written it themselves, nor even preserved the materials for another to do it for them. The tombs of our revolutionary fathers lie thick around us, but the faithful chisel, or the pious care, is wanting to renew the inscriptions, or remove the rank grass which hides them from the eyes of man, for which alone they were intended. The fame of good and great deeds, even though it be inherited, is of no small value; it opens for us a readier access to the confidence of others, and creates within ourselves a new incitement to virtue. How is such an inheritance to be preserved without the aid of history?

"I know that this is the age of material development; never has man dealt so largely or so intimately with matter as now; never has he exerted such powers to control it; never have his physical comforts or material resources been so great. But is there no danger that, in our aspirations after material wealth and power, we shall forget what is more priceless still, moral elevation and grandeur? It is much to improve the country, but more to improve the people. To afford new incitements to honor and virtue by wise and eloquent precept, or by what is still more persuasive, high example; to win as a people the trophies of fame; to store up in the national repositories of thought, ideas which can serve to instruct and delight mankind; these, after all, are the achievements which tell most upon the page of history, and these constitute the only imperishable wealth of a nation. But if we have no history, what

can its pages tell of us, or for us? We must learn by the light of others, and live by the examples which they may give us. Without a history of our own, we can expect neither unity nor consistency of national character, we may hope for no system of culture properly our own, we cannot maintain even a just self-respect, nor have we a right to expect from our sons a high ambition or noble aspirations. They may spring up *autochthons* in the soil, but they must grow as they spring, unaided by our hand, for we refuse even a memorial to the man who may fall in our service. As I understand it, Mr. President, it is to prevent such a want of history, as would, indeed, be a reproach to our people, that your society has been organized, and is laboring; and I now appear before you to call public attention, as far as I am able, to the great value and importance of your pursuits. Let it not be said that, while the whole world is alive to matters of historical interest, we alone should be dead to the importance of our own story, and insensible to the duty we owe to those who have preceded us, and those who will succeed us, to guard and preserve its materials at least. But throwing out of view all consideration of duty, is there nothing attractive in the study of Virginia history itself? Is there nothing in the strange scenes of warfare and adventure, through which the settlements extended from the shores of the Chesapeake to those of the Ohio and Mississippi, to stir the blood, or kindle the glow of sympathetic feeling? Is there no interest in the wild march of the pioneer who led the advance of this line of settlement, finding a friend and a home wherever he might have companionship with nature; whose aspects were as familiar to him in her deepest solitudes, or least accessible retreats, as when she smiled most pleasantly upon the usual abodes of man?

“Who would recall, if he could, the lost traditions of that bold spirit, who willingly staked existence itself upon any venture, no matter how desperate or wild, if it promised to gratify his peculiar tastes, and casting all fear behind him, penetrated the very depths of the wilderness, where he could only hold his life upon the double condition of pursuing his game, and eluding the savage by a woodcraft, and a courage superior to his own? Undoubtedly the day will come, when the little that is left of this history, will be sought after with the most eager curiosity, and become a favorite object of antiquarian research. To collect its stray sibylline leaves will yet be a labor of love. Even now, I think, I shall find many to agree with me in the opinion that the institutions and civil

deeds of the old fathers of our State, well deserve the study and commemoration of her sons.

“These were, indeed, such men as had no need to ask for more than to be fairly known, and who might truly say:

‘After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honor from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.’

“You may have observed, Mr. President, that in the course of my brief review of a portion of Virginia history, I have said nothing of the period since the adoption of the present federal constitution. To have done so would have extended this address beyond its proper limits, and involved topics whose discussion might disturb the party feelings of the day. My object has been to develop the *moral*, and unity of our history, and to present it in such a point of view as should be above and beyond party considerations and influences. For that purpose, I have shown how our ancestors, through succeeding generations, labored for the great end of so adjusting the social and particular interests of man, as to give the largest amount of individual liberty and power, which might be consistent with the necessary protection of a regularly organized society. Indeed, with some, it has been a matter of reproach to Virginia, that in the pursuit of this end, she sacrificed too many of the elements of social strength and wealth. But the fruits of this system are to be found in the individual excellence which it developed, and the number of great men that it produced, during the period of which I have been treating, and through which the State adhered to it most exclusively I think, too, I have shown that during this time, her social achievements were such as would have done honor to any people of the same number and means, in any era, or part of the world. If Lord Bacon was right in saying that the ‘plantations of new countries are amongst the primitive and most heroic works of man,’ then surely Virginia is entitled to a high place in the order of human achievement. Until the time of the American experiment in government, the efforts of statesmen, and the refinements of their skill, seem to have been wholly directed to the ends of social strength and progress. With that experiment commenced the first great forward movement in favor of individual liberty, and the most successful form of political organization for making that development compatible with social strength and order. Amongst the leaders in this movement, if not at its head, Virginia is

entitled to be ranked, and when she takes her appropriate place in the great Pantheon of History, there shall ascend from her altars, not the smoke from the blood of her victims, but the grateful incense of the noblest of human aspirations, those of the soul, after a larger liberty of self-development, and a wider range in the boundless domain of thought. In the great Epos of Humanity we see nation after nation seizing the torch of civilization as it passes to the head of the column to lead the advance in the mighty march of our race. In the struggle for mastery, some faint and some fall by the wayside. Nationalities decay, and the forms of their institutions pass away, but each, ere it leaves the scene, bequeaths its great and characteristic thought as an everlasting possession to man. Beneath the very ashes of their decay lives a fire whose light is as imperishable as truth itself, and which is capable of transmission from generation to generation, so long as the human mind exists to afford the subject to feed the sacred flame. Some leave a new light, and others inspire a higher hope to guide or to animate the march of humanity. When we look thus to the achievements of others, and reckon up the legacies of immortal thought bequeathed by the past to the present, is it extravagant to hope that Virginia, too, may contribute her idea whose type may be found hereafter in some new stage of human progress. It is a pious wish, and for one I dare to indulge it."

---

ART. 9.—APPLICATIONS OF CHEMISTRY. *Chemistry applied to dyeing.* BY JAMES NAPIER, F. R. S. Illustrated with engravings. Philadelphia, Henry Carey Baird, 1853.

It cannot be denied that, in mental activity, the present age far exceeds any of its predecessors. It is not because some school of literature has been founded, some fashion has been set in versification, some clique of authors has been formed, that we so characterize this century. There is, on the contrary, a universal agitation of the minds of men, a breaking loose from old restraints. New opinions on all sub-



jects, new modes of thought, new types of government, new classifications of nations are springing up. All is life, activity and change.

In nothing is this energetic vitality of the modern intellect so strikingly manifested, as in the progress of modern science. It has advanced with amazing rapidity, spreading wider as it goes further, covering more ground, taking in more and more of this unmeasured universe, and carrying with it more human minds than it ever did before. Just in the proportion in which the domain of human knowledge has been extended, have the facilities for acquiring it been multiplied. Cheap literature, the steam press, popular lectures, newspapers and the schoolmaster are doing wonders. No one, in any station of life, need now be ignorant of the general truths of the physical sciences. All our common reading is more or less tinged by them. They come to us in all forms, from all quarters—mixed undoubtedly with much error, perverted by strange superstitions, deformed by preposterous theories, yet under all their investments and with all their disadvantages, possessed of a vital, immortal spark, an emanation from the divine light of everlasting verity, “a ray ethereal,” though it may be “sullied and absorpt.”

In these days the republic of letters has reformed its constitution. It once was aristocratic, like Venice. It withdrew itself from the world, and was wholly controlled by a select few. Now, however, it has become democratic. It has done away with all monopolies, it has broken down all barriers of rank, caste and profession, it has proclaimed that knowledge, like light, like air, is, and of right ought to be, free to all. Not content with the mere declaration, it has used all its efforts to communicate as much of it as is possible to all.

Now, it is very manifest that this diffusion of knowledge is, like every other good thing, attended with disadvantages. A cynic might say that like gold leaf, the wider you spread it the thinner it gets. It is, indeed, thin enough in some places. Like a sick child's butter, it is often more shining than serviceable. When tender young misses learn all the

"ologies;" when there are more *sophies* in the desks than on the benches; when chemistry is taught in six easy lessons, and when a compendium of all the sciences and a few of the arts can be conveniently carried in the vest pocket, it may be reasonably inferred that knowledge is diffused a little too much. And yet we daily see this diluted science awakening an appetite for the solid and substantial. Many a man has had his attention directed to some particular department of science, in which he afterwards excelled, by some flimsy compendium, of no value itself.

But modern science is not made up by means of these showy films. It has a solidity, a grandeur, a compactness, to which ancient science was a stranger. It differs from ancient science, not only in its extent and deductions, but in its style of thought, in its method of progression.

Ancient science, like ancient navigation, was ever timid and superstitious. Coasting along the old shores of human knowledge, it contented itself with watching primeval truths through the varying atmosphere of the age's character and dreaded to venture out upon the deep, broad, unknown ocean, to seek new islands or continents, in its mysterious, unfathomable immensity. It chose to guide its course by the perishable, earthly Pharos of some mighty name, rather than by the eternal, heavenly lodestar of truth.

Progress was out of the question in such an age. Even the golden fables of the day, tinted with the warm light of oriental imagination, could not lure them from the shallow sinuosities of the shore. The garden of the Hesperides, and the fortunate Isles, and the fountain of perpetual youth might lie beyond the waters of their land-locked sea, but it required stouter hearts than theirs to find them out.

Such feelings and principles led inevitably to hero worship in science. A great man was followed implicitly by his disciples, who closed their eyes to his errors. They could see truth only through the lenses of antiquity and authority, and if they were distorted, all nature partook of the irregularity. Hence ancient science was eminently servile and su-

perstitious. It dreaded observation, and where facts obtruded themselves upon its mental perception, it diligently labored to expound them according to the dicta of its favorite sages, whose writings were regarded with a veneration little short of that with which we approach the words of inspiration. Thus error was transmitted from author to author, from age to age, and, as the nature of falsehood is to grow falser and falser, these errors were continually receiving new accessions of absurdity. Its books, therefore, became incredibly extravagant. The wildest dreams of an Arabian story-teller are not more absurdly marvelous, than the facts gravely put forth in solemn treatises on the exact sciences. Pliny's monstrous and preposterous notions about precious stones, idle fancies which the most shallow and superficial observation would have served at once to correct, remained not only uncontradicted for ages, but were copied by author after author, with a blind unquestioning faith which is perfectly appalling.

Add to this, that ancient science was eminently speculative. The operations of the human mind, the essential causes of things, the questions of the eternity of matter, of the origin of evil, and such inscrutable things, with the dreams of the sophists, chiefly occupied their attention. When Socrates, according to Sydney Smith, "invented common sense," and applied it to mental philosophy, he still only established a school, and did not thoroughly leaven the ancient mind. Physical science remained in the hands of the sophists. All its truths were clouded by errors of astounding magnitude, which went uncontradicted, owing in part to this very turn of mind. With observed facts, were mixed hasty generalizations and speculations, on first causes, and essential properties, and a thousand other things, which are utterly inscrutable, not only to them, but even to us, with all our improved methods of observation. The deductions, if such wild fancies deserve the name, were received as of equal force with the facts themselves, so that every truth was involved in an inextricable maze of error.

Much idle learning has been expended by men, who see all

good in antiquity, to glorify ancient science and to depreciate modern research. Because some of the arts had reached their highest perfection in Greece, because the passionate love of sensuous beauty and the clear perception of the harmonies of proportion possessed by that ancient people, have been embodied by them in exquisite marble forms, because their poets, sculptors and architects have given rules to all time, scholars have too hastily inferred that all their arts were alike advanced, and the sciences among them stood upon a level with the imitative arts. When we ask for the proofs of the advanced state of science and the practical arts, we are pointed to some trivial facts, like Cleopatra's pearl, and the copper tools found in the Egyptian quarries, and are called upon to admire the enormous blocks of stone elevated to so high a position in their ancient temples. These last, they say, are clear indications that the Egyptians possessed mechanic arts which we have lost, that we could never produce such colossal results. The hieroglyphics, however, which unveil the whole internal life of that singular people, give no hint of any very profound knowledge of the mechanic powers. The explanation of these stupendous structures is to be found in the peculiar state of Egyptian society, in which the monarch was absolute and the people were nothing. Armies upon armies of workmen could be summoned to execute the whim of a Pharaoh, and if thousands perished in the tasks assigned them, other thousands were at hand to supply their place; the lives of these poor wretches being esteemed of far less value than that of a modern dog. When this fact is estimated at its proper value, the marvel of these great achievements ceases. When an army of one hundred thousand men could be employed on a single temple, it was a comparatively small undertaking to build an inclined plane from the work to the quarry, or to the river bank, when the great blocks were landed, and to roll them up to their proper position in the building. The temple being completed, the same hands that raised the inclined plane could level it again, and leave no trace of the simple means by which they accomplished their results.



In like manner, most of the other proofs of ancient superiority in the practical arts can be disposed of. They do not bear a close scrutiny. Of course, with these must fall to the ground any notions of their superiority in science, based upon their supposed unsurpassable skill in these arts.

To refute these arguments, however, it is only necessary to consult their books of science. They will be found fully to bear out what has already been said in reference to ancient science. The truth is, there was no science then, in the modern acceptation of the term. As America, "that great antiquity, lay buried five thousand years" from the rest of the world, waiting for Columbus to disinter her grandeur, so science waited for Lord Bacon to take her from the dungeon in which she had been immured for so many ages. Modern science (which, as already hinted, seems to be the only science deserving the name) took its origin in the *Novum Organon*. All up to that time, the vain hopes of alchemy, and all the brilliant dreams of the first fifteen hundred years of the Christian era, must be classed under the head of ancient science.

In making these remarks, it is not intended to convey the idea that all the labors of the early students of nature were futile—that these zealous pupils only watered the desert or ploughed the barren shore. Much was accomplished by them, many important secrets of nature were unveiled, many useful truths made known to men. But what we understand by science, is not a mere aggregation of independent facts, however important these may be in themselves, but an orderly collocation, a regular system of existing knowledge; and in this respect, the ancients were undoubtedly deficient. That any thing was accomplished, on so grossly defective a method, is only a proof of the great intellectual power of the individual minds that succeeded in raising here and there a fragment of the hem of the veil of inscrutable Isis.

Since Bacon's time, the whole aspect of science has changed. Modern science is bold and enterprising. It knows no limit to its investigations but the bounds of the possible. Its vota-

ries are scaling every mountain height, descending into every mine, wandering over every sea, studiously observing every form, animate or inanimate, all over the globe. It pushes its researches into every accessible nook of creation. It calls down the bright lightning from the skies, bottles it, forces it to recognize its poor relations born of sealing-wax and vulgar cloth, tames it, leading it silently and harmoniously into the patient earth, or sends it on messages along the thrilling wires. It catches the delicate gradations of light and shade, and fixes them upon a plate, to tell to after ages what forms were seen in this. It takes its stand between two infinities, unveiling with its microscopes the mysteries which, hitherto protected by their littleness, had hidden themselves even from the imagination, and with its telescopes forcing the awful depths of the blue dome above us to discover their guarded secrets. You find it, on the one hand, estimating those inconceivable distances in the boundless abyss of immensity, from which the swift rays of light that started at the birth of Adam have just reached our eyes; and, on the other, measuring the size of those minute creatures, thousands of whom find ample sea-room in a drop of water.

Such triumphs as these could not be accomplished by a servile spirit. Modern science knows no absolute lord but truth. It has thoroughly emancipated itself from all mere human authority. There is no such thing now as one acute intellect dictating laws to all science, and closing the eyes of his followers to the phenomena of nature. We shall never see so prolonged a dominion as Aristotle's over this department of human knowledge. The ultimate appeal, in our days, is to facts, not to authority; and the humblest observer, who can bring forward an undeniable fact, can overthrow the highest authority who endorses a theory repugnant to it. Authorities there undoubtedly are, but the respect accorded to them is based upon their extensive observation of facts, and their skill in examining and in deducing consequences from them. Meanwhile, the great structure of human knowledge is continually growing, by additions from a thousand

observers, fixing daily some floating fact in the great ocean of existence. It is not a mere dead aggregation of facts, but a consistent pile in which the dry details have been elaborated by active minds. So the coral reef increases by additions made to it by thousands of little living creatures, scattered, indeed, and apparently independent, but yet all connected together by a mysterious vital bond.

Modern science has also freed itself from the tyranny of speculation and hypothesis. Speculation and hypothesis are, indeed, to be found, but they are regarded as the scaffolding of the temple, not as the temple itself—a scaffolding which is to be removed as soon as it has subserved its purpose of enabling the workmen to complete that portion of the structure. We do not commit the antiquated absurdity of fixing this unsightly lumber in the walls.

Its practical character is strongly contrasted with the speculative turn of ancient science. Some practical results, indeed, came from the latter, but they were incidental, and not deliberately planned. Modern science, however, interests itself in the daily affairs of men, studies the common things of life, and returns to the every-day business of the world what it obtained with usury.

If we sought a parallel between the results of the old and the new, few more striking types of the two could be selected than the Pyramids and the Steam Engine. The former have been, for ages, the admiration of the world. The wasting waves of forty centuries, which have worn to dust so many mighty empires, have rolled over them in vain. A thousand revolutions have roared around their base, and myriads of men have gazed upon their mighty bulk, and perished. The camels of the Ishmaelites, the slow pomp of priestly processions, the sullen gangs of Israelitish slaves, the gilded chariots of Cambyzes, the serried Macedonian phalanx, the strong legions of Rome, the black-bannered armies of the Caliphs, the mailed hosts of the Crusaders, the fiery horses of the Mamelukes, the swift artillery of the French, have awakened their echoes, and filled the dull labyrinths of their secret

chambers with the din of conflict; and the smoke and dust of all these fights have stained the blue ether above them;—and all have passed by them, like one long continuous procession, into the dim night of death. Yet they still rear their useless bulk among the shifting sands of the desert, and the swift mutations of human affairs, stupendous monuments of a gigantic posthumous folly—Titanic efforts to desecrate the majestic equality of Death, by protracting the petty vanities and factitious distinctions of life into his solemn realms—perpetual accusations against the cruel pride of ancient monarchs. There they stand, wonderful and useless. During all the centuries of their existence they have subserved no useful purpose but to “point a moral and adorn a tale.”

But the steam engine, the modern triumph—what a vastly different story has it to tell? It is hard to look at that homely household implement, a kettle, without thinking of the old Arabian story which has delighted and astonished our childhood. You all remember how the poor fisherman, who went out in the morning to pursue his vocation, and had such bad luck, and after many disappointments, at last with much labor succeeded in hauling up a miraculous kettle; how he opened it and shuddered at the great smoke which rose from it and finally consolidated itself into a gigantic Djinn.

We too, in our day, have seen the giant rise from the kettle. No Solomon's seal can ever shut him up again. He is busy all over the world. Every where you hear him shriek, as he rushes along, dragging thousands of tons after him, impelling great ships across the roaring ocean, lifting riches out of the dark caverns of the earth, forging his own chains, now hammering out refractory iron that shall hold a seventy-four against the storm, and now weaving a gauze veil for the young bride's head. You find him hard at work, multiplying books and printed papers with fabulous rapidity over night, and then scattering them over the continent in the morning; carrying them to a thousand hearths, and so becoming the most potent promoter of civilization. It is hard to tell how much of our modern refinement came out of the kettle with that steam which old Savary watched so intently.



There is another feature about modern science which renders it very attractive to the ardent and imaginative student, though it has been objected to by some. I allude to its incomplete character and rapid growth. The student advances with the science. When he has reached the level of his masters, he need not stop, and recoil upon himself, like Faust, disgusted with the emptiness of learning. The barrier of to-day is swept away to-morrow, and the goal is perpetually receding before the pursuer. There is consequently a freshness, an unsated ardor in the pursuit which a finished science can never furnish its votaries. There is all the difference between the two, that there is between the view from the top of Mount Righi at noon day and in early morning. When the meridian sun illumines all the ravines in the rugged sides of the mountains, lights up the deep valleys and kindles into flashing silver the streams and mountain lakes; the prospect is indeed glorious. But none but the swiftest or most prosaic traveler is satisfied with this. The lover of the picturesque clambers to the summit, while the stars still shine in the cold blue sky. He takes his stand to watch the gradual lighting up of the sublime panorama. First through the murky air beams the rosy crest of one high snow-covered peak which has caught the first rays of the coming morning. Presently another and another and another kindle the same holocaust of light upon their snowy altars. Still the valleys sleep in darkness, veiled by the silver mists that float below. But as the day brightens new beauties are momentarily disclosed, till at last the whole glorious scene is opened to the admiring eye. No one can hesitate between the two views. In the latter, the observer seems to detect the Creator building this magnificent mountain world.

Among the various departments of science there is none that in these days has assumed such an importance as that which is to form the special subject of our study. Chemistry enters so completely into every art and every science, that we can almost measure the general progress of any nation by the rapidity of its advancement in this beautiful science. Much

of our civilization depends entirely upon it. It is used as the hand-maid to all the arts and to every science. No one can emancipate himself from its influence.

The astronomer, gazing far into the wide realms of space, avails himself of the chemist's assistance. The very glasses which give him such angelic ken, are a chemical compound, and the chemist has assisted the optician to render them achromatic, and taught him to tint them so as to subdue the vivid splendor of the sun to the capacity of a mortal eye.

To the chemist he owes his ability to analyze the light and to force it to disclose the secret of the distant orbs at which he gazes. The pencil of rays which has just arrived after its long journey from the parent star, is caught, passed through a polarizing apparatus and at once informs the skillful observer whether it has been reflected or comes direct from an original fountain of light.

The photograph, which is a peculiarly chemical invention, since it depends entirely upon the changes which light of different degrees of intensity effects in certain chemical compounds, has been applied of late to other purposes besides preserving a record of human faces and of earthly forms. The astronomer who has obtained a clear view of a distant orb, has only to connect a photographic apparatus with the focus of his telescope, and he has a permanent copy of his observation, which is susceptible of indefinite multiplication.

Nor can the geologist dispense with the chemist. When that Champollion of hieroglyphics older and more august than any painted on Egyptian walls, has descended through the immense catacombs of antediluvian ages, and has studied those characters of death in which the great cycles of the early world have chronicled their own history and written their own epitaphs, he comes at last to dull, unsculptured rocks, which evade all his questions. No prints of giant feet, or sunken specks of fallen rain, or remnants of monstrous trees are there to tell the story of those early ages, which remotest antiquity had long ago forgotten. The dumb rock cannot respond to the earnest inquiries of the historian of the

universe. Now comes the chemist, and by his art completes this august history. His eye penetrates the mist of those remote ages and detects the story of those primeval rocks. The wonderful annals are now carried back to that glorious "*beginning*" in which "*God created the heavens and the earth.*"

Nor is it only to science that chemistry acts as a handmaid. The arts are all dependent upon her, whether they minister to our necessities, our luxuries, or our caprice.

The strong iron which ploughs our fields and reaps our crops, and hews out our houses, the copper which sheathes our ships, the gold which circulates as money or glitters on the white necks of our belles, all must undergo chemical mutations before they can pass into the hands of the workman to be fashioned into their final forms. In the dull or glittering ore, fragile and unmalleable as it is thrown out of the earth, none but the practiced eye can detect the shining malleable, ductile metal. The joint action of fire and flux, and other chemical re-agents, effects the desired change, and the pure metal is ready for the workman's hands.

It may be urged that the practical man worked ore and obtained the metals long before a chemist was known. This is undoubtedly true, but it forms no objection to our statement. The process is a chemical one, however or by whomsoever conducted, and if the practical man invented it before the scientific man knew of it, it only shows that here practice preceded theory, and that the workman was the first chemist. But now the progress of science has left those ancient practical men behind. They must either avail themselves of the knowledge acquired by the man of science, or content themselves with remaining far behind the position they might attain.

It would be easy to cite examples of the importance of scientific chemistry to the workman in the metals, but the time will not permit us to go into detail upon any one subject. Two familiar instances may be mentioned.

In many of the mines of Virginia the gold ore is worked over several times. It is well known, not only to the miners

but to the residents in gold regions, that a very small quantity of gold is obtained from the first operation upon the ore. It is then put away in heaps, and after a year it is again worked over, more gold being often obtained at this time than was got from the fresh ore. Some months later the same process is again resorted to, and again a quantity of the precious metal is obtained, and it sometimes happens that the workmen get a larger result from the last operation than from any that preceded it. It is very manifest that such working must be attended with great loss of time and material. The ill success depends entirely upon ignorance of the chemical principles upon which all such processes should be based. A slight modification in the existing modes of working would enable these people to strip the ore completely in the very beginning.

One more example. Some time ago, I received for analysis, a specimen of a copper ore which had been worked for some time by practical men unassisted by any chemist. They had obtained from 20 to 25 per cent. from the ore, and paved the roads with the residue from the furnaces. The ore contained 42 per cent. of very pure copper, so that these gentlemen had been making roads with scoriæ that were worth at least \$100 per ton.

The brilliant dyes which adorn the fabrics of our looms are all chemical compounds. Every permanent dye effects a chemical change either in the tissue or in the substances applied to it, or both, and most of them are obtained by soaking the stuffs in one solution and precipitating the coloring matter with another.

The perfumery with which the ladies saturate their handkerchiefs they owe exclusively to the chemist, and they have no idea of the transmutations those delicious fragrances undergo before they are fully elaborated. If we were to hint that some of their favorite essences were distilled from the most unseemly refuse, they would probably refuse to believe us, and would be right enough, for

“Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.”



The glass which shuts out the cold and lets in the light—the colors which deck our houses—the porcelain from which we take our meals and the hues which adorn it—the ink with which we write—the gas and the various liquids which give us light by night, are all chemical compounds. Indeed chemistry contributes so largely to the comforts of our common life that it is not easy to conceive of a tolerable state of civilization without its aid.

Nor is it only to these daily comforts that chemistry contributes; higher and more important needs are supplied by it, and we find it doing work for which, at first sight, we would never suppose it capable.

It is not necessary to remind our readers how important a thing to navigation is the little magnetic needle, which trembles in the compass like a guardian spirit, the archæus or living instinct of the ship, it silently points out the course of the vessel over the heaving, trackless wilderness of waters, as well in the dark, wild night, and the dense impenetrable fog, as when the polar star is shining brightly in the calm untroubled blue. It has long been thought and is now commonly believed by the mass of the people that this mysterious guardian of the ship is constantly pointing to the pole. Hence it has long been used as a simile for truth and constancy. Many a lover has protested to his fair one that he was “true as the needle to the pole,” and he was actually much nearer to the truth than he intended. Like most constant lovers, while true in the main, the needle still roves a little, and can only be true on an average, and by striking a balance among its variations. The fact is, if the needle could sing, its favorite air would probably be, “I’ve been roaming.”

Columbus was the first who discovered this property of the magnet, and he found it out too at a time when any common courage would have quailed. Alone, on a wide ocean, never furrowed before by European keel, shoreless for aught he knew, he found the needle, on which he had hitherto implicitly relied, beginning to grow false to its charge. He saw it swerve daily farther and farther from its beloved North. He said nothing, but the pilots soon found it out and were aghast with consternation.

They seemed to have sailed beyond the dominion of nature's laws and to be verily in a new world. The strong heart of the bold admiral, however, never failed. Destined to disinter a buried world, he kept steadily on. The needle might swerve from the North, but not he from his purpose.

Thus it will be seen that the needle, like the lovers, is not always the same in all quarters of the world. Both are subject to a *geographical variation*.

But space is not the only cause of variation. Time, too, changes this inanimate model of constancy. There is what is called a *secular variation*. The needle in a term of years changes its direction very materially, and then slowly moves backwards towards its first position. There is also an *annual* and even a *daily variation*.

Now, it is manifestly of the last importance that these variations should be exactly determined, and that the law regulating them should be discovered. Accordingly, several governments have established observatories for the special purpose of studying this subject. Among them, Great Britain is honorably conspicuous. The British government has erected an admirable magnetic observatory, in which all the apparatus is constructed with the most exquisite skill, so as to record the slightest variations of the needle. As these are always going on, they must be watched night and day, and at every moment. This is, manifestly, a task not to be trusted to human patience. It is too important a duty to be committed to any thing that might possibly grow weary.

At this juncture, the chemist steps in and arranges for the record. The apparatus is placed in a darkened room, in which a solitary light is so situated, that its rays shall fall upon the magnetic bar of polished steel and thence be reflected upon a long strip of photographic paper. The latter is made to pass with a uniform motion over rollers, so that on an inspection of it, there will be found the most accurate possible account of the variations, recorded by the needle itself.

Modern chemistry also interests itself deeply in human life. It shows us that the human body is a chemical laboratory, in which the most subtle and delicate chemical changes are constantly

taking place. Composition and decomposition succeed each other with great rapidity and yet without confusion. We are all gradually wasting away and would soon perish, consumed like the fuel we burn, by the wasting power of the atmosphere, were it not that the delicate forces of vital chemistry, feeble and slight as they are, are too strong for the destructive energies that surround us. The due balance between the formative and the destructive powers in the body constitutes health. A loss of the equilibrium on either side is disease.

To the physician, therefore, the knowledge of chemistry is absolutely indispensable. It enters into the practical details of his daily duties, for how can he write an original prescription without running the risk of making an inert or a poisonous compound by unskillful admixture, or how can he administer an antidote to the simplest poison without understanding the chemical relations of the various substances he employs? But this is not all. Many of the most painful diseases, to which the human frame is liable, are purely chemical, depending upon a derangement somewhere or other in the apparatus. A knowledge of the healthy action of all the parts, of their proper chemical composition and their natural chemical changes, of physiological chemistry in short, is therefore essential to the accomplished physician. The most important functions of the body, *digestion*, which converts the food we take into suitable nutriment for the body; *nutrition*, which appropriates the nutriment so prepared and enables us to resist the tendency to death, which is inherent in our frames; *respiration*, which keeps us warm and disposes of certain substances that would destroy us if retained; *secretion*, which separates from the mass of the blood certain compounds that are either useful for building up the body, and therefore ought to be applied at the proper time and place, or baneful and therefore to be swept away—all are chemical changes. Only to *understand* them, requires no inconsiderable acquaintance with chemistry. How much more thorough then must be our knowledge of that science, before we can pretend to treat their diseases with any thing more than second-hand skill.

To cite but one more benefit which we derive from chemistry,

the assertion may be made, without fear of contradiction, that the peace and good order of society are largely dependent upon it. It can hardly be denied that the comfort and safety of all of us is greatly increased by the certain detection and swift punishment of the criminal. Both these great ends of public justice are promoted by modern chemistry, as a very brief consideration of the subject will prove.

To the murderer, who wishes to avoid detection, no plan seems to promise such perfect immunity as poisoning. Some of the most deadly poisons are devoid of color, taste or smell, and the victim may take them in his food without the slightest suspicion of their presence. Illness ensues, of a more or less protracted character, and the unfortunate wretch dies, apparently by a rapid disease which might have assailed him according to the ordinary laws of nature. The funeral train assembles, he is borne to the grave, and the green earth hides him from the sight of the living. From the murderer's breast a heavy load is lifted. He is now safe, and may, with what quietness his conscience allows him, enjoy the benefits of his villainy. His victim has perished, and left behind him no trace of the mode by which he was prematurely hurried from this bright and breathing world.

But his self-gratulation is premature. Whispers of suspicion begin to pervade his neighborhood, and the authorities are finally aroused. The dead man is disinterred; fragments of his body are handed to a chemist, who quietly, in his laboratory, disentangles the heterogeneous materials, and points unerringly to the cause of death.

One of the most remarkable cases of this kind, is that of the Count de Bocarme, of Belgium. This nobleman had married the daughter of a rich grocer, but had not received with her the dowry he had expected. He lived a life of reckless extravagance and dissipation, and his affairs became inextricably involved. He fell into the hands of the money-lenders, and this did not, of course, tend to promote mental quiet. He had but one hope of escape from his financial embarrassments, and that was the death of his wife's brother, who had always been of a feeble constitution. The brother, however, showed no inclination to die, but on the con-



trary, seriously contemplated marriage. Of course, the birth of legal heirs would for ever exclude the count from the benefits. The dissolute and unprincipled nobleman, therefore, determined to murder his brother-in-law, but wished to execute his diabolical purpose in a new and unheard-of way, that so he might avoid legal detection. Nicotine, an alkaloid obtained from tobacco, suggested itself to his mind, as a poison but little understood and likely to afford him the surest means of attaining his end. Accordingly, he put himself under the tuition of a celebrated practical chemist in Brussels, and for *ten months* devoted himself assiduously to the study of this deadly agent. He made repeated trials before he could obtain it sufficiently pure for his purpose, and after having procured it, performed a number of experiments upon animals in order thoroughly to understand its action.

Having thus prepared himself, he proceeded to the execution of his nefarious design. His brother-in-law was invited to dine with him at his chateau, the servants were sent off on various errands, and after dinner the count, seizing his victim, poured the deadly liquid down his throat. Instant death was the consequence.

Suspicion was aroused at the post-mortem examination, and the stomach, liver, &c. of the dead man were sent to M. Stas, a Belgian chemist, and to Orfila the eminent toxicologist; some shavings from the floor of the dining room, planed off from planks having upon them stains resembling those of blood, were also examined. The result was that all these different substances furnished nicotine, which speedily destroys animal life. This fact, taken in connection with the testimony of the chemist, under whom the count had studied, constituted a complete chain of evidence, and the execrable wretch was executed.

But it has already been said that chemistry not only assists to detect crime, but also provides for the speedy apprehension of the criminal. Do we not often see the law stretch its avenging arm over half a continent and seize the guilty wretch in the midst of his fancied security? He has stricken down his victim, at the dead of night, in some sequestered spot and hastily fled, leaving the corpse stretched out stiff and cold, the dead eyes staring blindly

up into the deep heavens, at those cold stars which have for ages gazed unmoved upon so much unrighted wrong, looking for that eternal justice which must reside above them. He has fled on the swift wings of steam, and he knows that before the eyelids of the morning open upon that bloody scene, a hundred miles will have been placed between him and his pursuers. But let him speed his flight as he may, he cannot outrun the electric fluid. God, in these days, has delegated some of his majesty to man, and his avenging lightnings literally pursue the fugitive, not with a glare of light, a crash of sound, and a riving force, bursting upon his devoted head and dashing out his life, but with a terrible and earnest silence, glancing like thought along the wires, speaking to a hundred cities at once, and rousing hosts of relentless foes, who lie in wait for the unhappy wretch, and entrap him just when he thinks he has made his final escape.

Who has given to nations this quick intelligence! Who has armed justice with such terrific weapons? Who but the chemist, quietly in his retirement exploring the secrets of nature?

## ART. X.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Physical Geography of the Sea.* By M. F. MAURY, LL. D., Lieut. U. S. Navy. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855.—The name of Lieut. Maury has become a household word among “those that go down to the sea in ships,” and all who take any interest, theoretical or practical, in the great highway of nations. For years he has been studying the phenomena of the vast abyss of waves, and bringing new facts to light concerning the wonderful things of the ocean. Great circle sailing, and wind and current charts are familiarly associated with his name by every one who reads the daily newspapers, and the scientific world acknowledges great benefit from his labors.

At first, the sole design in the compilation of the “Wind and Current Charts” was to improve navigation by the collation of a vast number of individual experiences. The result proved the correctness of their author’s opinions; for, by their aid, the average passage to California was shortened one-fourth, and that from Australia to England, one-fifth. It is impossible to calculate the benefit resulting to commerce from the general adoption of the course recommended by Lieut. Maury. It was stated to the British Association, at its two last meetings, that if this system of research were extended to the Indian Ocean, it would save annually to British commerce, in those seas alone, one or two millions of dollars, and in all seas, ten millions.

But this result, brilliant as it is, did not satisfy the mind of the projector of this new system of investigation. Scientific facts of great value have resulted from it; many secrets having been wrenched from the mysterious sea. One of the first peculiarities observed in these charts, compiled from so many old log-books, was the cutting up of the ocean into what Lieut. M. calls “great turnpike-looking thoroughfares.” There were roads to South America, to the Pacific, to Australia, &c., and it was remarkable how very circuitous and irregular were some of these routes.

“Thus,” says Lieut. Maury, “the great highway from the United States to the Cape of Good Hope, nearly crossed the Atlantic, it was discovered, three times. The other parts of the ocean by the wayside were blank, untraveled spaces. All the vessels that sailed went by one road and returned by the other. Now and then, there was a sort of a country cross-road, that was frequented by robbers and bad men, as

they passed on their voyage from *Africa* to the West Indies and back. But all the rest of the ocean on the wayside, and to the distance of hundreds of miles on either hand, was blank, and seemed as untraveled and as much out of the way of the haunts of civilized man as are the solitudes of the wilderness that lie broad off from the emigrants' trail to Oregon. Such was the old route."

A solution was, of course, sought for this very remarkable fact, and it was finally discovered that *tradition* had regulated these routes. The first navigators accidentally took a certain course, guided by winds and currents, and their successors, having received their sailing directions, religiously followed them. The navigation of the ocean was therefore regulated by a set of legends, handed down from one sailor to another, which spoke of necessary precautions and fearful perils now found to be purely imaginary.

The first charts which were published called attention to these untraveled spaces. Mariners were called upon to record their observations, and transmit them to the National Observatory at Washington, being promised, in return, new charts and sailing directions based upon this experience. The proposition was eagerly accepted, and brilliant discoveries have rewarded the skill and perseverance employed in the task of unfolding the mysteries of the ocean. The Government of the United States, which had the signal good fortune of having struck out this new line of investigation, perceiving the important results likely to accrue to the science and navigation of the world from it, suggested the adoption of a uniform system of observations at sea, and invited a conference of the maritime powers for the purpose. This was held in Brussels, in the summer of 1853, and a plan was adopted, by which a regular series of observations could be conducted. Nothing is allowed to interrupt these studies, undertaken for the common benefit of all who use the sea. Even the fury of war has been commanded to spare the record which contains these precious facts.

The results already obtained, in the opinion of that veteran of science, Baron Humboldt, justify the establishment of a new department of science, which he proposes to call the *Physical Geography of the Sea*.

The work before us is an account of the actual state of this new science. It gives "a philosophical account of the winds and currents of the sea; of the circulation of the atmosphere and the ocean; of the temperature and depth of the sea; of the wonders that are hidden in its depths; and of the phenomena that display themselves at its surface—in short, of the economy of the sea and its adaptations, of its salts, its



waters, its climates, and its inhabitants, and of whatever there may be of general interest in its commercial uses or industrial pursuits."

Such is the task which the author sets himself, and he performs it in a highly creditable manner. The first subject discussed is the Gulf Stream. In considering the various theories of its origin, he pays particular attention to that of Dr. Franklin, who supposed that the trade-winds forced the ocean into the Caribbean Sea, banking up its water, and thus forming a head for the Gulf Stream. He shows, however, that the cold-water bed of this stream actually rises at the rate of ten inches to the mile; so that it runs up an inclined plane. Besides this, there is a polar current setting down from Baffin's Bay, between the Gulf Stream and the coast of the United States; and there are other streams making southwards, along the shores of the Eastern Continent. Bottles thrown into the ocean have drifted in such a manner as to show a manifest connection between these polar currents and the equatorial one, which we call the Gulf Stream. The great quantities of sea-weed, called the *mar di sargosso*, which occupies the middle of the Atlantic basin, is another indication of the existence of a circulation of water around the shores of this ocean. This would, of course, set aside the trade-wind theory, which receives another deadly blow from the calculated resistance to the current, which is that of several atmospheres, and of course could not be overcome by the pressure of one.

The initial point of these currents is to be found in the relative temperature of the tropics and the poles. The cold water at the poles being heavy, and the warm waves at the equator light, a system of currents must necessarily be established—one set running from the equator to the poles, the other from the poles to the equator. The initial velocity of the Gulf Stream is supposed to arise from the greater saltness and consequent increased density of these waters over that of the surrounding ocean. This difference is believed to arise from the difference between the evaporation from the one set of waters, and the precipitation of rain upon the other set. Thus, the waters of the Baltic and of the North Sea contain only half the quantity of salts common to sea-water generally, while those of the Gulf Stream are far saltier than the mass of the ocean. Hence, by the natural tendency of water to an equilibrium, we should have a flow of this heavy liquid of the Caribbean Sea towards the lighter waters of these distant seas.

But there are other peculiarities about the Gulf Stream. Its current is roof-shaped, being higher in the middle than upon either edge; and yet the drift always takes place upon the outer edge of the stream, and

never upon the inner. When we take this in connection with another phenomenon, well known to engineers—viz: the tendency of cars to run off the track of a railroad running north and south, always on the *right-hand* side, we have an explanation of this drift. It is due to the diurnal motion of the earth, which regulates the tendency of all floating matters, when not impelled by other stronger forces.

The whole Gulf Stream itself has a similar *easting*, setting finally due east, after it reaches the Banks of Newfoundland. These were formerly supposed to deflect it, but our author believes them to be an effect, and not a cause of the bending of the stream, since it is here that the icebergs, with their heavy ballast of northern gravel, are thawed by the warm waters of the gulf.

The cause of this course is to be sought in the physical forces already alluded to. Our author illustrates it by supposing that Ireland were visible from the Straits of Bennis, and a man were to aim at it with a cannon. He would then sight along the plane of a great circle, but the earth moving faster near the equator than it does towards the poles, the gun would move faster than the target, and the ball would strike ahead of the mark. It is just this course of a projectile that the Gulf Stream assumes.

There are many other points of interest connected with the Gulf Stream to which our author calls our attention, but our space does not permit us to notice them at any length. The heating properties of this current have long been known. Lieut. Maury compares this system of oceanic currents to the hot water warming arrangements of modern houses. The torrid zone represents the furnace; the Mexican Gulf and the Caribbean Sea, the caldrons; and the Gulf Stream the conducting-pipe. To this England owes its damp, moderate climate, and Ireland that verdure which has obtained for it the name of the Emerald Isle.

The most terrific storms occur along this current, and raise the most frightful seas. One of the disasters, consequent upon the turbulent weather of the Gulf Stream, will not soon be forgotten. The wreck of the *San Francisco* was surrounded with such incidents of suffering, anxiety, and heroic devotion, that the story thrills our hearts to this day as though told but yesterday. But that wreck possesses another interest, of a scientific character. Such was the excitement of public feeling, that Government dispatched two vessels in search of the missing steamer, and applied to the Observatory for information in regard to the point where search should be made. The position of the disabled ship at a certain time being known, the observations already made enabled

the gentlemen connected with that institution to declare her position at the period of search. Had the cutter been in time, her sailing directions would have brought her in sight of the ill-fated steamer. How striking is this illustration of the incalculable benefit likely to be derived from the series of observations carried on at the Observatory, especially when we remember that the barque Kilby lost sight of the wreck during the night, and could not tell where to look for her the next morning.

The atmosphere is next studied, and phenomena of the trade-winds carefully examined. Halley's theory is accepted as furnishing a key to the explanation of these constant winds; but it is considerably modified, in order to adapt it to our present wider range of observation. These winds are shown to be the aerial fountains of our great rivers. The circulation of the air is proved by the microscopic discoveries which Ehrenberg has been able to make in sea-dust. The minute organisms which are carried by the winds that come from Africa are not derived from that continent originally, but from South America; and, from the observed direction of the winds, they must have ascended first into the upper strata of the atmosphere, and then descended again, changing their course.

But we find ourselves already led on by our pleasant memories of this delightful volume far beyond the common limits of a critical notice. We must therefore reluctantly leave off, saying, only, that it is a book which is needed to fill a gap in science, that it is written in a most fascinating style, and abounds in new and valuable information, and, finally, that it deserves a place on the same shelf with the *Cosmos* and the *Aspects of Nature*.

*Report of the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, showing the Progress of the Survey during the Year 1853.* Washington: Robert Armstrong, Public Printer. 1854.—One of the most important and generally interesting operations now carried on by the Federal Government is the exploration of our coast. Proverbially one of the stormiest and most dangerous in the world, deservedly dreaded by the sailor as well as the passenger, and yet visited by a rich and extensive commerce, it becomes an imperative duty to ascertain its dangers, and, if possible, to provide against them. This is the main occupation of the Coast Survey Department, which has charge of the entire Pacific and Atlantic coast of the country. Its members are constantly engaged in taking soundings off various shores, exploring harbors, searching and deciding on

suitable sites for light-houses, surveying the coast, noting the distances and bearings of different points, and doing whatever else may render safe and easy the access of ships to our ports.

But there are other important matters elucidated by this department, which are more remotely connected with navigation, but are intimately involved with science. During the year 1853, for example, there was made a careful exploration of the form of the ocean bottom. Off our southern coast it was found that this was very irregular, consisting of ranges of mountains and hills, with a general direction resembling that of the coast, and with heights and bases like those above the water in the far interior. On the Charleston section, Lieut. Maffit, one of the commanding officers attached to the survey, discovered a mountain eighteen hundred feet high, with a base of eleven miles, and very steep towards the shore.

These explorations are especially interesting when taken in connection with that great oceanic problem, the Gulf Stream. This current is known to contain threads of cold and of hot water, which are perfectly distinct, though running side by side. Lieut. Maury's explanation of this phenomenon, in his admirable book on the Physical Geography of the Sea, is not satisfactory. He calls attention to the fact that in the Geysers, and other boiling springs, the central highly heated portion is surrounded by a ring of cooler water; showing that, as the water cools, it is thrown off towards the margins of the fountain, and descends in a different plane from that in which the hot water rises. He applies this to the phenomenon under consideration, and supposes that the hot water of the Gulf Stream, being cooled at the surface, passes off at the sides, and descends in another plane; hence the streaks of cold water.

The objection to this theory which would strike any reflecting mind, is that it entirely fails to account for the number of these threads of variable temperature. The analogy between it and the boiling spring is incomplete, because the hot water is, originally, surface-water, and does not rise from below; and, secondly, because the Geyser has a single cool ring surrounding the central ebullition, and not a series of concentric circles, which it ought to have to correspond with the Gulf Stream. The explanation is, therefore, insufficient.

By the report before us, however, as well as by earlier explanations, it appears that the Gulf Stream rests upon a polar current, which is very cold. Thus, about eighty miles east of Cape Cunaveral, at a depth of one thousand and fifty fathoms, the thermometer indicates a temperature of  $38^{\circ}$ , or only  $6^{\circ}$  above the freezing-point of fresh water;



while, at the surface, it stands at nearly  $80^{\circ}$ . This polar current runs in an opposite direction to the Gulf Stream, and is found upon either side of the great oceanic river. Now, the discoveries of the year go to show that the real cause of these streaks is to be found in the conformation of the bottom, the elevated submarine peaks throwing up the cold bed nearer the surface. This view is sustained by the discovery of a counter current in some of the cold threads of water. Should this turn out to be uniform for the whole stream, this theory may be considered established.

The exploration of the bottom of the ocean is also connected with other results. Many large geological formations are composed of the remains of substances once endowed with organic life. We warm ourselves in winter with forests that were felled long before the Mastodon was born; for coal is but the ruins of ancient tree-ferns. We polish our brasses with the skeletons of animals, the delicate tracing of whose shells would shame the finest finished work of art. The dust which we call Tripoli, is entirely made up of the remains of forgotten animals. Large deposits are formed exclusively of these exuviae. It becomes, therefore, a matter of no little importance to the geologist to determine the method and rate of their deposition.

This new chapter in the volume of nature is opened by the deep sea soundings, and some remarkable facts have been brought to light. Thus the bottom of the ocean has been found to be made up, to a great extent, of the remains of minute *foraminifera* and *diatomaceae*. It is remarkable that these remains increase in number with the depth from which they are taken. Those bottoms taken at two or three hundred fathoms, contain about 50 per cent. of these organisms, while that which comes from a depth of one thousand and fifty fathoms is almost entirely made up of them.

Mr. Pourtales, who reports upon the specimens obtained from the bottom of the Atlantic, under the Gulf Stream, is inclined to the opinion that those little creatures lived and died at the enormous depth from which their skeletons have been brought up. Professor Bailey, however, with more probability, as it seems to us, thinks that they lived upon the surface, and have slowly sunk through the water till they reached their resting-place. The shallower soundings, being more exposed to currents, could not, of course, afford such facilities for depositions as those which lie far below any of these superficial perturbations.

Another subject, to which great attention has been paid, is that of

the tides. The rise and fall should be marked with absolute accuracy in order that any satisfactory scientific deductions may be made from the observed facts. For this purpose a very ingenious apparatus has been contrived, which makes the water record its own ebb and flow. Clock machinery carries a strip of paper over a wheel at a regular rate of motion, and scores upon it the half-hours; a pencil, always in contact with this paper, makes upon it a continuous line; this pencil being connected with a float, which moves freely with the water, marks the elevations and depressions of the wave upon the paper, and the half-hours which have been pricked into the strip, show the times of the rise and fall.

A corps of observers, specially detailed for watching the tides, and provided with this and other apparatus, have been busily engaged during the past year. Many facts have been ascertained, though, in the opinion of the learned and able superintendent, not yet sufficient to base any accurate scientific deductions upon; still a number of valuable tables, containing facts of immediate importance to navigation, have been laboriously computed and appended to this report.

These observations have also established the interesting fact that there are three different types of tides on the three coasts of our country—the Atlantic, the Gulf, and the Pacific coasts. On the Atlantic they occur twice in twenty-four hours, with a slight difference in time and height between the morning and afternoon tides, known as the diurnal inequality. The Gulf tides are single day tides, and have been shown, by these researches, to be independent of the winds, which were formerly supposed to control them. The Pacific tides ebb and flow twice in twenty-four hours, but with so large a diurnal inequality that “a rock in San Francisco bay, which, at one low water of the day, might be covered to the depth of three and a half feet, might, at the next, be awash.” A few more stations only are necessary to complete the determination of the tides of the Gulf. The dividing line between the Atlantic and the Gulf series has already been nearly detected.

There is a large amount of incidental matter of interest appended to this report. The climate of portions of our coast, various methods of determining longitude and observing the movements of the heavenly bodies, analyses of boiler crusts, methods of making lithographic transfers, &c., are ably though briefly discussed. Altogether, this Report is highly creditable to the Government which organized, and the eminent gentleman who so admirably superintends the Coast Survey.

*Growth in Holiness; or, the Progress of the Spiritual Life.* By FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D. D. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 1855.—Whatever may be thought of Dr. Faber's theology, which is that of the Church of Rome, no one, after reading this little book, can doubt his sincerity and earnestness. The volume is intended as a guide to converts in the different stages of a religious life, and is manifestly written from the author's own experience. The style is forcible, elegant and scholarly, and the feeling of the work eminently devout.

*Ancient History: from the Dispersion of the Sons of Noe, to the Battle of Actium, and change of the Roman Republic into an Empire.* By PETER FREDET, D. D., Professor of History in St. Mary's College, Baltimore. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 1855.—The spirit of modern research has invaded even the realms of antiquity, and the grey old fathers of history have not escaped the rough handling of modern criticism. Traditional stories implicitly believed, from generation to generation, since the days of Solon and the Tarquins, have recently been examined and found to be unworthy the faith which has been accorded to them. Herculaneum and Pompeii are not the only exhumations of ancient life which modern industry has made. Out of old writings, and even from the etymologies of ancient tongues, facts have been disentombed, and the names of Niebuhr and Arnold sound to the scholar very much as those of Columbus and Vespucci do to the geographer.

There remain some, however, who still adhere to the faith in the old historians, and whose reverential awe for antiquity does not permit them to criticise any thing written in ancient Athens or Rome. Of this school was Rollin, whose blind unquestioning faith is amusing to the modern reader.

Our author holds a middle position between the doubting critics and the believing pupils of antiquity. While he admits the difficulties which environ some of the stories we have all read in school, he nevertheless follows the early historians pretty closely in his text, reserving his incredulity for his notes. In some instances, however, he seems not even to question the statements of the ancient writers. Thus he alludes to the *Cyropædia* without entering any protest against the twaddle of that silly old political novel.

He has, however, faithfully compiled a good compendium of ancient history, and this very adherence to his authorities gives us confidence in the honesty with which he has discharged his task. It is a history

of epochs, and the classification of them is clear and satisfactory. At the close of the volume there is an interesting discussion on the Laws, Polity, Arts, Manners and Customs of Ancient Nations, which is carefully compiled from the best authorities.

*Modern History; from the coming of Christ, and the change of the Roman Republic into an Empire, to the year of our Lord 1854.* By PETER FREDET, D. D.—the tenth edition. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 1855.—A great difficulty among scholars and historians has been the determination of the line of demarcation between ancient and modern history. All perceive the marked difference between the types of the two civilizations, but it is not easy to fix the epoch at which the change took place. Some make it the reign of Charlemagne, others the final irruption of the barbarians, which extinguished the last feeble remains of the imperial grandeur of Rome. Our author, more philosophically, begins with that which was certainly the great cause of this difference—the coming of our Saviour.

It is unfortunate that, owing to the importance of certain maxims of religion and principles of government, and the warmth with which they have been discussed, it is impossible to find a historian who is totally without bias; and as these questions underlie the entire fabric of modern society, and mingle with the whole course of modern history, it is extremely difficult, if not impracticable, to get a reliable and impartial history of events.

The majority of received historical works are based upon a belief in the necessity and desirableness of the Reformation, and have that in view during their whole course. Of course, a certain tinge will thereby be given to the productions of the most candid mind. It is, therefore, important to every one who wishes to get a fair view of the whole subject, to read the other side of the question.

Now, this book of Dr. Fredet's looks at history from the opposite point of view. A member and clergyman of the Church of Rome, he does not acknowledge the necessity of the Reformation. He writes, however, fairly, and gives his authorities for his statements. His book is free from the scurrility which disfigures so many works which deal with these questions; and while he is perfectly firm, he never forgets the courtesy due to his antagonists.

*Afraja, a Norwegian and Lapland Tale; or Life and Love in Norway.* Translated from the German of Theodore Muggi, by EDWARD



JOY MORRIS. Fifth Edition. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1855.—Afraja, who gives the name to this novel, is a Lapland enchanter, or sorcerer, possessed of immense wealth, great cunning and skill in managing the simple people among whom he lives as a chief and prophet. The character is well drawn, though common, and possessing no particular salient points.

A couple of love-stories, the excitement of speculation, and an attempt to ruin the hero, constitute the staple of the book. This hero, Marstraud, is a nobleman, with an estate sadly out of repair, which he attempts to mend by a visit to the wild, rocky fastnesses of Norway. There he falls in with Niel Helgestad, a hard, cold speculator, bold and unscrupulous, and, at the same time, cunning and far-sighted. He is decidedly the most vigorously drawn character in the novel. Then we have a couple of cast-iron Norwegian damsels, one of whom falls in love with the hero in a bleak sort of Polar fashion, not at all like the ardor of that famous pair of Greenland lovers over whose unhappy fate our grandmothers used to shed so many tears. The only warm, womanly creature in the novel is Gula, old Afraja's daughter. She is one of the creations that live in a reader's memory.

Altogether, it is a good novel, and will repay the time spent in its perusal. It is also a little out of the common way, and has the merit of freshness. Its moral is good, and the fifth commandment is brought out altogether too strongly for any latitude south of the Polar Circle.

*An Introduction to Practical Astronomy, with a collection of Astronomical Tables.* By ELIAS LOOMIS, LL. D., Professor of Mathematics and Practical Philosophy in the University of the city of New York, &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The science of Astronomy has not fallen behind the rapid progress of its cognate studies. New comets, new planets, new laws of sidereal motion have been discovered, old doctrines have been re-examined, and the sphere of application of the science to every-day life has been widened. Our own country has not been laggard in the prosecution of the study of this noble science. It is less than twenty-five years since the first refracting telescope, above a portable size, was introduced in the United States, and now we have two permanent observatories, thoroughly organized and liberally supplied with all the necessary implements. Already results of no small moment have been obtained. “Not only have the latitude and longitude of numerous places in the United States been accurately determined, but a large number of fixed stars have been carefully ob-

served and catalogued; improved methods of observation have been invented; the plans of the different members of our solar system have been accurately observed and compared with the best tables; new tables have been constructed, claiming an accuracy superior to any thing heretofore known in Europe; and we have, at last, our own nautical ephemerides, which, it is hoped, will contribute to hasten the era of our national scientific independence."

In the midst of this progress, however, it appears that a text-book has been wanting, not one which meets the demand having been published in the English language. To supply this desideratum our author has put forth the book before us, which he has attempted to accommodate to the wants of amateur observers, practical surveyors, government engineers and seamen engaged in voyages of discovery, while he also has had in view the requirements of students who desire to add this (as he thinks all who are acquiring a liberal education should) to the catalogue of their studies.

In carrying out this design, the author has furnished us with a full and reliable text-book for all who would enter into the pursuits of the astronomer. He begins with a description of the observatory, the precautions to be observed in selecting its site and the plan on which it should be built. The Telescope is next considered, its varieties, qualities, position and manipulations. The other astronomical instruments are then successively taken up and their construction and management explained.

The apparatus having been described, the problems of the observatory are expounded, and numerous tables for the facilitation of calculations given. Upon these great care and labor have been bestowed. Some have been extended and modified anew, others have been wholly recomputed, and one, a Table of the Moon's Parallax in Right Ascension and Declination for the Cambridge Observatory, is entirely original.

Astronomical students and the public generally, have to thank Professor Loomis for this excellent Treatise, which adds to his already wide and well-earned reputation.

*Dictionary of Medical Terminology, Dental Surgery, and the Collateral Sciences.* By Chapin A. Harris, M. D., D. D. S., Professor of the Principles of Dental Surgery in the Baltimore College, &c. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston, 1855.—Baltimore is certainly the world's metropolis for Dental Science. It is well known that in every thing pertaining to the science and art

of Dentistry, America is far ahead of Europe, and that the text-books of that continent are made upon this. Now, of all the cities of the Union, Baltimore is the most celebrated for its contributions to this speciality of medicine. It possesses the oldest, largest, and best appointed school of Dental Surgery in the world, the oldest journal devoted to its interests, and has put forth nearly all the text-books for students that have emanated from the press.

Dr. Harris, the author of the present volume, has a world-wide reputation in his profession. He has done more than any living man to advance it to its present position. He found it abandoned almost entirely to quackery, challenging no respect from the world and deserving little. He labored zealously, however, and, with the aid of some kindred spirits, succeeded in raising it from its low estate and putting it upon a level with the other specialities of medicine.

The book before us is a monument of industry and perseverance. It has been compiled during the intervals of a large and laborious practice, and written with a hand tremulous from the exertions of a long day spent at the operating-chair, yet for fullness and applicability to the purposes for which it is designed, it may challenge comparison with the productions of learned leisure.

It is full and satisfactory, while at the same time, it is sufficiently brief for the purposes of the student, who does not want to stop to read encyclopædia articles when he is at a loss for the meaning of a word which he has met in the course of his reading. In Dentistry it is copious and elaborate, while in Medicine it is sufficiently full for the general reader of this science. Its chemical definitions are more numerous than those of any Medical Dictionary of which we know any thing, and, in this department it supplies a desideratum which every reader must have often felt.

The present edition has been greatly enlarged and very much improved. About eight thousand new words have been added, and to make room for them, long articles have been curtailed and the departments of Biography and Bibliography have been very judiciously omitted. In this way, the book has been greatly increased in value, without any material augmentation of size.

*Universal Dictionary of Weights and Measures, Ancient and Modern; Reduced to the Standards of the United States of America.* By J. H. ALEXANDER. Baltimore: Wm. Minifie & Co.—There is no man in the United States better fitted to compile a work of this kind than Mr.

Alexander. Patient and untiring in his investigations, precise and cautious in his experiments, and thoroughly acquainted with all the minutiae of the subject under consideration, any thing he puts forth may be received with implicit faith. The present work, as its title implies, contains all the known measures and weights of the world, ancient and modern, reduced to American standards, and also the systems of weights and measures of all nations, whether civilized or barbarous.

The mechanical execution of the book is worthy the high character of its contents.

*Analytical Investigations concerning the credibility of the Scriptures, and of the Religious system inculcated in them: together with an Historical Exhibition of Human conduct during the several Dispensations under which Mankind have been placed by their Creator.* By J. H. McCULLOH, M. D. In two volumes, 8vo. Baltimore: James S. Waters.—There must be two sides to every question, or it ceases to be a subject of interest to the mass of the people. There must be antagonism, or men are not satisfied. “What is Truth?” is a question asked to this day as jeeringly or as carelessly as it was by the lips of Pontius Pilate, in the presence of its incarnate self; and the answers to it are as various and contradictory as they ever have been. What is Truth in nature, in art, in life, in morals? *Quot homines tot sententiæ.* The revolutions of years have not yet enlightened all men; the strong wrestlings of primitive thinkers have been in vain for the majority of our race. The old diversity of opinion continues, the ignorance remains, in old theological phrase, invincible.

To what purpose then, it might be asked, have been the lives and labors of so many saints and sages? Have they, after all their toil, done no more than the dull hind, who has lived a pensioner upon the elements for so many years, only that he might return to them that which he borrowed, after the strong hand of death has stilled the throbbings of his heart? Have all these painful watchings, this indefatigable search, these Titanic wrestlings with armed and dominant error, been equivalent only to so much “strenuous idleness?” Must *vanitas vanitatum* be chanted even over these labors of the heart and of the soul?

Never! These heroes of thought and of faith have not lived in vain. True, they have not broken all the strength of error. The hosts of darkness, though often beaten, have rallied again and again, and still hover, in skirmishing parties, around the march of the armies of



light. The two principles of evil and good continue still their internecine war, and the last trump is the only one that will call them from the battle-field to their several homes. But though, for the world is large, that great battle still rages and will rage, yet in individual hearts the war is over and the shrined images of these victorious heroes rest quietly, their brows shaded with laurel and with olive. It is here that the result of their long and faithful lives is seen. Thanks to their zeal, it is not left for each spirit to do the battle for itself alone against the host of doubts and fear that environ it.

Upon one great and momentous question the world is still divided, the truth or falsehood of those writings which teach the religion professed by Christendom. For many centuries these Scriptures have been before the world, millions have reverently received them, hundreds have sealed their testimony to their faith in them with their blood. Myriads have bounded into the arms of death with joy, believing that the great doctrines of these writings had stripped the grim foe of our race of all his terrors, and rendered him a much desired messenger of love and not the grim usher of destruction.

On the other hand, hosts of doubters have not hesitated to express their disbelief in these writings, and to sneer at those who believe them, as fanatics and slaves of superstition. In one or other of these parties, or holding a dubious and indefinable position between them, we find every member of our race.

Those who deny that these Scriptures are what they profess to be, the revelation of the mind and will of God, so far as it may be necessary for men to know it, adopt two main lines of argument. They either assert that these books have been fraudulently palmed upon the world, being the production of priests who have put them forth to subserve their own selfish ends, and therefore of no value or authority, or they contend that they contain intrinsic evidence that they are not the revelation of the Almighty. The opponents of Christianity, therefore, are divisible into two distinct classes, first, those who deny the veracity of its recognized writers, and secondly, those who controvert its doctrines.

In reality, however, the great argument hinges upon the credibility of the sacred writers themselves. If it can be shown that they were men of unquestionable integrity, who really related what they saw and heard, then all objections to their statements fall to the ground, unless it can be shown that they were deceived, and that what they took for visible and audible signs of the presence of God, were really only tricks

or else delusions of their lively imaginations. It is difficult to conceive upon what the skeptic can base such an argument, unless upon a demonstrated discrepancy between the revelation supposed to have been received and the real character of the Almighty. Such a demonstration, course, presupposes a knowledge of that character.

But how is such knowledge to be attained. Manifestly there are but two ways in which God can disclose his character to men, viz: by revelation and by his works, whether of nature or of Providence. The former having been already discarded, the only way left to ascertain the character of the Creator of the Universe is by an analysis of his acts as they come under our observations.

Here then another important question occurs. How do we know that these phenomena which surround us are the acts of the Almighty, and not the blind motions of chance. Supposing that a sound and clear mind will soon suppress these suggestions of atheism, and overpowered by the evidences of design in every natural object which he sees, acknowledges an intelligent First Cause, another perplexing question arises: How is he to know whether there be one God or many? And if one, how can he determine what his character is?

Natural Religion, that is, this very reasoning upon the facts of Nature and Providence, is said to teach us that God is good. Our author spends some time upon the consideration of this proposition, and shows, most satisfactorily, that no such doctrine can, by any possibility, be deduced from a fair argument upon this subject. Nature speaks two different languages. We find in the world around us, evidences of both goodness and severity, and the best thing that Natural Religion can do, is to recur to the old oriental hypothesis of two principles, one of good, the other of evil, struggling together for the mastery.

In like manner, the author goes on to show that those who deny the truth of this revelation, cannot find fault with it on the score of its antagonism to some code of morals of universal obligation and eternal authority, because they are not able to establish the existence of any such codes to point out its fundamental laws. Objections, therefore, urged on the score of incompatibility with God's character, or the eternal laws of justice are out of place in this discussion.

The controversy, therefore, narrows itself down to the simple question of the credibility of the writers of Holy Scripture, and to this our author addresses himself, after having first established, by the general consent of lawyers, certain rules of evidence. He proceeds to show that the various hypotheses of priestly forgery and kingly fraud in the

production of these writings are absurd, and must be given up. This he forces upon his reader by a series of the most cogent arguments. Nor does he stop at the vindication of the credibility of the inspired writers. He goes on to make out a sort of body of divinity, criticising the various opinions of theologians and the received doctrines of Christendom with great freedom. It is impossible to follow him through the multiplicity of themes of discussion, and we therefore take leave of his work, which we consider one of the most masterly, candid, and able vindications of the truth of Christianity that we have ever read.

*The Summer-Land: A Southern Story.* By a CHILD OF THE SUN. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The author of this calls himself a Southerner, and puts it forth as a picture of Southern society. It is a lively, spirited story, with a fair proportion of incident and abundance of interlude. There is a sharp, off-hand, man-of-the-world style of satire pervading the whole performance. But we protest against this combination of tawdry splendor, ostentatious meanness, flashy idleness, and polite ferocity being accepted as a true portrait of Southern character. The “pistol-and-whiskey” system is not universally dominant in the slave-holding States, as our author’s sketches would lead his unsuspecting readers to believe.

We give a single sentence as an illustration of the spirit of the book. The author is defining the term “clever fellow.” “In the South, the latter title designates a man who has a chivalrous sense of honor, a generous, courageous temper, and a good capacity for liquor.”

*Inez: A Tale of the Alamo.* New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is an improbable tragedy manufactured for the Native American market. It is the same old mansion of romance, with a modern Spanish or Mexican front. It purports to be a story of the Texan war of Independence, though in reality it is a theological argument on the relative merits of Protestantism and Popery, bearing, of course, very strongly against the church of Rome, and held together by a very slender thread of a love story. There is not a natural character, and scarcely a natural phrase in the whole volume. Inez, a sort of Mexican Maid of Saragossa, might have done very well in a story of the struggle between the Moors and Christians, but she is not *in keeping*, as the painters say, with the rest of the romance. The young ladies talk *book* all the time, and no one would suspect them of ever having been guilty of the impropriety which characterized Miss Becky Sharp’s de-

parture from that mansion of learning which formed her youthful mind. The "Dicksonary" has been manifestly an ornament to their dressing table and the companion of their lives.

*Foster's First Principles of Chemistry*, illustrated by a series of the most recently discovered and brilliant experiments known to the science. Adapted especially for classes. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An instructive little volume—designed for popular education—discussing some of the most interesting experiments in a manner at once highly agreeable and entertaining. It is handsomely illustrated with numerous good engravings, and appears altogether in very good style.

*A Text-Book of Geometrical Drawing, for the Use of Mechanics and Schools.* By WILLIAM MINIFIE, Architect. Baltimore: published by the Author. 1854.—This excellent Text-Book has already reached its fifth edition. It has been adopted in Schools of Design, and wherever Mathematical Drawing is taught, and has given universal satisfaction to all who have used it. It is full, and admirably arranged, bearing marks of the practical teacher who has felt the necessities of his pupils, and has had the skill to provide for them.

The lessons are progressive—beginning at the simplest rudiments, and gradually advancing to the more complicated problems. Every step of the pupil is illustrated by numerous diagrams. He is conducted through the various stages of elementary geometrical drawing up to the more complex designs of the architect and the machinist. In short, the book is what it professes to be—a complete manual of elementary mechanical drawing.

It is useless for us to bestow upon it our commendation, as it has already recommended itself to all the prominent schools in the country.

*Harper's Statistical Gazetteer of the World, particularly describing the United States of America, Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.* By J. CALVIN SMITH. Illustrated by Seven Maps. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have already noticed the reception of the early numbers of this work, which was issued in parts, and now that it is completed, we are glad to repeat the favorable opinion then expressed. It is a large imperial octavo volume of nearly two thousand closely printed pages. We have looked over the descriptions of several out-of-the-way parts of our country with which we have some acquaintance, and find that they are correct, and brought down to the latest



date. We therefore feel safe in recommending the book to our readers as an accurate one. Its voluminous size is sufficient evidence of its fullness, and upon examination we find that the utmost care has been bestowed upon its compilation. The post-towns of the United States are given in full, no matter how small, and all the new counties have been introduced.

On the whole, we recommend it cordially to all persons in want of books of this sort. It ought to be in every merchant's counting-house, and on every lawyer's table.

*The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington.* By R. R. MADDEN, M. R. I. A. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The Countess of Blessington has occupied too conspicuous a position in the literary world for us to dispatch her Memoirs in the short space of a hurried critical notice. We shall give a review of the book in our next number.

*The War of Ormuzd and Ahriman in the Nineteenth Century.* By HENRY WINTER DAVIS. Baltimore: James S. Waters.—Mr. Davis has studied the speeches of Kossuth till he has become imbued with their spirit. He puts that charlatan's construction upon the policy of the farewell address of the great First President, and dissents, of course, from the sober, statesman-like views of Mr. Clay, enunciated in his famous interview with the Hungarian exile. Our author thinks that we ought to be beforehand with the European governments in their dreaded prospective attack upon our liberties, and carry our banner into the fight on the first blast of the trumpet that calls their legions to a new attack upon the masses struggling for liberty.

It is a very magnificent idea to make us the arbiters of the world's destiny, the armed apostles of an impossible freedom. But for what should we throw away our time, our money, and our lives? For the whims of dreaming political philosophers, the vagaries of barricade heroes, and the fancies of rhapsodical poets? We can see, for ourselves, by looking at those who immigrate into this country, that the European people are not yet ripe for self-government. They have no clear idea of constitutional freedom. "License they mean when they cry Liberty!" France had a republic, and what did she do with it? She bustled awhile, and then lay quietly down under the *coup d'état*, to enjoy a second-hand empire, perfectly content with the change. Her example has been fatal to the cause of European democracy, and has

postponed indefinitely the liberation of the masses. It has also very much cooled the ardor of our sympathies with foreign revolutions, and justified the traditional "mind-your-own-business" policy of our leaders.

For the rest, this book is a sketch of the history of Europe, particularly of the machinations of the Holy Alliance and the struggles of the people, since the downfall of Napoleon. It is written with earnestness, and in a showy, oratorical style, and exhibits extensive reading and familiar acquaintance with the subjects discussed; but it labors under the disadvantage of occupying a nondescript position. It is not a formal history, for it is not full enough for that; neither is it a review, though written rather in that style, because it is too long. Still it presents a condensed view of the political events of Europe for the past thirty years, and is valuable on that account to the general reader.

*Grace Lee.* By JULIA KAVANAGH. Sixth Thousand. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Jane Eyre set the fashion for ugly heroines, and cold, harsh, proud men becoming ardent and passionate lovers; so that we no longer expect to see lady writers allowing their principal female character the merit of beauty, or their hero that of decent civility. Grace Lee is another of those homely heroines, a strong but sweet character; and her lover, Mr. Owen, a hard, ambitious, bold, unscrupulous man, with one merit—constancy and fervor in his affection for her. The book is written with great power and masculine eloquence, and owes its interest entirely to the force of passionate feeling, and not at all to any special trick in situation or skill in plot. It is a capital novel, and we cannot express our gratitude to the author that it has no moral. We have been so bored with stories written to expound and enforce some political, social, or religious system, that it is quite a blessing to be permitted to enjoy a story without being involved in a controversy.

*North and South.* New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is another of the ugly-heroine and savage-lover class of novels. A tall, ugly young lady from the south of England, meets with a tall, ugly young gentleman in the north of England. The scene is laid in one of the manufacturing districts. The operatives strike for higher wages; and in some of the impossible situations in which the heroine is placed, somebody strikes her upon the head with a stone, which somebody is afterwards drowned. And so, after a dozen chapters of heroic nonsense,

mysterious nothings, and north country broken English twaddle, the tall, savage young gentleman having become poor, and the tall, ugly young lady having become rich, ugly feminine bestows herself upon savage masculine, and *voilà tout*.

*Travels in Europe and the East: A Year in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt.* By SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mr. Samuel Irenæus Prime is one of the most inveterate notability hunters we know of. Lives, living and dead, are his game, and no bloodhound has a keener or more persevering run after his appropriate prey than he. He runs down distinguished divines and seizes them within the sacred enclosure of their own church rails. He pushes into poets' houses and fastens upon them. He goes to palaces on days when they are closed to the public, and perseveres till he gets admission. He gets in the train of a member of Parliament and goes into the House of Commons with him, while other people struggle ineffectually for tickets to the lobbies. He frequents great dinners, but does not forget propriety and gravity of deportment, and retires in the middle of the banquet. He takes care to tell us that he waits on a distinguished lady to the dinner table, who is of so exalted a rank, that she can afford to disregard the set order of the banquet, and take precedence of the vast majority of the guests. He does not forget even those who are in any way connected with the distinguished people he so much admires. He visits Miss Southey, calls on the "Maid of Athens," whose sick daughter he has brought from her bed that he may look at her; sheds a tear over the grave of the "Dairyman's Daughter." There is one piece of abstinence and self-denial, however, for which we thank him. He reverences the sanctity of the recent grief at Rydal Mount, and forbears to intrude upon the widow Wordsworth.

As for style, we have little to commend. He is dull and prosy, but in the midst of such interesting scenes the author, however heavy he may be, cannot always be absolutely unbearable, and we therefore find his book, in certain parts, quite readable.







